



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES

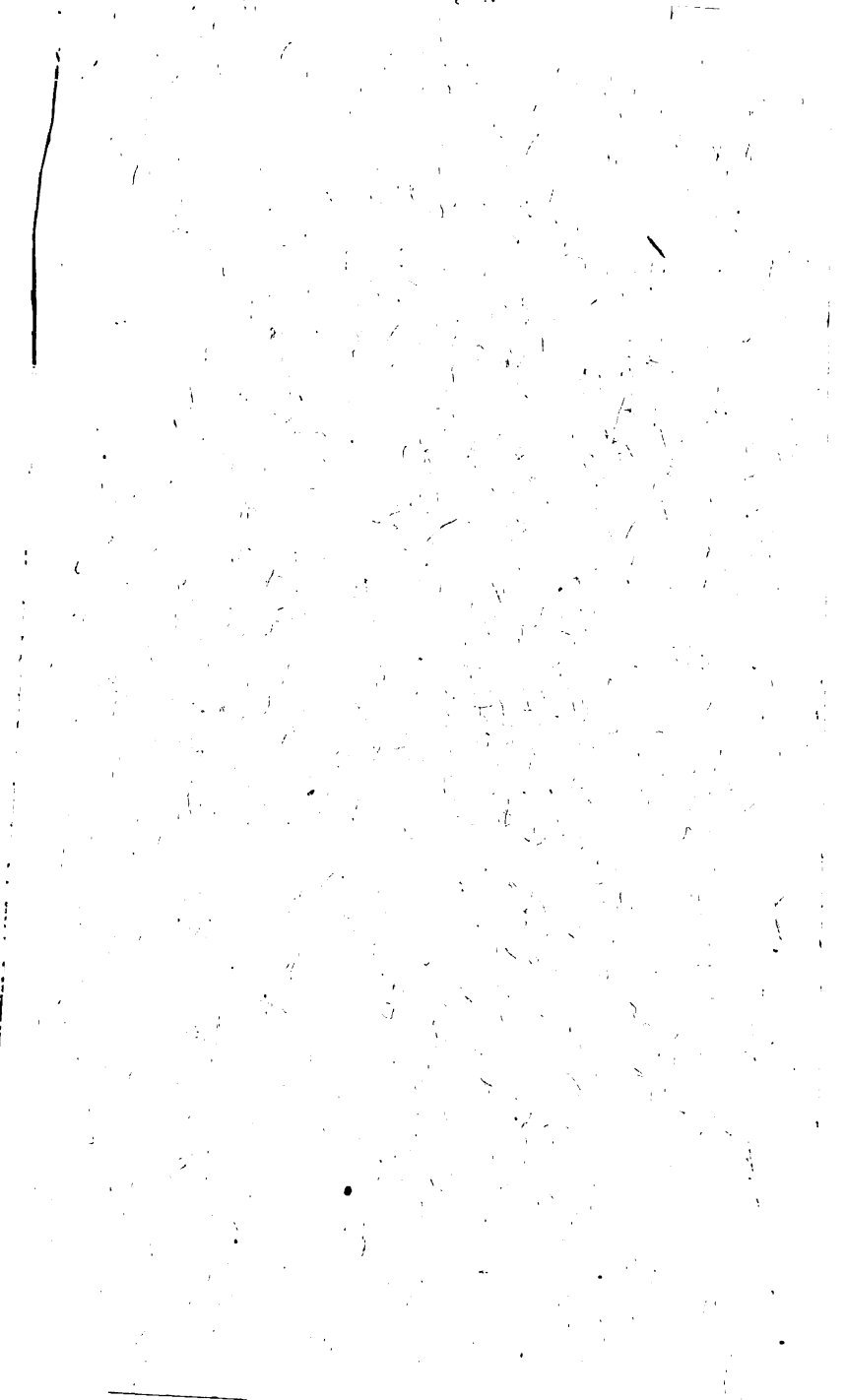


3 3433 07590437 9



Reverend

CC-4







*J.H.*

A

# PEDESTRIAN TOUR

OF

THIRTEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVEN MILES

THROUGH

WALES AND ENGLAND:

BY

PEDESTRES, AND SIR CLAVILENO WOODENPEG,  
KNIGHT OF SNOWDON.



"Walking agrees well with everybody."—COMBE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

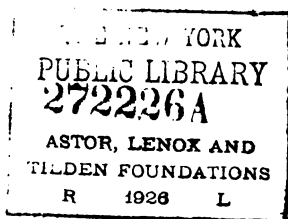
VOL. I.

LONDON

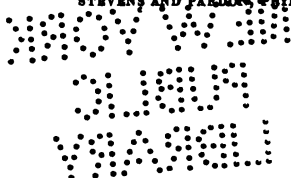
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET

1835  
LH





STEVENSON AND PARDON, PRINTERS, BELL YARD, TEMPLE BAR.



*Stephen...*

TO  
ALL PETTY WALKERS IN GO-CARTS,  
AS WELL AS  
MIGHTY PEDESTRIANS ON THEIR OWN  
HIND-LEGS,

WHO ARE ABLE TO DECLARE THEMSELVES SUCH, BY  
HAVING ACCOMPLISHED EITHER

A COCK-STRIDE

IN THE ONE CASE,

OR

A SEVEN-LEAGUE PACE OF PETER SCHLEMIL

IN THE OTHER;—

AND WITH HEARTY WISHES FOR

THE PROSPERITY OF ST. CRISPIN,

AND

PLENTY OF TOUGH SHOE-LEATHER,

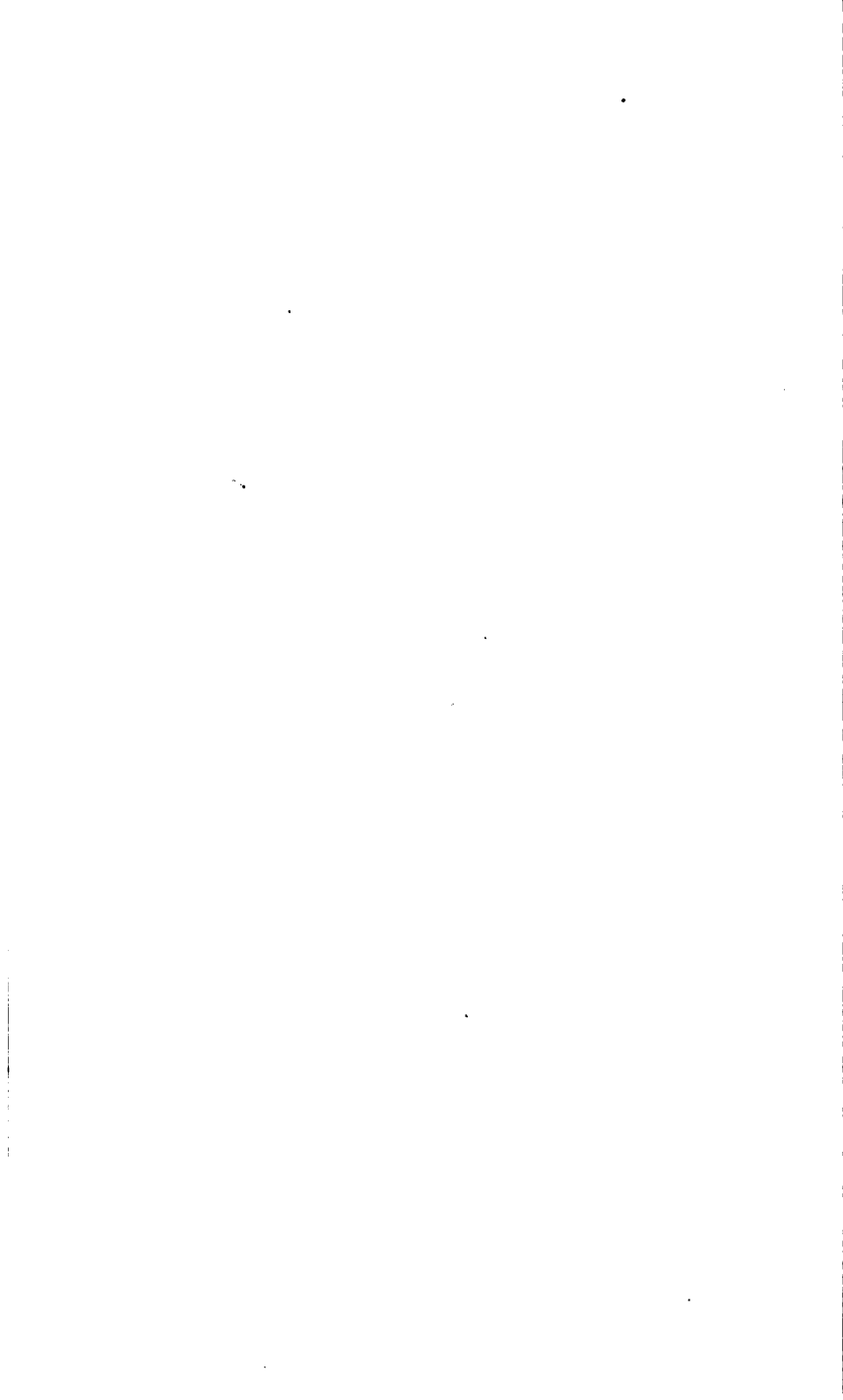
THIS TOUR

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

30 X 3 53



# THE PREFACE,

OR

THAT PART OF A BOOK WHICH IS NEVER READ.

---

WHAT a delightful thing it is to feel free and unconfined !—to be able to write just what one pleases—to *publish it too*—and yet, at the same time to feel, that no creature existing anywhere throughout the whole system of planets, will ever read it, or know anything about it!

I'faith, this is delightful :—talk not to me of secrecy—the Holy League is a joke. Let

me curvet and frisk now as much as I choose—no person ever reads a preface: “Preface and botheration!” is the word; “turn it over, and let’s dive into the book—*let’s look at the story.*” I like this idea—yet it is not uncommon among readers. I feel as private and safe here as Æneas and Dido in the cave after the hunting party—indeed, much more so,—for I have no Dido here—no Dulcinea—to share the retirement of my preface with me. *Tol de rol lol!* Now for a bit of fun—what shall we do? Here we go—let’s have a song—*Rum ti iddity iddity!*—Stay, there’s no sentiment in that. Let’s have another, this is your sorts! “*There was an old man,*”—no—“*There was an old woman,*”—no—I forget just now. Never mind, we can roar, if we can’t sing—’twill serve. I could go on jumping and prancing like a frisky colt in a meadow,

till I dropped down exhausted with the sweet fatigue of excessive frolicking. No earthly being has the slightest notion of my undignified and unmanlike pranks :—a preface—ah! a most secret preface! Oh, it is sweet to relax and sometimes make oneself a little bit of a fool! No one will know it—what shall we do next? My heart is full—huzza! yoicks!—here we go again!—*hoc est vivere!*

I am almost out of breath—let me pause—let me rest—let me take the ebullitious kettle of my spirits off the fire. Just look—the bubbles soon subside when I do so. And here—with cessation comes gravity—and with gravity comes thought—and with thought comes reflection—and reflection carries a man back to the retrospection and overhauling of his own deeds. And what then?—Why, we perceive we have relaxed a trifle in our dig-

nity and austerity—we have a little eased the tensivity of our rank among “creatures of clay” as Byron calls us. Can’t help it—let’s be merry whilst we are able—we can always cry—not always laugh : besides, there is nothing like being a little *outré* and eccentric, or “original.” Thousands of clever and wise men have lived and died in oblivion, because they followed the herd :—let’s try the opposite course. But Horace writes that Apollo sometimes loosened his bowstring, and Homer sometimes nodded—this is consoling.

But now we are grave and reflecting ; and although we feel positive that no flesh-and-blood biped in the varsel’orld will at all venture to taste the nut whose shell looks in the slightest prefatorial—yet, it is possible—*just possible*—that some unprecedented and truly strange being *may*, by a species of million-to-

one fraction of a chance, skim o'er the page, lightly as Camilla o'er a field of standing corn—*id est*, if the book happens to fall open at the place, as all young ladies' prayer-books do at "*The Solemnization, &c.*"—but, believe us, not otherwise.

What then?—why nothing partic'lar.

We have made our tour—and furthermore, we have written our book. Know ye that the first we fully intended to do—but as to the second part of the affair, *that* we had no determination of doing (save our own private notes)—yet it *is* done. How it came about in the previous instance, it is hard to say—harder than *iron*;—no matter—fifty thousand things happen in this world, for which there is no accounting:—but it *is* done.

The walk was much to undertake in idea—but verily, it was far more to accomplish in



deed. Well do I remember the time when I could run about as actively as the best of two-legged animals;—but those days are no more—and I am only astonished, that although in my youth deprived of nearly “half my understanding,” I have been able to complete that which my unfibbing volumes declare I have done. There is no vanity in feeling astonished at myself in this—i’faith, no—there is no cause. Did I now possess the two good and straight legs which I once wore, and which I see appended to my corpus with the mind’s eye of recollection, I should hint nothing at the feat:—but I do say, even of myself, that when I look back on my wanderings over hill and mountain, enveloped in the clouds thousands of feet high—down under ground hundreds of feet deep—over rock and precipice—through heat and cold—

sunshine and rain—that it was a great deal for *me* to do ;—and I moreover think, that I shall never do the like again.

My book is published.—I wrote not for fame—neither for fortune :—I will not say I have either—no matter. I am selfish enough to avow that I have written for *my own* amusement, and not with the studied intention of amusing others. If, however, by a chance, these pages fall into the hands of those who feel amused by them—there is no harm done. If, whilst I write for my own amusement, my time be employed to my own improvement,—there is an advantage gained. If, whilst I write for my own improvement, and this my writing fall into the hands of those who may thereby be improved—there is a double advantage gained. But this last supposition is vanity.—

Stop—we are getting egotistic and prosy—

this will never do—we have changed our key since we began—we have struck a *b* third—and how dismal it sounds. This *minore* is abominable:—let us to the *maggiore* after the double-bar, as Euterpe used to say. Come, *brillante—scherzosamente—presto—con fuoco!* This is more like it—Will this do better? let us sing and *rum-ti-tum* for a few minutes, or else we must *da capo*, and repeat the first strain. And when we have thoroughly blanched our blue devils, we may as well put an end to this most secret preface, *volti subito*, and peep into the book.——

Come on.——

# PEDESTRES' TOUR.

---

## CHAPTER I.

"Nay—but I must, I must indeed, papa!  
Pray let me go; what signifies mamma?"

ANONYMOUS.

---

"\_\_\_\_\_?  
\_\_\_\_\_?"

"Ay—what? What *are* you talking about?  
What *did* you say?—for if I heard the words,  
I am sure I don't understand the sense of the  
question."

"\_\_\_\_\_?  
\_\_\_\_\_?"

“There 'tis again! By Jupiter's pig-tail! Stay—I like not the oath. By the *living Jingo!* (I should say.) By the living Jingo and all the little Jingoos;—why, what does this mean? Oh, all ye Jupiters and Junos, that ever kept house upon Mount Olympus, what is to be done with mortality, when wit and reason go a wool-gathering? *Who* is it can have possibly instilled into your brain such a Hudibrastical, Quixotical, knight-errantical idea? Oh, madness, madness! I' faith, all this will never do: you *can-not* (giving it peculiar emphasis,) you *can-not* be in earnest. Oh, man, (for such I had thought thee,) how art thou puerilized! Do you *really* intend it—do you *really* mean to go? and so far—perhaps a thousand miles! Preposterous! Oh, reason, whither hast thou fled? Why hast thou, (for I'm sure thou hast,) why hast thou bid adieu to thy more than twenty years' lodgement, to seek another home, I know not where? Hast thou fled, to roam among the

rugged mountains? to chase the bearded goat to his Alpine den? to listen to the foaming torrent chafing o'er its rocky bed? Hast thou fled to the sunny banks of some crystal lake, to lie thee down, and hang o'er its waters like Eve, and view thyself in reflection? or dost thou, like Diana, delight in the forest? To what region hast thou gone? for like another Hamlet, thou hast passed from hence, to wanton elsewhere. And dost thou, with a curling finger, beck to thy old dwelling to follow thee?"

"Go I must—the die of my inclination and purpose is cast. To argue thus, methinks you view me not with reason's eye."

"You speak not now with reason's tongue."

"Excuse, and hear me."

"I' faith I will: for I long to hear the English of this thine outlandish——"

"Nay, not outlandish—I'm not going to sea——"

"Sea! who the devil said a word about sea?"

"I thought you did—at least indirectly."

"Not I; either directly or indirectly,"—straight for'ard or backward—sideways, or upwards, or downwards."

"Know, then, in brief, that this century is not the last century."

"True."

"Don't interrupt me. That is, that the features of things wear not precisely the same air and bearing to-day, as they did in the yesterday of the past hundred summers."

"True—a century works a change on the features of most of us."

"The times do not wag in our age as they did in the age of our fathers."

"True."

"Fathers do not now, as they did then, know how to dispose of a family of overgrown idle boys."

"True—then are you a father with a family of overgrown idle boys?"

"No : more like an idle boy, the son of my father."

"True."

"Here I am, grown up to man's estate, nourished in the kindly soil of 'sweet home : ' and although I well know that there is no geography in this world so agreeable to study, as *the geography of up and down stairs at home, and from the parlour to the drawing room*, yet I am of opinion, that when a hobbedehoy becomes cracked, (that is, in his throat,) or as Portia would say, when he speaks with a *reed* voice, (*buzz*,) he should think of placing his breast against the boisterous and buffeting storms of more active life."

"True."

"A lame leg is not the thing for a soldier or a sailor—or a soldier or a sailor is not the thing with a lame leg."——

"True."



“—— or else, I swear by the trident of thirsty Neptune! I would, long ere this, have cut Hippotades' silver-thonged bag of winds, and faced the howling of the enlarged tempest, even as the adventurous Ulysses himself.”

“It is probable you would.”

“But if a man cannot say, ‘the world is mine oyster, and with my sword will I open it,’ he must e’en call the world his something else, and endeavour to open this something else, with that weapon which he rather chooses to wield; or, indeed, which the fates choose to place in his hands—(whether or nay, Mr. Thomas Collins)——”

“If his microcosm should lie on the face of a sheet of paper, then let him open it with a pen, as the great Shakspeare did.”

“Shakspeare! Ah, or Johnson, since him.”——

“True—or Wordsworth, one might add.”

“And Coleridge too.”——

“And Byron.”——

"And Sir Walter Scott."——

"And fifty others!"——

"Fifty? ay, a hundred!"——

"Ah, five hundred!"——

"A thousand!"——

"Ay, ten thousand!"——

"Twenty thousand!!!"——

"Or if it should be the church, let him open his pulpit-world with wholesome doctrine—words that will teach his fellow-labourers in the vineyard love to each other, honesty, upright dealing, and, above all, the essence virtue's of sweet attribute—gratitude. That which will make a man feel his dependence and insignificance, and teach him to look beyond himself, and beyond the life in which he exists."

"Oh, true—most true!"

"But there are reasons why neither of these are destined for me: various reasons—yet it is scarcely worth while to speak of them now. Health (as it is called, that is, the *want*

of it) has been a chain, that has linked me almost constantly at home, like Andromeda to the rock, but with feelings very different."

"When people see young men without professions, they set them down for arrant idlers at once. And perhaps it is but natural to do so. Yet methinks that the experience of the present day, when young men to professions, are almost as *plus* to *minus*, would have instructed people to reflect at the sight of an 'idler,' and say, '*Perhaps, poor devil, he can't get a profession.*' But this is not always the case: men without regular professions are supposed to be wilful idlers; yet it is to be hoped, that all so circumstanced, idle, as it is termed, *nolens volens*. Why, even one's acquaintance will say, 'What a shame it is that great boys should remain year after year under their father's roof, doing nothing—wasting all their time—idling all day, and learning to be idle all their lives. Why don't they go into the world and get professions, and attempt to

be independent? far more praiseworthy than to remain where they are.' ”

O ye fathers and mothers of the present century ! O all ye living heads of families ! Tell me candidly, do ye find it is as easily done as said, to get your sons professions—honourable professions—suitable professions—professions congenial with their ideas and education, and professions suited to their and your birth and rank in society ? Do you find it a thought and a reality ? I now fancy I see hundreds of parents' heads wagging in answer—*not nodding*.

“ It stands thus with me. If I *must* be an *idler*, I'll e'en be so in *private*—that is, away among strangers, who know not who I am, or what I am ; and this, in one sense, may be classified in the same genus with *privacy*. For every man who has no particular profession (the reason is not considered) is set down as a *wilful* and *premeditated idler*. As if a man cannot find employment through the

channel of his own inclination—by the *animus in quo*—as well as by the ideal compulsion of a profession.

“ I can say, without the smallest intentions towards vanity—without the least wish towards self-praise (*which always defeats itself*)—and without the most distant feelings of self-satisfaction, that I never in my life recollect having found a day too long, either in sickness or in health.

“ There is always enough to be done at home.

‘ How various his employment whom the *world*  
*Call idle* : and, who justly in return  
 Esteems that busy world an idler too !  
 Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen ;  
 Delightful industry engaged at home,  
 And nature in her cultivated trim  
 Dressed to his taste, inviting him abroad—  
*Can he want occupation, who has these ?*’

“ This is Cowper—and this is truth.

“ Some there are who say, he’s going away

‘ To play the fool, but at a cheaper rate :’

And others, forsooth, declare he has gone to spend :

‘Wealth, my lads, was made to wander,  
Let it wander where it will.’

“ But if a person sets out to travel with the sincere intention of really seeing every thing he sees—of *looking into* every thing he sees—of scrutinizing, and of understanding, (for Lord Chesterfield says, that there are men who have travelled all over the continent—ay, the world—who have seen every thing, and yet have seen nothing;) but if a man (not to kill time—*the worst of murders*) travels to comprehend what he sees, instead of idling, he goes to a useful and instructive school. He studies nature, he studies art: he studies men, he studies manners; he enlarges his mind, and he obtains health for his body: and all these, under the most delightful circumstances imaginable.”

“ You throw another weight into the al-

ready preponderating scale of my inclination. I have thought of this trip for some time, though I have said little about it: but I burn to enter a class in this instructive school of which you speak, and pleasing too; I thought the two words were never coupled, but if so, it will be the first agreeable school I have ever encountered in my life. I must be off forthwith—‘I stand on ready haste,’ as Shakespeare has it.”

“But where do you intend to go?—you have said nothing about that. Which way? North, south, east, or west? for I have heard you speak of several countries at different times, that appeared to be somewhat magnetic to the spirit of your *penchant*.”

“I have often had France and Italy in the corner of my mind’s eye—but this is a great undertaking to a pedestrian.”

“True. But who, or what, has engendered the preposterous fancy of touring in this way, and of despising the advantage of

coaches? That is an Alpine impediment, over which I know not how to soar."

"Exercise is the great key to health: and when I turn that golden key in the lock of such a sacred casket, I find it easily opened to me, that I may take and enjoy the greatest of earthly blessings."

"All this is very rational: but you talked of the amazing distance of a thousand miles."

"Yes; it may be as much, or it may not. But I do not mean to perform it *all in one day*."

"I didn't suppose you did—mum!"

"To walk through France, Italy, and Sicily; and return by Switzerland and Germany, (my *beau idéal*,) appears rather formidable for a *coup d'essai*: besides, Lord Byron was of opinion, that every man ought to see something of his *own country*, before he should go *abroad*."

"Lord Byron was right."——



"Where then shall I go? This way? that way? t'other way?"

"Oh, poo poo nonsense! I have it. I'll go to Wales—ay, will I—to Wales!"

"Well, then, I'll keep the continent for a *bonne bouche*, and seek out nearer beauties."

## CHAPTER II.

“ Whannē that April with his shourēs sote  
The droughte of March hath percēd to the rote,  
And bathēd every veine in swiche licour,  
Of which vertue engendred is the flour ;  
When Zepherus ekē with his sotē brethe  
Enspirēd hath in every holt and hethe  
The tendre croppēs, and the yongē sonne,  
Hath in the Ram his halfē cours yronne,  
And smalē fowlēs waken melodie,  
That slepen allē night with open eye,  
So pricketh hem nature in hir corages ;  
Than longen folke to gon on pilgrimages,  
And palmers for to seken strangē strondes,  
To servē holwes couth in sundry londes.”

CHAUCER.

---

“ To Wales? ay—to Wales;” said Pedestres  
musingly; “ let me see—what shall I require  
for my walk? A pedestrian must be but  
lightly accoutred—as spare a wardrobe as

possible—and all *do-without-ables* must be studiously left behind. A knapsack I have—that will carry my baggage, and certain little articles (substantives) of knick-knackery that I cannot dispense with. As to clothes—let me see—why, this coat will do,”—(passing his hand down the sleeve)—“and these—what do the ladies call ’em?”—(looking at his legs)—“and these inexpressibles—I think they call them—are just the thing. My hat shall be fitted up inside as a fly-book. Ah, ha! a good idea—for who would go to so famous a land, without imagining he should there also find famous water? A collar, flies, and line, will be easily disposed of in the crown—and their weight will be nothing.

“My knapsack shall contain my sketch-book—given me *expressly* for my tour: there’s my little Romeo and Juliet of course—for who would be so crazy as to think of roaming sentimentally among mountains, without a volume of Shakspeare? Oh! my flute—I

must take that—my ‘wry-necked flute:’ perchance it may serve to beguile the length of a solitary hour on some lofty crag—and no one knows how many crags I may perch upon. Another romantic notion too.

“Ah! and thou my destined companion,” he continued, with a somewhat impassioned turn, and looking towards the object addressed, which stood in one corner of the room; “last, though not least, thou shalt go without fail—to say truth and justice, I imagine I should fail going without thee. Thou shalt support me throughout my long pilgrimage: by the bank of the river, and the lake, and on the sea shore: through the depth of the valley, and o’er the summit of the mountain: under the umbrageous boughs of the cool forest, and in the scorching sunshine of the open plain. Thou shalt also be my defender by night, as well as by day: and if cruel misfortune throw necessity upon us—why, *I* will *speak* daggers, whilst *thou* shalt

use steel in substance. For with that ferruginous tongue, thou possessest the wherewithal to do so.

“ If I were to give thee a name—(and why should I not?)—methinks I would call thee—but stay—what would I call thee? A name thou shalt have verily. Do we not read how Sir Tristram had his *Hodain*, his *Cru*, and his *Peticrewe*? faithful companions they were. How Arthur had his *Priven*, his *Ron*, and his ‘trustye’ *Caliburn*? And how Sir Quixote had his *Rosinante*, and his ‘squire his *Dapple*—and what pains he expended, and how deeply he grubbed in the soil of reflection, in order to turn up a name that should be at once harmonious and apposite?”

Pedestres threw himself into an easy-chair, placed his hands over his eyes to shut out the world—and continued in a mood of profound cogitation for the space of about ten minutes.

That time having elapsed, he raised himself, and turned towards the corner of the room.

“And now, my friend,” he continued, “I think we shall do. Having carefully turned over, as I would turn over the sacred leaves of an antediluvian black-letter folio, the thoughts and actions of my predecessors; and having paid particular attention to the well-chosen appellations that the adventurers of antiquity attached to their companions, whether ‘squires, weapons, or blood-hounds:—methinks it will be but a due tribute unto thy merits, and a just respect unto their manes, should I but follow the praiseworthy and bright precedents, set forth by them. What, therefore, thinkest thou of the name *Clavileno*?”

The object addressed, notwithstanding this appeal, was perfectly silent. But, as “*silence gives consent*,” Pedestres went on somewhat encouraged.

“When I consider the matter over,” he said, “even a second and a third time, urged by the same impressions, I unfailingly arrive

at the same conclusion and determination; just as like impulses often repeated will produce like results. When I ponder on thy destined office, and on thy extraction, every thing comes forward to congratulate me in the choice of the name which I have thought fit to set in thy title-page. It will adorn thee like a jewel—it will tell of thee like a *frontispiece* or a *vignette*—and it will give thee worldly consequence and consideration, like an honourable title.

“Title? Ah, true, speaking of titles,” he further added, but a little *in petto*, “I am disposed to exalt him to distinction at once without more ado, before we set out—I trow I have as much power to create titles as the worthy inn-keeper of Castile, and particularly as his master—— But titles upon names, and names upon persons (or things) is somewhat elevated and towering. It is too much like Inigo Jones’s five orders of architecture, one over another, or not unlike ‘more sacks

upon the mill!' In spite of all this, my affection urges me to think of conferring the honour of knighthood upon him—I think it would sound uncommonly well, and perhaps write better. Let me make the experiment that I am told young ladies are very fond of making when they are on the eve of changing their own names or adding others to them. Let me repeat the proposed name aloud, to discover whether its articulation be full of euphony—(yet, in their case, under bed-room lock and key, for fear of being overheard)—let me write it on paper, to see if it flows smoothly from the pen; and then, when written, let me survey it at arm's length, and decide whether it be agreeable to the eye. My fair fellows in experiment would say—Mrs. This, Mrs. That, or Mrs. So-and-so—which sounds best?—*which shall I be?* Let me try them all on paper:—which writes the most pleasantly?—and, now, which looks the best?—*and now, which shall I be?*



“ With regard to my experiment, and the conferring this name and title—let me see :—first, I’ll shout as loud as ever I can, *Sir Clavileno ! Sir Clavileno ! Sir Clavileno !* How does it sound ? I think very well :—so much for that—let it pass. And now let me write it carefully.

*Sir Clavileno.*

“ I think it both writes well, and looks well when written.”

All that afternoon, and all the night succeeding, it passed away, and Clavileno next morning was to have been dubbed knight as sure as a gun. But as Pedestres was coming down stairs that particular morning, he all at once, and in “ the twinkling of an é,” thought fit to change his mind ; not out of mere fickleness, but because on reflection he thought it better to do so. “ A wise man changeth his mind—a fool never.” Neither did he do it under the idea that changing his mind would

make him a wise man—No.—“ Purchased friendship and fidelity,” said he within himself as he alighted on the mat at the landing, “ are not worth having. If I confer honours on my companion before he has won them by his services, he will not only not deserve them, but perhaps he will not value them. I will not, however, say that he does *not* deserve, because I have had no proof of knowing it; but, on the other hand, I have no reason to say, he merits rewards from me, as he has had no opportunity yet of discovering that, for it is not three days since our first introduction. Let it wisely rest, therefore—time will discover all things.

“ As to the extravagance of the idea, I think nothing of it at all. Did not royalty once confer no less on *part of the back-bone of a dead ox*?

“ And, as to its homogeneousness—sothly! it is the most appropriate combination and meeting of separates that the adhesive gum-

pot of man's imagination could ever have glued together—they stick like wax. But let us, nevertheless, analyze and divide—for even a chemical combination will allow of this: let us cleave the word in twain, just in the middle; let us decant off half the word, and then examine the parts separately, and when that is done, what remains? Two halves, forsooth, which cry out—‘When we are united, we bespeak ourselves to be—a *wooden peg*!’

“Oh, Clavileno, thou *ligneous walking stick*! Tell me what other name, searched out through all the *three thousand and sixty-four languages*, the number spoken by all the inhabitants of this world, could have sat more happily on thee? No, no, it fits thee to a Q, an R,—what letter is it?—a T—it fits thee to a T, Clavileno.”

It is, however, to be observed, that this is only the *Christian* name, (if I may so say,) that is, the first name; and if we attach the other, or surname, it will not only make

matters more expressive, but will, at the same time, give great dignity and importance to the whole affair. Had Pedestres, then, not altered his purpose, Clavileno would always have been addressed thus—

*Sir Clavileno Walking-stick ;*

or, what I think is still better—

*Sir Clavileno Wooden-peg ;*

and which latter name, it has lately been decided, he shall ever retain. Now, however, as matters are changed, and now that his blushing honours have faded, to all his challenges he subscribes himself simply—

*“ Clavileno Wooden-peg.”*

Although it cannot be argued, that the word Clavileno is a strict and pure onomatopœia, yet it carries a great and manifest perfection with it—the name bespeaks the thing. The second word also (I mean the *family* name,

and which he declares shall descend to his latest posterity) is an anglification of the first; and to this, I think, there can be no objection. The ancients, as well as we moderns, were fully alive to the value of apposite designations applied either to persons or things:—witness Jupiter. Was he not called Jupiter (quasi *juvans pater*) for that reason and no other? Was it not so with Hermaphroditus (Ovid *Met.* iv.) and with Julius Cæsar (“*quia primus ejus nominis cum Cæsarie natus est*”), and with Augustus? Did not the Peripatetics enrol themselves under the same genus? and the Stoics—the Platonian academicians of the sacred grove? and for the love of a like onomatopœia, Aristocles with the broad shoulders became Plato.

And, lastly, what think you, Sir Reader, of the name *Pedestres*, for one who intends to wander on *the feet of his hind legs*?

## CHAPTER III.

“ Now will he shape his course upon his brain,  
And traverse mountains, and the deepest vales :—  
Yea, travel sweet realities in thought.  
But o'er such soft and boggy soil, methinks  
He needs must soon sink middle-deep, and strive,  
And pant, and flounder on so bad a road ;  
And so, stick in the mud.—”

ALDIBERONTIFOSCHIPHORNIOSTICUS.

—◆—  
“ LET me soliloquize.—

“ They tell me (*on me dit*) that my better plan, or, superlatively, that my *best* plan will be, certainly, not to think of beginning my tour by *hind-leg-ism*—not to walk until I arrive on the borders of Wales, but to get into

some honest vehicle, and with great thriftiness of muscle and tendon, travel across Devon and Somerset; to disburse none of my strength until I may be constrained to do so by the circumstance of the said coach being overturned in the middle of Offa's Dyke.

"It will be time enough to walk then.—  
(*'Twould be high time to walk then.*)

"But I have great pride in this matter.—

"I have made one great resolve:—I have built extensively; (I *delight* in building castles;) and if I encourage the approach of one single idea, touching the adoption of this well-meant advice, I undermine every thing.

"I have had the conceit to resolve that in this adventure of vagrancy I will be indebted to no carriage whatever. I have come to the determination of making myself so far independent as to perform the whole of it on foot—and I believe I can do it. According to the route I have sketched out in my mind's eye,

it may extend to eight hundred or even a thousand miles. This seems a great deal: but to see all I wish to see, I scarcely know how to make it less.

“ I will not attempt, therefore, to curtail my purpose in the smallest degree—I will traverse the soil of every hyde of land that the Britons have still remaining among them.

“ The most eligible scheme, in the first place, will be, to make for Bristol, and then get into a steamer and smoke over the channel to the Wye. (*I must ride then.*) When at Chepstow, I have beauties at hand (*at leg*) without number—the castle, Pearcefield, the Wind Cliff, Tintern Abbey, and I know not what else.——

“ Ay, delightful! I wish I were there! What would I give—but stay—I have a friend at Bridgend—I must go there—and then, by some devious and unforeseen course (for I intend to go just where fancy and circumstances lead,) I will shape my way to the



devil—to the Devil's Bridge, I mean—thence, I know not how, to Cader Idris—and thence, some how or other, to Snowdon. Oh, Snowdon, I long to see thee! for I never saw a mountain in my life.

“ From Snowdon—let me see—there is Caernarvon and the castle, the Menai Bridge, Beaumaris and Anglesea, Bangor, and all the north of Wales between it and Liverpool: for I shall make my exit there, that I may have an opportunity of seeing the railroad.

“ This, then, I may call the termination of my tour, as my purpose is, principally, to enjoy Wales: but at Liverpool or Manchester I shall be between two and three hundred miles from home. *Will my condescension stoop so low as to allow me then to step into a coach and return?* NO, NO!

“ Devon and Somerset lie between me and Wales at the outset; and in spite of every thing, I am fully determined not to ride to Bristol, but walk across these two counties.

Instead of expending strength by doing so, I am of opinion, I shall be fortifying myself for greater exploits: I shall be taking the Alpha, which will lead to Omega, and eating the egg, which will lead to the apple. And, therefore, why should I not walk home again, down through the centre of England? There are many and many alluring sweets that I should entirely miss were I to come back in any other way.

“ No—I’ll walk every step of it, if I wear my legs up to the knees—by Jingo I will !

“ But where—at what place shall I begin my narrative? My remarks, as well as my tour, chiefly bear Wales for their ascendant; but as I have determined, ere I see Sidmouth again, to walk through many counties in England, I think it were both hard and ungrateful were I to say nothing about them.

“ Exeter is the first place of any consideration:—it is distant but sixteen miles. It is a city, and a large city: it was famous in olden

times, and has not lost its importance in modern: it is interesting to the antiquarian, the painter, and the merchant. I think this will be a fair commencement for my narrative, for I shall, perhaps, meet with few places boasting of such pretensions.—Oh!—oh!—but—oh!—who would have thought it!—oh!——

“ Oh! thou hellish fiend, ingratitude! Thou hast got hold upon me! Where wilt thou take me? Dost thou dare thus to entice my thoughts away? Where wilt thou lead my affections, oh thou blackest imp of Tartarus?

“ Exeter, indeed! Oh, sinful purpose!—oh, agonizing remorse!

“ Let me fall down upon the soil of thy bosom, most gentle Sidmouth:—thou, who hast nourished me for the last nine years—thou who hast seen me grow from boyhood even unto bearded maturity, and let me crave a merciful pardon of thee. Oh, ingratitude!

to what sinful lengths wilt thou decoy a fallen man!—Exeter, indeed!—but what says Shakspeare?

‘Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend!  
More hideous when thou showest thee in a child  
Than the sea-monster!’

“ ‘When thou showest thee in a child,’—truly I rejoice I have just stepped out of the age in which great sin is greatest. Oh, Brutus! and thou wert ungrateful!—thou didst stab thy friend;—and I have wounded Sidmouth.

‘This was the most unkindest cut of all:  
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors’ arms,  
Quite vanquished him.’

“Young, too, has made a shaft for me, which shame forbids me to attempt to parry.

‘He that’s ungrateful, has no fault but one,  
All other faults pass for virtues in him.’

“ And Rouchefoucault will not spare me either:—

*‘ L’ingratitude est le vice des têtes mal-faites et imprudentes.’*

“ What a host of maledictions crowd upon me at once! What a hail-storm of bitter darts take me for a target! I, who detest and abhor ingratitude from the bottom of my very soul, have here practised it myself. But it is the state of degraded man often to commit that very sin himself, which in all others, he the most decries and the most laments.

“ Sweet, noble, and gentle Sidmouth! pr’ythee, forgive me!—pr’ythee, turn over this black page of my backslidings, and I, in my remorse, will turn to another, and forthwith write a chapter unto thee.——”

## CHAPTER IV.

"Each receives his share."

POPE'S HOMER'S ILIAD.

---

THERE are many things that the traveller has to be wary of.—When he sits down to write a description of any town he may visit in his wanderings, he has readers of divers classes, orders, genera, and species to address himself to.

In the first place, he must consider the foundation, date, rise, and progress of a town during the morning of its infant state in the days of antiquity. He must take very parti-

cular notice of its name :—he must repeat it over and over to himself, and rack his brains in all the languages he is master of, to discover its derivation. He had better repeat it aloud, rather than inly, because the sound will often tell him more of the secret of its birth and parents than the letters of which it is composed. If the town be in England whose name he is analysing, he may tumble over such languages as are most likely to suit his purpose ; such, for instance, as the ancient British, the Scandinavian, or, indeed, the Latin ; for the names of most of the places founded by the hardy followers of the eagle, bear a Roman essence for their nucleus ; notwithstanding time may have done much to conceal that reality from the eyes of the casual observer : but if these will not do, let him try the Teutonic, or ancient German—the Gallic, Norman, or old French, the Danish, or the Saxon, (where he may, perhaps, have occasion most frequently to turn,) and he had

better not entirely omit thinking of the ancient Irish and the Gaelic. In short, whenever he enters any town as a stranger, *unde derivatur nomen?* must always stand o' tiptoe on the end of his tongue.

So much for the antiquary.—

Then he must mete out a portion to the historian. He must tell the merchant what has been the state and feature of commerce at home and abroad, in times past, passing, and the probabilities of what may be expected in times *to pass*. He must tell him whether it is likely or not that the Phœnicians ever traded there for *lollipops*.

The meteorologist must know all about the climate and the state of the air:—is it wet or dry—what says the hygrometer, the hydrometer, or hygroscope?—no matter whose, either De Luc's or De Saussure's:—is it hot or cold—what says the thermometer or thermoscope?—and what the barometer—how many inches in the pluviometer or rain-gauge?



and pneumatically, what is the point in which the wind is the most prevalent?—and what its force?—look at the animometer.—

Then the medical man must know whether the climate is bracing or relaxing:—does it give colds or does it cure them? and does it invigorate, or does it give the sciatica?

The geologist must never be forgotten. The observant traveller must tell him what the soil is here, there, and in the other place:—are the rocks primitive, or secondary, or floetz, or any thing else, and what else?—are there any organic remains?

And, lastly, if he deems it irrelevant or unnecessary to address himself to any others, there still remains the painter, who will declare the work wants *glazing*, if the traveller does not describe the scenery as he goes: he must know the outline, the colouring, the light and shade, and the true effect, on every horizontal of fifty degrees, in every direction, and at every turn of the road.

“What was the character of the county?” he will inquire.

“Was it *à la* Claude? and didst thou experience a painfully-pleasing and indescribable sensation within thy breast at the sight of it? Didst thou fall down on some verdant bank, and weep for ‘piteous joy?’”

I’faith, there is that in nature, when she is viewed in her native wilds, that will at times stir up the passions of the most unimpassioned. The heart of stone is not so hard, but it may be melted: and what so unartificial—so unsophisticated—so congenial—so natural—and what so sweetly, and so tenderly opens the gushing fountain of sensibility, as the chasteness and purity of nature?

Stand by the gurgling brook in the cool of a summer’s evening, and hear the water warble over the polished pebbles—look with the eye of contemplation and love at the softened hues on the distant mountain—the varied tones checkering the tops of the stately

trees of the forest—listen to the notes of the lark, the blackbird, or the nightingale—consider the heavens at night—the pale moon—and reflect on the rainbow.

This is nature ; reflect on this, and thou wilt be led to reflect on that which is higher : it is the ladder that will conduct thee to the source of all. What heart is there on earth that something will not touch ? And what heart is there that beats, that will not be touched by nature, and beat the faster for it ?

O Sterne ! come thou and speak for me.

“ Dear Sensibility ! source inexhausted of all that's precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows !

“ —— Eternal fountain of our feelings ! It is here I trace thee ; and this is thy divinity which stirs within me : not that in some sad and sickening moments, ‘ my soul shrinks back upon herself and startles at destruction ’—mere pomp of words ! but that I feel some generous joys and generous cares beyond my-

self; all comes from thee, great, great Sensorium of the world! which vibrates, if a hair of our head but falls upon the ground, in the remotest desert of thy creation."

—— But, gentle Sidmouth, come—let us consider what is to be done for thee.

In speaking of thee, and speaking after the precepts and suggestions that were broached somewhere in the beginning of this chapter, we must go back, and talk "of the days of other years."

*Sid-mouth*: let me consider—*unde derivatur* I think I said should be the first thing. This appears a comparatively easy word to resolve. What language is it the child of? Teutonic? Gallic? Norman? Danish? Irish? Gaelic? Slavonian? Scandinavian? or Saxon?

I would make it classic if I could: but this I fear I shall never be able to do. 'Tis too plain, there is no Greek in it: no, nor any Latin either. Is it *Chinese*, by the by? for it would be a remarkable name if it were. Or if it

came from the Chaldee or Syriac,—the Hebrew,—Arabic,—Persian,—or Persic,—it would be delightful. Perhaps it is Kufic,—or Coptic,—or Ethiopic,—or Amharic,—or Samaritan,—or Phœnician,—or Doric,—or Cadmean,—or Etruscan,—or Pelasgian,—or Arcadian,—or Georgian,—or Hindoo,—or Sanscrit,—or the Devanagari,—or Sumatran,—or Malayan,—or Malabaric,—or Talenga,—or Siamic,—or Manchou,—or Tartaric,—or Manchou-Tartaric,—or Thibetan,—or Kamtschatkan,—or Russian,—or Bengalee,—or Burman,—or Armenian,—or Stranghelo,—or Saracenic,—Oh! let me take breath, I'm winded.—Or Runic,—or Mœso-Gothic,—or Palmyrian,—or Mendeian,—or Illyrian,—or Croatian,—or Bulgarian,—or Icelandic,—or Hunish,—or Arabic,—(I think I said Arabic before),—or Lombardian,—or German,—or Franco-gallic,—or Frankonian,—or ————  
—————.

Man has sometimes travelled nearly all the

world over to seek for that, which, on his return, he has found close to the threshold of his own door. And, not to wander far from truth, I believe I have wandered far through the limits of the ancient world, to seek for that, which there is a better chance of finding at home—in England.

The word *Sid* sounds very Saxon: we have plenty of Saxon in England. *Sid* is the name of the small river that disembogues itself “into the main waters” at *Sidmouth*.

## CHAPTER V.

"'Tis a sweet priory, this!"

"*Sweet*, say you? There's a ——— somewhere."

•

THE SUMMER'S RAMBLE.



So much for the head : and where the head goes the tail will follow. As for the latter half of the word—why surely, every *mouth can speak for itself*. We need go no further, then, for *Sid-mouth*.

Thus much for the name : I have not been able to make it classic. I am not aware that Herodotus mentions it any where, or Xenophon, or Diodorus, or Cicero, or Pliny, or Lucian, or Virgil—stay, no more *ors*. Neither am I aware that it is the offspring of any of

the languages, dialects, or *Lingua Francasian* parifications that I have just run through. No, it does not belong to the Arabic, the Syriac, the Chaldee, the Coptic, the Ethiopic, the Illyrian, the Hindostanee, the Persian,—

—— For heaven's sake forbear. I swear by the jargon of Babel, and by all the tongues that ever spoke all the languages that were ever spoken, I had rather be deaf, and never again drink another word of thy tongue's utterance, than be obliged, in repetition, to speak the speech as you pronounced it to me; or hear the mouthing of it as you have mouthed it to me even now.

I cannot tell what you and other men think of this name; but for my single self, I had as lief it be Sidmouth, as Athens, Carthage, Tyre, Syracuse, Corinth, or Mistress Rome.

"What's in a name? that which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet:  
So *Sidmouth* would, were she not *Sidmouth* called,  
Retain that dear perfection which she owes  
Without that title."



Have I saturated the laudable thirst of the etymologist? If so, let us go on ; for we are getting tedious.

When this remarkable place was founded, or by whom, it is somewhat difficult to determine. It was not a Roman station. I think King Arthur never took refuge in it in the days of his troubles. The Danes, I fancy, condescended not towards it, although they came very near when they first landed on the island at Teignmouth, in 787.

One of the oldest buildings in the neighbourhood is *Manstone Farm*: a venerable piece of architecture, that wears considerable respectability in idea, from the pure circumstance of its date. On the front of the house there is a square tablet, bearing, in old-fashioned characters, the year 1369. This, therefore, was in the reign of Edward the Third. And this is indeed a long time since. In the reign of Edward the Third: nearly five hundred—years—ago! (separate the words

to give them emphasis)—nearly—five—*hundred*—years—ago!

Oh! the changes and chances that this ancient relic has seen! The vicissitudes of passing ages—the alternate sweet and unsweet glances of fickle Mistress Fortune! So many powerful monarchs hast thou beheld severally sway the golden, the silver, and the iron sceptre, over this land. So many kings hast thou seen live in prosperity—so many die in misery. So many begin to live—so many cease. How many hast thou beheld with unaltered features, treacherously and villanously slaughtered—and how many pay Nature's great account! The many battles that have been fought—the many lost and won.

All this, ay, and much more, hast thou seen: and yet here thou still standest—thou who hast braved the blustering storms of near five hundred winters—thou who hast brightened in the sunshine of as many summers—

whose walls within have echoed and re-echoed to the cry of sorrow, and the voice of mirth—to the hoarse and boisterous tongue of anger, and the more soft accents of love. Oh! how many succeeding generations hast thou sheltered both from the cutting blast of December, and the scorching ray of June! How many innocent babes have drawn a first breath in a troubled world, within thy massive walls! How many grey heads, borne down to the grave by age and sorrow, have heaved a farewell and parting sigh beneath the shadow of thy roof!

Eyes that centuries ago had closed themselves for ever to the light that we see, have looked on thee—and many successive, that have since returned to the dust from whence they came, have also looked on thee. And now come I, to feast on the hues of thy ancient walls—to enjoy that which others before me have enjoyed—to think on that which others have thought—and to feel as

others have felt, when pondering over the building, that, like a stately tree in the middle of a meadow of waving grass in the month of June, has stood, when the scythe of Time has spared nothing, save only thee alone.

And after me the course will run just the same: others will come to thee to look—to reflect—to feel—and perhaps to give vent to their feelings: for there is that in the idea of a ruin which will justify it.

On the further side of Salcombe Hill, about two *delightful* miles east from Sidmouth, there is a farm-house standing on the site of part of the old buildings of what is called “Duncombe Priory.”

I know nothing of its history.—

The situation, however, is sweet and picturesque in the extreme; and the mouldering ruins that still remain, detached from the modern house, are finely and profusely hung with drooping masses of ivy. It stands on

the brink of a high and precipitous hill, the sides and lower part of which are thickly over-grown with coppice and other trees. Here may one sit of a summer's evening, and listen to the twittering of the sparrows in the ivy overhead ; and, if so disposed, quote the old Scotch poet, Dunbar—

“ Full angellike thir birdis sang thair houris  
Within thair courtyns greene.”

Here may one exist with an inward feeling of satisfaction, and survey that which lies around, with the sensation of a continual flow of philanthropy and gratitude. If man could joy in aught, it is to lie on the grass, and reflect over the face of nature stretched out on every side.

“ If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange  
Of hill and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,  
Rocks, dens, and caves !”

Come, Virgil—what say'st thou of the scene ?

*" At quæ pinguis humus, dulcique uligine læta  
Quique frequens herbis et fertilis ubere campus,  
Qualem sæpe cava montis convalle solemus  
Dispicere : huc summis liquuntur rapibus amnes."*

But Dryden—so please you, let us have it in English.

*" But where the soil, with fattening moisture filled,  
Is clothed with grass, and fruitful to be tilled ;  
Such as in cheerful vales we view from high ;  
Which dripping rocks with rolling streams supply."*

Very good.—

The valley extends a mile, or perchance more, towards the sea ; and the cliffs, which are mostly white, from some traces of chalk which they contain ; or, of a fine, warm tint, shed over the yellowish sandstone—tower majestically from the beach. Their colour is sobered and mellowed down to the most grateful tone imaginable : exposure, moss, and lichen, have each taken a brush, and severally contributed a separate tint ; and

time has taken a *sweetener* and blended the whole into the most pleasurable harmony.

Never were hues so delightful to feast on :  
so chaste—so mellow—so pleasing—so harmonious !

O Claude ! O Cuyp ! O —— ! but 'tis useless to apostrophize—I will not do it.——

Who can look on the venerable, moss-clad walls of the Priory, without feeling a gushing fountain break forth within him ? A classic stream—the spring and source of all that savours of Hesiod—of Homer—of Ovid—and of I know not whom else.

O ye, whose light wings of fancy will bear ye with Pegasus to the hallowed top of Helicon !—or with Icarus, to the spangled vault of the heavens !—O ye souls of poetry, who, in the true spirit of yourselves, would climb the steep sides of Hyampea and Tithorea on the heights of Parnassus, and there satiate your classic cravings, in converse with Apollo and his sacred Nine !—or ye, who would

wander through the shaded and refreshing groves of Ida, and delight ye under the luxuriant foliage of the pine, the cypress, and the cedar,—O, all ye, enter the Priory! throw off your shoes, and enter;—ye who would recline on the verdant banks of Ilissus, and with closed eyes meditate through visions too—far too rapturous for speech;—ye who would roam life away with Calypso and her nymphs in the ambrosial groves of Ogygia—O, enter the Priory!—call forth all your poeticism—tune your heart-strings—open your classic veins!

“Would you behold its wonders, enter in!”

But now mark me—before you enter, *hold your noses; for it is the dirtiest piggery I ever encountered!*

\* \* \* \* \*



Clavileno, I am becoming impatient: the sun bursts from behind yon "lazy-pacing cloud." See that gleam on the hill—methinks summer were at hand—we must think of the land of leeks.

When either business, ill health, or the *vis inertiae* of the flesh, occupy the ascendant, and tether a man to his own house—or within an eye's ken of it—then let such laud the practice of roaming the world over by the fire-side; or, as Shakspeare very wittily has it—of "*travelling a-bed*." But to learn geography, languages, and manners, through the medium of the poet and the painter, is to acquire knowledge but slowly and incorrectly. Let *me* see with my own eyes—let *me* converse with my own tongue—(though I am of the first gender)—let *me* converse with my own tongue—and let *me* sketch from originals. Let me read the face of nature herself; she is a large volume, (a quarto, at least,) and will bear reading again and again; and a

knowledge of her, (O unhappy simile!) like gold, will increase in value, even with the possession thereof.

“L'univers est une espèce de livre, dont on n'a lu que la première page, quand on n'a vu que son pays.”

Ashamed I ought to be (*I am*, I mean) to say, that I am only at the A B C of nature: I have not read the first page—not half of it. I have seen little more, within my recollection, than the illumined letter of Devonshire, standing at the commencement of the chapter. I now intend to read *two* pages before I see Sidmouth again—for I shall call England one page, and Wales another.

Come, Clavileno, we must be off; it's time to go to school.

## CHAPTER VI.

“ To other regions ! ”

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.



PEDESTRES distributed his P. P. C.'s, or D. I. O.'s—I forget which—threw his knapsack over his shoulders, and then took Clavileno by the hand. On the 24th of April (1833), he turned his back on Sidmouth, making for Exeter over Woodbury Hill.

During the last war this hill was—I fancy more than once—the scene of an encamped army : and in the days of Charles and the Roundheads, the more bloody scene of the

meeting of two armies, that smiled not on each other.

The renowned and valorous Don Quixas, Quixana, Quixada, Quesada, Quixote (or what they calce 'n) sallied forth into the world in the purest spirit of philanthropy ; and I doubt not but that Sir Hudibras had reasons equally honourable and satisfactory, for practising his bruised yet laurelled knight-errantry. To redress wrongs—succour the afflicted—feed the hungry—clothe the naked—cheer the sad—chastise all discourteous knights—and, exceeding all other—to fight for the fair. Laudable motives !

To the everlasting shame of Pedestres be it spoken, he had not entirely and exclusively departed his home with such unspeakably good resolutions in his breast. He did not sufficiently consider the matter : he did not reflect that this *naughty* world is a garden of weeds, flourishing with wrongs that require sturdy eradication, and that he, perchance,

was the gardener fated to their deracination. He should have reflected, that there might be some unfortunate Andromeda to liberate, or peerless Dulcinea to disenchant. Then, perchance, could he have enrolled himself under the banner of "*a white wench's black eye*;" and calling on his mistress in the true essence of chivalry, rushed unconcerned into danger, or indeed death.

He had even sallied forth without being mounted: the incomparable Clavileno was both his Sancho and his Rosinante. At the pleasing thought, Pedestres gave him a hearty squeeze with his hand. Clavileno was indeed inestimable: he was not only an agreeable companion on the way, which, as the Spaniards say, is as good as a coach; but his actual services were at every instant so felt and acknowledged, that Pedestres has often declared, with tears in his eyes, that he could, on no account, have attempted the walk without his aid.

On arriving in Exeter, Pedestres, with a

glance of retrospection, recalled some of the tourist's rules and memorabilia, that should always maintain a vivid delineation on the tablets of every wanderer's brain, and which have been hinted at in the fourth chapter.

"*Unde derivatur nomen?*" said he to an old woman, the only person who happened to be near enough at that moment when the spirit moved him to speak.

"Ay? what, what, what——" answered she of the petticoat, stammering with sudden rage, and unable to articulate through the tremor of her fury.

"*Unde derinatur nomen*, my good woman?" said Pedestres again, quite astonished at her unaccountable paroxysm.

The mad blood rushed into her face. "None of your imperence, young man," replied she; "none of your sauce here—*Lundy*, how I hate a woman! *Lundy* is no name o' mine, though I have been nicknamed *Old Lundy* by some lot of mischievous knaves, as wicked as yoursel'.

I'll take you down, or twenty such Jacks," she vociferated, raising a broom-stick, which she held in her hand; "*Lundy, how I hate a woman!*—why, I never heard the like o' that in my life; and may be, I had seen many a long day before *you*, and older knaves than *you*, knew what it was to be imperent to honest women in this world. I'm none of your stocks and stones, to be butted and jeered at by all such comers as you—don't think it."

"My good woman, I'm sorry——"

"Don't good woman me—don't speak to me—don't give me any more of your lingo, or I'll beat your cursed brains about the street, and call all the dogs in the parish to eat 'em, and tear the rest o' thee to pieces!"

"Indeed," said Pedestres, in a conciliatory tone of voice, "I intended only to ask you a simple question. Although I am not entirely a stranger here, still I cannot say I had ever the *honour* of meeting you before, or of ever having had the opportunity of becoming ac-

quainted with either your true or false name. I knew nothing of the nick-name of '*Old Lundy*'—I knew not even your real name, nor know it now (nor care to)—how should I have been aware of offending you by a nick-name, or by words that, to your ears, sounded so like it?"

These words, instead of producing the desired effect, only seemed to make things worse.

"Hypocritical *devil!*" she cried, putting a stress on the word; "thou varlet! thou villain! thou art as false as the rest of thy sex: thou wilt come here, forsooth, with an antic face, to scoff and flout at a poor creature—call her '*Lundy*' with the very first words you speak—tell her how you hate a woman—abuse, insult, and sneer at her—and then, indeed, like a true man, turn to, and tell her to her face, that there was no imperence in it! I'll stop your gab," she added, taking a desperate swing with the broom-stick, in order to accu-



multate force which she intended to hurl upon Pedestres' head, " I'll scatter your cursed brains !"

— But philosophers tell us that fortune never forsakes the brave : and at that very critical moment Providence called upon a young lad who sat nursing a cat in a cottage on the other side of the way. Hearing a great altercation without, and moreover, hearing the word "*Lundy*" bandied about in ungenteel tones, his attention was arrested : he started from his chair, and rushed out of the cottage to the spot where we were.

" Stop, Granny !" cried the boy, seizing the old hag's uplifted arm, which was just in the act of bringing an all-levelling blow on her opponent ; and to parry which, Pedestres had raised Clavileno. " Stop, Granny ! 'tis against the laws to kill any body, and much more a gentleman. What's the matter, Granny?—can't 'e let people alone?—you know you are a little testy sometimes—you know——"

“ Out, you imp of iniquity !” said the old woman, cutting him short, and at the same time pushing him backwards with great violence. “ You must come, too, like a young sprig of the old tree, to give your paltry word against me : thou’lt be a man some o’ these days, an it please Heaven to spare thee,—I see thou wilt. Take that, and be ——”

The boy was unable to stand against the strength of her brawny and masculine arm. He fell forcibly backwards to the ground, rolling over several times without being able to recover himself, until finally he was lodged in the middle of a deep ditch of black mud. Here he floundered for a second or two, like a porpoise in the ocean ; and it was not without great difficulty and exertion on his part that he at last extricated himself from the ditch, and, casting a disdainful look at Granny, re-entered the cottage. Several persons by this time had collected “ *to see the fun*,” as they expressed it :—some appeared to know Pe-

destres' fair foe : others had not the felicity of her acquaintance. The little dirty boys that composed the greater number of the rabble, cried and hooted "Old Lundy !" while some of the more elderly and sober endeavoured to pacify the anger which these shouts only served to augment. Pedestres is one of those personages who "hates greetings in the market-place ;" and the appearance of affairs now had assumed such an aspect, that he began sincerely to wish he were clear of such a public greeting as he, at that moment, enjoyed. Lundy (for so I must call her) seemed to have acquired additional stoutness and assurance—not, however, that she wanted it—by her late victory over her grandson : or rather, the circumstance, trivial as it might have been to a woman of her unwomanlike habits, by favouring her with a slight taste of revenge, had heightened her thirst, and she turned towards Pedestres with the full determination of taking it to satiety. The broomstick was

again uplifted on her side, and Pedestres on his had summoned his 'squire, Clavileno, to his aid, in time of such fierce and unequal battle. Clavileno would have succeeded in parrying the blow in all probability; but the un-knightlike and un-chivalrous contest was painfully grievous both to master and faithful servant. Praised be all the powers that governed this momentous affray, things did not come to such a pass:—there were stronger arms now on the battle-field than those which arrested Granny's direful aim in the first instance, and which had paid so dearly for the interference. A gallant knight, Sir Lapstone, to all appearance of outward bearing, "a mender of bad soles," had, unobserved mingled in the crowd, for such it had now become; and he, seeing the hostile and deadly state of things, bravely interposed—not his lance, nor his shield, no, nor his Andrea Ferrara—but with untold and untellable valour threw his whole person fairly betwixt

the " wrangling queen" and the object of her boisterous wrath. What a relief to Pedestres!— he felt as if Providence had covered a check-mate that but the instant before had appeared inevitable, or as if there sat in his house of prosperity a power that had suddenly and miraculously averted the evil that was about to pounce on him, as the falcon swoops on the heron, whose doom is irretrievable. The divine intelligences that presided over his safety were propitious;—Pedestres felt it; and he declares that his preservation from so imminent a danger was as deifical as the rescue of Paris on the plains of Troy, when Venus snatched him from the impending wrath of Menelaus, and conveyed him in a cloud of vapour to a place of safety. Indeed, the circumstances and manner of escape of these two heroes tally to the most minute parallel; for just at this favourable turn in the tide of affairs, a brewery window was thrown open close to the spot where Bellona had been raging, and

there issued into the street such an enormous, spreading, and dense cloud of steam, that Pedestres and the whole host were entirely enveloped, so that he was alone and concealed in the midst of a multitude. Whether any kindly Venus inside the brewhouse had done this to save the object of her peculiar care from hazard and from shame, (for Pedestres saw no reason why she should not befriend him, as well as anybody else,) and snatch him from perdition, he knew not, nor could he discover any more than Paris at the moment; but he has every reason for believing it to have been Venus and none other, for as Homer calls her "the laughter-loving dame," so, at the same moment the brewery window was opened, there also burst forth a most obstreperous roar. However, there is no denying the fact that they were both preserved through the kindly favour of vast fumes of smoke. Perchance, the Trojan warrior was conveyed away through unmeasured regions

of upper air by a power which he felt not; but which wafted him, like a gossamer floating in the zephyrs, without any effort on his part, to safety and to ease. Pedestres wanted no supernatural agency to waft him from the field; for as soon as he discovered himself to be out of the eye's-ken of mortality, he *felt* his way out of the cloud, and then betook himself to his *legs*, as if he had been contending on the arena of the Circus Maximus.

## CHAPTER VII.

"In aliena castra transivit; non tanquam transfuga, sed explorator."

SENECA.

---

It might be expected that Pedestres' ardour for etymology had been a little damped by the effects of the affair related in the last chapter; but the next morning he aroused and summoned up the man within him, and determined on making another attempt. The vessel that rides the storm is not always at the top of the wave; and the sun shines not without intermission on the same flower of the garden; even if the day be cloudless and clear, from the first warble of the lark even until the latest



note of the robin, still the night advances, when a certain though transitory gloom must rest on the hill and the valley. Pedestres, therefore, wisely resolved on thinking that his ill-fortune was not permanent, but would shortly take a different turn, as the tide of the ocean must ebb when it has attained its greatest height. For, according to the incomparable Juliet's reasoning, fortune, being fickle, can never endure long in any one pursuit, but will soon directly reverse herself, and take the very opposite course to that which she traversed so ardently before. Wonderfully delighted and encouraged by this, Pedestres begged fortune to be fickle, and in a second attempt prosper his scrutiny into the christening of Exeter.

Julius Cæsar tells us, that this part of England, that is, Devon and Cornwall, was formerly called *Dumnonia*, or, as it has been rendered "the county of valleys;" and a later author adds, "but now corruptedly it is named

*Devonia*, or *Devonshire*, and not *Daneshire*, of the *Danes*, as some would have it.

The city, or capital, once bore the name of *Corinia*, and from this, the cathedral church was called *Ecclesia Coriniensis*. Leland and Bale further affirm that it was so designated by Corinus.

The Romans spoke of the city by the appellation of *Augusta*; but this by itself was quite indefinite, for they applied the word to many other cities, either from the circumstance of size, wealth, or importance, or out of compliment to the emperor. But to this was attached another name, thereby making a distinction from all other cities; they added that of *Britannorum*, making *Augusta Britannorum*.

According to the authority of Geoffery of Monmouth, the ancient Britons assumed a somewhat extensive latitude in telling of its attributes; sometimes expressing the existence of the same city in one way, and at others by another set of words, or that which was an

equivalent to it; in the same manner in which a certain youthful cavalier, "sighing like furnace," spoke of his sweet lady-love—that is, her name bespoke her perfections. In the warmth of his heart he cried out, "O Clara *Cleopatro-Hello-Lucretio-Venusio-Didoneissima!*" But Exeter was only called *Penhulgoile*, which may be rendered, "The prosperous chief town in the wood," though it was sometimes known as "The famous town on the hill," or *Pennehal-tecaire*. But this name is nothing to the cavalier's.

The western Danmonii called it by three different appellations: *Pennecaire*, meaning the chief city: *Caireruth*, the red city, from the colour of the soil from which it sprung: and *Caireiske*, otherwise, the city of *Iske*, the name of the river flowing immediately under Rougemont Castle Hill.

Hoveden in his Chronicle mentions this latter name when speaking of the hostile Danes—"Anno Domini 877, exercitus Da-

norum, ab Wharham, nocte quadam, fœdere dirupto, ad Exeancestre diverterunt, quod Britannicè dicitur *Cairiske*."

The learned Ptolemy calls it *Isca*; while the river he calls *Isica*.

Ball, the antiquary, also expresses it as *Isca*; and the inhabitants he calls *Iscans*.

From *Isca*, (the appellation of the river, as well as *Isaca*, as Ptolemy has it,) the name easily passed by a few gradations, into Exe; that by which it is now known. The two middle letters were first transposed; the offspring of which transposition, therefore, being *Icsa*: and thence, to the next metamorphose, into the word *Exa*: then, by substituting *e* for *a*, we have the modern name Exe: although it is sometimes written without the final *e*.

The Saxons altered the then acknowledged name, and by a re-christening, called the city *Monkton*. This is a barefaced onomatopœia. It bore this name more than three hundred years; when Athelstan, by a further mutation,

changed it to *Esseterra*, or *Exeterra*:—that is, *Excestre*, or *Exeter*, where we at last find the city clothed in its habiliments of the latest fashion.

Let me moreover add, that it was also known as *Exancestria*, or *Exancestre*; and the river by *Excestrum*.

We are told by sages and philanthropists innumerable, whose bounty has scattered to the world many wholesome saws and salutary apothegms, that it is very naughty and unbecoming to “*call names*.” Not denying the truth of this, I cannot but feel a vivid sense of remorse now rising within me, as the fruits of my recent occupation depicted on the foregoing page or two. Therefore let me weep for the past: and as I think in amity towards Exeter, that I have against her *called names* to universal contentment, Clavileno and Pedestres will pass to something else.

As Clavileno had no *veto* to put in opposition to his master's inclination, they both in merry

mood walked towards the castle, to survey and ponder over little more than a few foundations. The area of the castle within the walls, as given by Leland, is one hundred and one yards only, in one direction, and one hundred and nine in the other. These are small dimensions for that which has been the occupied palace of kings—the residence, as well as the fortress—and the magazine of pleasure and carousal, commingled with the magazine of war.

If a tourist in his wanderings, let him be in what part of England he may—or indeed, what part of the old world—discovers the grey towers of some ancient castle, abbey, or other venerable fabric, standing forth in all the deep hues which antiquity is so fortunate in giving—he need not ask the passer-by or the peasant who it was who built it. He need not ask a question, to the which there ever is returned the same answer. And pray, then, who built the castle of Exeter? for, according

to tradition, the answer to this query will set homogeneously in reply to all interrogations of a like kind. Who built this castle? and who built that? and who built Rougemont Castle—that castle of the red soil, resting on the hill? Forsooth, Julius Cæsar—he built them all: the eternal answer to all queries—Julius Cæsar, Julius Cæsar, Julius Cæsar! And as certain and unerring as Cæsar built all castles, so sure and certain is the information respecting him that pulled them all down. And who made a ruin of Tutbury Castle? who battered Conway Castle to pieces? and who destroyed Chepstow Castle? and who shattered fifty others? Oh! Oliver Cromwell, Oliver Cromwell, Oliver Cromwell! Confound Oliver Cromwell, say I! But peace be with him: let us not a second time rake his bones from their quiet grave.

Rougemont, or Rugemont Castle, was erected by Julius Cæsar, or the Romans after him. It was long the palace of the Saxon

kings of Westsex, or Wessex. After them the habitation of the Earls of Cornwall; and then of the Dukes of Exeter. In modern days its fortunes have worn a very contrasted aspect: ruin, decay, neglect, and dilapidation, have usurped the seats of royalty, splendour, revelry, and massive architecture. And for some years the site of the quondam guard-house has been occupied by the courts of justice.

There is, in the vicinity of Exeter, another vestige of antiquity, which perchance may lay claim to the honour of as early an origin as the castle. And notwithstanding Pedestres had been in the city at times during far the greater half of his life, and had frequently passed within twenty—ay, ten yards of the spot, he had never conceived the most remote idea of the existence of any thing so attractive. It generally so happens, that when persons reside in or near even the known and acknowledged reality of a *lion*, although it be such as may decoy thousands of the curious to



the neighbourhood to examine and admire ; yet, when feeling themselves as residents, they scarcely appear to consider it worth the price of a short walk, to go and see that which others have travelled across counties for the express purpose of coming to do no more. It had, in a great degree, been Pedestres' case in this instance ; but now all at once fancying himself a tourist—whose attributes, and indeed *duty*, he thought, consisted in search, inquisitiveness, and curiosity—he was led to this Danish relic, as the fruits and reward of his inquiry. It is situated in one corner of a grazed field, immediately at the back of the county gaol : and from the public road, a leap of infinitely less agility than would demand the seven-league boots of Peter Schlemil, would carry the antiquary lightly over the hedge, and set him in the centre of the circular vallum. A diametrical measurement, gave its dimensions to be thirty-eight paces, from the top of the agger on one side, to the highest ridge on the opposite. By the pea-

sants in the surrounding cottages, it is universally called "*Danes' Castle*;" and by them it appears to be looked upon in the light of one of those evidences of remote industry, and mysterious dark ages, that will never fail to engender in minds like theirs, a species of superstition for its preservation and perpetuity.

Oh, Jonathan Oldbuck! thou pattern and model of all that is true, genuine, and specific, to form the real and perfect antiquary! Oh, wert thou but only here at this moment, standing with myself and my goodly 'squire on the ridge of this vallum, to tell us of the origin of so obscure a work—to tell us who defended within—who assailed without—who fell struggling for freedom, glory, and their country, on this side the breast-work—and how many died the death of the brave on the other! Wert thou but here now to descant and expatiate unto us with as much eloquence as thou didst to thy companion Lovel on the Kaim of Kimprunes, we were then indeed of

a piece with thee. We should be enabled by the all-seeing glass of thy research and scrutiny, to look clearly back into those ages of night and secrecy, during the existence of which this encampment, as well as the Kaim of Kimprunes, sprung into being. There does not reign that *indistinctness* here, of the supposed presence of which thou wert so grievously ruffled by Lovel. All is plain, clear, manifest! On the southern side behold the *porta sinistra*, (a drain cut through the vallum to let off the rain that would settle in the basin,) oh, fear not Edie Ochiltree! fear him not! and yonder see the *porta dextra*! All is obvious—all is apparent and undeniable.——

See, Pedestres, see—

See the huge battle moving o'er the heath :  
Their spear-heads sparkle in the glittering sunbeam,  
Their rude accoutrements, and ruder selves  
March like the tumbling storm. And life or death  
Sits on the careless turning of a die!

## CHAPTER VIII.

" 'Tis the most dreadful night-piece I ever saw !"

\* \* \* \* \*

" He composed himself with great tranquillity for half an hour, and was just falling asleep, when he started on a sudden."

" This threw him into so great a ferment, that he jumped out of his bed."

THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.



" LET us," said Pedestres, turning to Clavileno, " let us take one peep at the cathedral, ere our growing eagerness to pace the rugged land of Taffy attract our knight-errantry to the mountains. What say you, sir of the Woodenpeg ?"

Clavileno made no answer:—that was a trifle:—for he always answered in the affirmative by answering nothing.——So, without another word, they both went to the cathedral.——

The dark and venerable western front, studded with statues, stood over them in grave and frowning majesty as they entered. The lofty and groined roof within, curled over their heads like the stately branches of the beech that sweep across from opposite sides of an aged avenue, and mutually, in the middle, mingle their lengthened arms in indistinguishable intricacy. There is something solemn in entering a cathedral:—Pedestres felt it to-day. Their foot-steps echoed as they walked down the nave; and the spacious building multiplied the few sounds to such a degree, that it was difficult to imagine otherwise than that hundreds were pacing around them, although invisible. The clustered columns springing from the pavement, shot through a darkened atmos-

phere to a misty and gray-tinted elevation. The grotesque figures that adorned the capitals so far above them, seemed to gnash their teeth, and roll their huge eye-balls upon the worldly intruders below, in token of rage and impatience; whilst a solitary sunbeam found entrance through an upper painted window, and shooting across the gloom in a vivid streak, gilded up the elaborate tracery of the oaken screen. The effect was heightened past description, when the full-bodied and melodious tones of the organ suddenly broke forth, and were allowed to wander at liberty through the many aisles and recesses of the spacious fabric. The high and rapid notes of the treble warbled like the nightingale when she addresses the moon; and a pensive listener would have willingly fancied the similitude stronger, by the circumstance of the dim twilight that surrounded him, as he eagerly caught every sound. The deep bass, rumbling in the sweetest accord with the more shrill twittering of the upper

octaves, seemed to possess the substance of a cloud of harmony, and to roll in *globules* from one vaulted ceiling to another—through arch succeeding arch—until it gradually died away exhausted, like the receding hollow sounds of a distant peal of thunder, or a discharge of large artillery—It was sweet indeed.——

“That man had sixteen wives, sir,” said the guide, pointing with a staff to a monument in the south transept.

“Pish!” exclaimed Pedestres hastily; his reverie, which had arisen from the feature of solemnity that reigned on all sides of him, being suddenly broken by the presence of sixteen wives. “How this calls one home to humanity,” he thought within himself.

“And he who lies there, sir, had none at all,” continued the guide.

“Bah! man, dost thou not hear the organ pouring forth again?”

“Would you like to listen?” inquired the man with an astonished air: “and this is the tomb of Leofricus, the first and very famous

Bishop of Exeter ; who was translated from Crediton, by Edward the Con———”

“ A heavenly chord that !” exclaimed Pedestres in a rapture.

“ fessor, sir,” continued the man, nothing interrupted. “ That Prince Edward was the most scrupulous and holy man that, I suppose, ever carried a sceptre over his shoulder like a cudgel. Why, sir,” he said, drawing nearer, and lowering his voice mysteriously, “ he married a very beautiful wife, and do you know he never ——”

“ Hish !” again exclaimed Pedestres, very well aware of what was coming. “ Perhaps, amid all your knowledge touching this cathedral, you may be able—let us walk down this aisle—you may be able to tell me who laid the first stone of the edifice ?”

“ Neither I, nor any man can answer you that question, sir,” replied the cicerone ; “ the precise date of its foundation is buried in the grave of antiquity. And no mattock or crowbar, such as I would employ to delve into any



of the tombs that lie scattered around us, would dig up even the bones of the true answer that you require.

“ King Athelstan erected a house of Benedictine Monks on, or near, the site of the Virgin Mary's chapel: but this must have been destroyed at the total subversion of the city by Sweyn, the Dane. It is most probable the present structure was begun soon after the removal of the episcopal chair, from Crediton to Exeter, by Edward the Confessor, the holy prince of whom I was going to speak to your honour just now, but you wouldn't let me. When he installed——”

“ The sweetest organ I ever heard !”

“ When, sir, he installed Leofricus in this see, he pronounced these ancient words—*very* ancient words, sir——”

(“ I suppose they were not words of the nineteenth century,” said Pedestres, in a parenthesis.)

“ These ancient words, sir :—‘ I kynge Edward, takynge Leofrike by the ryghte

haunde, and Edythe, my queene, bye the left; doe installe hym the fyrste and moste famous byshoppe of Exon, wythe a greate desyre of aboundance of blessynge to all such as shall further and encrease the same; but wythe a fearful and execrable curse on all such as shalle diminishe, or take any thyng from it.' But, sir, this cathedral was not, as it has been learnedly expressed—*opus unius seculi*. (Pedestres looked at the man.) No, sir, we are told by Mr. Isaac, that it was 437. years in building."

"Its varied architecture," said Pedestres, and Clavileno did not deny it, "is an incontestable proof that it is not the offspring of one century—or half o' dozen."

"True, sir, true," replied the other; "but the greater part of what we now look on, emanated from the bounty of Peter Quivill, about the year of our blessed Lord, 1288, with the exception of the two great towers. They, we are told, are the only remains of the fabric, that, before Quivill's time, was built

by Bishop Warlewast. John Grandison, the seventeenth bishop, completed the choir, and rebuilt the nave: and when your youthful honour and your honour's walking-stick, came in at the west doorway — (Clavileno stamped on the pavement at this)—you passed a small chapel on your right, which goes by the name of 'Bishop Grandison's Chapel:' and which, in 1369, became his last resting place."

"This recess we are near," said Pedestres, taking up the conversation, "should be the corner, that, like a conservatory, has contained that evergreen—that never-fading blossom—that blooming flower of a century."

"You may well say, '*should be the corner;*' for her radiance no longer brightens the surrounding walls."

"Ah! what!" exclaimed Pedestres in astonishment; "how is this? let me look closer?"

"Your honour may go into the corner, but you will find nothing—she is gone—she

is covered with the dust from whence she came."

"Good heavens!" rejoined Pedestres in great agitation; "why who—why how—which—where—when—what—eh—eh—have they done with her? Tell me, I entreat—I command you!"

The guide smiled.——

"The lady has returned to the dust from whence she came, as I told you."

"What sacrilegious hand hath been here then? What discourteous knight hath violated and assaulted the sex he is bound to defend and protect by all the oaths, the most sacred and most obligatory that it is possible for a man to enrol himself under? Religion—word—honour—chivalry—Oh! great are the wrongs ye have suffered!"

"Your honour may as well spare yourself the trouble of apostrophizing."

"Tell me who did it—and how it was done—and when it was done—and——"

"Her wasn't no use, sir," said the man drily.

"No use! no use! yes, every thing is of use!"

"So far she was of use, sir—she might have brought one or two visitors in the year to see the cathedral; but many there are who come here, would rather turn the other way, than look into a coffin standing up-on-end."

"You know nothing about it, man," said Pedestres warmly;—"you are no true knight——"

"Ah, speaking of *nights*, sir—I was here one night, standing by her coffin about twelve—I never shall forget it—I fancy I hear the bones of the skeleton creaking and dangling against the hollow sides of the upright coffin at this minute—'twas so dismal. I had forgotten to shut yonder window after evening service, and went home to my bed, leaving it in that state. But, as the great bell struck midnight, I started out of my sleep, and thought on the window I had left open. I couldn't rest—I couldn't sleep—I couldn't lie in my bed, till I had come here to shut

it, and see that it was safe. I threw a cloak over me, without taking off my nightcap; and hastened through the south aisle to the window, dressed in that fashion—but 'twas no matter what I had on at that time o' night, I trow. When I got to Saint Gabriel's Chapel, where we now stand, I thought I heard somebody close behind me—'twas enough to try the stoutest man—my heart jumped into my mouth, sir——”

“ Did you swallow it again ?” inquired Pedestres, feelingly.

“ I don't know, sir, I was in such a fluster—I trembled like a sinner——”

“ Happy simile !”

“ But I think the best man in the vassel world would have wished himself elsewhere at such a moment. The farthing candle that I held in my hand seemed to light only those monuments that I passed close to, as I hurried across the cold pavement; and the figures carved on the tombs that were a few yards off appeared to follow me through the obscurity

with their eyes. A man feels ready to take every thing for a ghost when he walks among the dead at midnight; and there are many tales going, about spectres and phantoms that haunt the old walls, and stalk along the battlements on the roof when all well-disposed folks ought to be a-bed. Well, sir, when I got here, I thought I heard somebody so close to my heels, that I expected to be either knocked down by a being of this world, or griped round the waist by a spirit o' some other. But, sir," he added with an air of self-satisfaction, "when I think of it I am sometimes astonished at the courage and presence of mind that I displayed, when it was the thing I so much needed. I stood still, and after about three seconds—and not before—I was able to turn round and look back. There was nothing to be seen; I listened—there was nothing to be heard of living man. It was a boisterous night towards the latter end of November; and the tempest howled through the loop-holes in the southern staircase, and that rusty iron chain you may

see hanging from the roof, swung to and fro, and grated like a screech-owl. 'Perhaps,' thought I, 'it is that dismal sound that I heard just now,'—and the lattice of the casement I had come to shut flapped in the raging storm. —It was awful, sir.—Whilst I stood on this spot, close to the coffin containing the old skeleton of the woman who murdered her infant, a gust of wind swept across the aisle from the window, and whisked round the corner like a whirlwind. The lid of the upright coffin resembled the door of a cupboard, as you know, for you have seen it, and was hung on two hinges, though the lower one had some time been broken. The sudden puff drove open the decayed door, and slammed it violently back beyond the strength of the hinge to withstand. I thought the skeleton had burst it open, and was now coming after me—but I had no time to reflect. The lid came rattling about my ears, making, as I fancied, the most unearthly noise, and fell with the weight of a grave-stone on my right arm,



which held the candle. I would have offered up a final prayer had I been able—but how could I just then? The lid nearly shattered my trembling arm, and knocked the candle away out of my hand—I know not whither—for I have never seen it again from that day to this. Never was a poor man in such a situation. I was in total darkness, beset on all sides by the flitting and unsubstantial ghosts of the dead. This was too much for the living.—I set off to run, as if a legion of spirits had been behind me, with the evil one at the head of them.”

“ Are you sure he was not there?”

“ I suppose, sir, he would scarcely venture to enter such a holy place as a cathedral. But I pictured the worst that a terrified man could imagine, and therefore ran accordingly. I got safe up this aisle, and through the great door at the end of it, and then ran faster than before, because I thought I knew the building well, and could find my way as well in the dark as the light, particularly when I got to

the broader aisle of the nave. But when I had passed about half way through it towards the western door, I must, some how or other, have turned aside and got out of my direction without knowing it. There is a large tomb, with two recumbent figures resting on the slab that crowns the pedestal, as it were, standing above five feet high ; and this tomb is placed at the base of one of the tall clustered columns of the nave."

" Ah, I know it," said Pedestres.

" Well, sir, I ran full butt against the curs— (I was going to say a naughty word)—against this misplaced monument, and knocked myself to the pavement senseless. This was a piteous adventure."

" I'faith, it is well we meet not with such every night:—but how did the frolic terminate?—how long did you lie there?"

" Verily, sir, it must have been many a long hour, for the day had broke when I came to my senses and opened my wondering eyes. At first I could not but think myself in a dream, and

it was many minutes ere I could rouse my delirious wits and stand on my feet. Then, indeed, my condition was a sad reality."

"I would have given a trifle just to have peeped in upon you at that moment."

"These tales are all very well to banter at when they are safely past and gone; but there is no mirth in the acting of them."

"You may say that," answered his auditor, who enjoyed the joke. "The best tales to tell are generally the worst to enact."

"But it did not end here, sir," rejoined the man. "Let me crave your patience a space longer, for I think my exploits in returning home were worse than all, because they were done in the public streets."

"Glorious!" exclaimed Pedestres, quite involuntarily.

"I thought there was nothing glorious in it," returned the speaker drily. "I had only a night-cap and cloak, as I mentioned, and under this latter a shirt, that barely descended as low as my knees, whilst my unhosed legs

were a prey to the idle winds, and my feet were carelessly thrust into the toes of two odd slippers. On perceiving daylight, consider my reflections. The day had dawned for an hour, and it was perfectly light when I recovered, although the gloom of the cathedral, and the obscurity that reigned within, very much deceived me in this. It was much lighter, of course, without; the artisans and tradespeople were already up and going to their work, and I found I had no other alternative, in order to regain my home, than to run boldly through the streets in the very face of life, light, and business. The mere thought of this galled me sorely: but I set off to run like a mad dog, and it were well if I had not run so fast and rashly. I believe I was mad at the time;—I know I must have been so. But what could I do? I could not stay here in the building; I could not think of hiding myself all day in some dreary hole or tomb—cold, without covering, without food—and truly, in such a state of thought and reflection as would

have rendered every thing else ten times more bitter. One would have imagined that my race the night before through the south aisle, and the well nigh spilling o' my brains against the monument, would have been wholesome and dearly-bought experience to keep me wisely in the right path in future, and, moreover, to maintain that path with discretion ; but, sir, it was quite otherwise. Instead of making me sober and cautious, as I ought to have been then, it only rendered me desperate and furious in the act of hurrying back to my own house.

“ The people seeing such a strange creature as I was running through the streets, said at once it was a madman—an escaped felon—or a flying thief. Some cried out, ‘ Catch him, catch him, and send him to Bedlam ! ’ some hooted after me, and said, ‘ Seize him, seize the villain, he has broken out of jail—lay hold of him there ! ’ and others shouted, ‘ Stop thief ! ’ But I ran, sir, as if there had been ten thousand more devils at my heels at that moment, than I

fancied there had been behind me the night before. Devils—infernal devils, there is no doubt but they were—devils more to be dreaded than those harmless spirits I pictured so frightfully to myself in the cathedral, whose only terror consisted in the wild state of my own imagination. Thus I flew like the wind from one street to another, until I thought I should have died from exhaustion and want of breath; but was still able to keep at the head of a tag-rag and bob-tail rabble, that hooted, shouted, roared, yelled, and pelted as if Old Harry himself had broken loose. John Gilpin was a joke—a fool to me.

“Fortunate it was, my home was now at hand; but before I could get there, the greatest trouble of all came upon me like a thunder-bolt.”

“An admirable climax, indeed!” interposed Pedestres.

“Ay, sir, but it was sad past telling. There had been rain in the night; the pavement was

muddy, and possessing that gluey consistency peculiar to the mud of all large cities. My slippers were loose, and a great impediment to swiftness; this and the dirt I think I could have contended against, had that been every thing; but in an evil moment all my rapidity, —all my haste,—all my hopes—and all my rising inward gratulation of feeling near the end of my career, received such an unforeseen stroke, that I was hurled to the abyss of misery in an instant. One unfortunate corner of my flying cloak hung lower on my ankles than it ought to have done, and I, in my haste, took no note of it; but by degrees it fell so low as to get under my feet. I stepped upon this unhappy end, and like lightning I toppled headlong, face and hands, slap-dash upon the stones! Can you imagine it, sir?"

Pedestres burst into a roar.

"Oh, sir, to tell you the tale is nothing—I never can speak what I felt. The mob at my heels thus seeing their game come down, set up a yell more horrible and uproarious than

the piercing war-cry of the Indians; and they, either unwilling or unable to stop, for I know not which, rushed over me like a torrent. Never was a poor man so beset! I was nearly crushed to a barbarous death by their weight, and trampled to pieces by their heavy and hob-nailed shoes. They continued to run over me for about ten minutes, as if I had been one of the flags of the pavement; and then finding they had overshot that which they pursued, they hurried back and formed themselves into a large circle around me, thereby adding one of the bitterest torments I had endured. I was covered with mud, bruised, battered, and breathless. I could have cried like a child, had it done me any good. Hundreds stood on all sides glorying in the exploit: the noise they made was dreadful and brutal—to me at any rate. I was vexed, angry, provoked, ashamed, enraged, and would have given the value of a thousand sextons' fees, had I but had the power to have sunk into the earth and concealed myself.



I could have burst into tears like an infant, but the mob closed round me, and I rose to run once more. In forcing, or rather fighting, my way through them, I lost both my mantle and my slippers; so that I was obliged to hurry barefoot on the stones, with nothing to cover me save a shirt that descended not to my knees.

“ Thus I got home; where I found my wife wondering at my absence, and now indeed wondering at my presence; and suffering nearly as much in her way, as I did in mine.”

Here succeeded a deep pause; and Pedestres knew not whether to laugh outright, or don the garb of supreme sympathy; but with much feeling and consideration, he took the latter course, and at the same time assuming a great air of mock philosophy, “ Remember, man,” said he, turning to his guide, “ remember, O sinful man, that we are born to trouble and vexation: we come into this world giving sorrow and pain, and while we are yet babes wrapped in swaddling clothes, we weep—we

shed bitter tears of affliction, long—long ere we are able to say what ails us, or what causes our sorrow: nay, I may add—long ere *we ourselves know the reason* of our infant grief.”

“ I confess it, sir: and a pity 'tis, we cannot cry away all our troubles in our childhood.”

“ Every man,” continued Pedestres with gravity—“ every man has to live under his load ——”

“ So I thought, sir,” said the man, interrupting him, “when the mob was running over me—only I thought I should have *died* then.”

“ Bear in mind, that through the whole length of your race of ——”

“ I never ran such a *race* in my life, sir, as I did that night.”

Pedestres felt his *sphincter oris* giving way to a risible influence: but he instantly recalled his solemnity and tried again.

“ We are all to endure our share of vexation and sorrow——”

“ Then, sir, I think my share was like Benjamin's—it was five times as large as the share of any body else.”

“ Your backslidings——”

“ Nay, sir, I *slipped forward* when I fell with my face and hands all along the pavement.”

“ Your stiff-neckedness——” (trying another *façon de parler*.)

“ True, sir, true : my *neck was so stiff* with the cold wind o' the night, that for a month afterwards, I was unable to turn my head, had it been ever so.”

“ Your spiritual blindness——”

“ No, sir, I neither *saw* nor tasted a drop o' *spirits* all that blessed night, as the saying is, though I could say any thing but blessed ; and I think a drop o' summut short would a done me a power o' good when I came to my senses under the monument.”

Pedestres could endure this no longer : he stamped Clavileno's one leg violently down on the broad flags, and turned on his heel towards the west door. “ Confound you, for

a most egregious fool!" cried he, partly to himself, yet in a tone somewhat above a whisper: "and I myself am no better for staying here, tumbling my brains over to seek modes, expressions, and idioms, that should meet the comprehension of thy obdurate skull." He gave a hasty glance at the empty corner where had stood the woman—"Ah, chivalry, thou faded blossom!" exclaimed he—"but I'll be gone—I will not stay. My patience has fled like a captive I would still have kept within bounds—my time has been wasted by unnecessary speech, and my knight-errantry has been shocked and sneered at."

One of the vergers of the cathedral beckoned to the man, thereby leaving Pedestres again free to his own thoughts. They unconsciously wandered back to the subject of violated chivalry, and the removal of the injured fair.

"She was the most inoffensive creature that a boisterous world ever contended with: retired, modest, secluded, and unassuming.

" I think Milton must have mistaken Eve for her, when he wrote thus—

" Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retired,  
*The more desirable.*"

" Mark—' *the more desirable.*'

" I have looked at her often ; I have seen others do so : yet I never so much as saw her raise her eyes from the ground. But she is gone—why need I lament ? The world has been deprived of one of its blessings. Have not the eyes of multitudes gazed on her with wonder and astonishment ? but she is gone—she has been snatched away ! Yet many an audacious lover has eloped with the fair object that has delighted the dazzled eyes of hundreds—ay, thousands. This case, then, is not without parallel : but is this reflection a soothing consolation ? Alas, no—no—no !"

Pedestres at this moment passed under the arch of the west door-way, and proceeded across the cathedral yard.

" It was unfair—it *was* unfair," he continued within himself, in spite of the numbers

through which he threaded his way, and who much tended towards the dissipation of his praiseworthy meditations; “it *was* unfair, because she could not vindicate herself—she could not plead her own cause—she had no tongue. What, what’s that? what did I say? no tongue? a woman without a tongue? *without a tongue*, did I say so? could I have said so? Yes, yes—’tis true—it is even so, though this is not the *annus mirabilis* of Dean Swift. But it was not manly; no, it was mean,” he resumed, recalling his composure; “she was unable to defend herself: the natural weakness of her sex—how could she? and she, in sooth, the weakest of the weak: the inherent delicacy, and want of nerve, peculiar to all of her soft kind—and she, poor thing, had but very few nerves.

“ ‘Ah me,’ I have no doubt but she sighed through her old dry bones—for she *must* have soliloquized on the occasion; ‘ah me! where are the days of chivalry? where are the roaming knights with whom the land

teemed in days of yore? they, who were always ready to raise the buckler and couch the lance, when the cry of distress met their ever-listening ears? whose sole profession it was, to defend the abandoned and lovely—to feed the hungry—(I am sure I am empty enough)—to clothe the naked—(alas, look at my limbs!)—to fatten the thin—are these the defenders of the unfortunate? the strengtheners of the weak? the succourers of the helpless? the aiders of the forlorn? or the comforters of the wretched?

“ A more permanent flower never blew; the roses on her cheeks, and the cherries of her lips, glowed with as dazzling a vermilion to her last day, as they had done a hundred summers before : and her fair forehead and neck were as white as ivory. But why need I ponder over all this?—’tis vain—’tis enough, ’tis enough. She was as blooming when she was buried, as she was a whole century before : *what lady can say this of herself?*”

## CHAPTER IX.

" They entered the dungeon . . . . "

\* \* \* \* \*

" This dungeon is no place for trifling. Prisoners ten times more distinguished than thou, have died within these walls ; and their fate hath never been known."

IVANHOE.

---

LET us now, all three of us—that is, Pe-destres, Clavileno, and my most sapient and worthy reader—(with which qualifications there is not the slightest doubt but that thou art richly endued, if thou hast just bought the book thou art reading)—let us all three, since the conclusion of the last chapter, fancy we have travelled sixteen miles through a very pleasing country, and that we now find our-



selves safely arrived in Tiverton: the town of lace notoriety.

Tiverton was known by the appellation of *Twyford* as early as the year 872, which was in the beginning of the reign of Alfred the Great; but the appearance of it then, and during some centuries subsequently, was miserable to a degree. It consisted only of a few Arab-like hovels, huddled together near that part of the town now occupied by Frog Street—this was all. When the Saxons set themselves earnestly to build a house—perhaps, we should imagine a pig-sty—they, in the first place, cleared the ground of stocks, stones, rubbish, or other impediments, and formed a level surface of earth, which surface was to be the floor of the interior. When this was done to satisfaction, they sketched the plan of the intended edifice on the spot it was destined to occupy, without paper—without pencils—without pens or ink—and without rules and scales; but, like some ancient mathematician, drew the figure on the

sand with (for all I know) their fingers ; and then they were better able to see what they were about. On this circumferential line, so drawn, for it was but a boundary without divisions, they drove into the ground a closely-set row of stakes, and cut them off even at a proper height, where they were to support the conical roof. Then their fingers again came in requisition, and they crammed the crevices and interstices in this frame-work with wet clay or mud, thereby setting a fair example to our modern workers in "*wattle-and-dab*." A few sticks overlaid with straw completed the building, by covering it in with a rudely thatched roof. There was a *multum-in-parvo* hole on one side, which, in itself, contained all the requisites of doors, windows, ventilators, light-holes, and, in short, every other luxury to be found in more recently-constructed houses ; and the interior was not divided into compartments or rooms—perhaps it was not spacious sufficient in area to admit of it.

But this one "stall,  
Served them for kitchen, parlour, and all."

They were kind and considerate enough, however, to allow the smoke of the enkindled fire the fullest privileges and blessings of liberty. It was not only permitted to range at large amongst the assembled company within the hut, but was suffered by its own free will to escape either by the door or through a hole in the roof left for that purpose.

Such, then, was the ordinary Saxon mansion. Who would not have lived in those days?

"Their houses were like Dirty Dick's,  
And built with mud, for want of bricks."

Some historians assert that Tiverton castle bears not the date of very remote antiquity; but there are very good reasons for supposing that this hypothesis has been advanced like an unsupported piece on a chess-board. That it kept the surrounding country in awe and subjection long before the conquest, there is little *rationale* to deny; yet the most authen-

ticated documents lay its foundation so late as the year 1106, by Richard de Ripariis, Redvers, or Rivers, Earl of Devonshire, and first Baron of Tiverton, who, about that time, obtained a grant of the barony from King Henry the First.

Baldwin Rivers, Earl of Devon, and successor of him who built the castle, was driven from his fortress by the arms (not the fists and toes) of King Stephen.

After the union of the two families of Lancaster and York, when the white and red complexions were amicably blended in the persons of William Courtenay, Earl of Devon, and the fair daughter of Edward the Fourth, this castle rose to its highest pitch of strength and splendour. "Here was held the court, and this was the constant place of residence of the widowed princess fifteen years." Her son, the Marquis of Exon, or Exeter, lived here occasionally with great magnificence. It was from this castle that he was taken to the Tower of London on his attainder, and thence

to the scaffold, where he suffered through the severity and unrelenting rigour of Henry the Eighth.

Wherever there is a castle of any antiquity, and which is known to have experienced the vicissitudes of fortune, fertile brains, a love for the marvellous, or the power of superstition, generally create some mysterious legends respecting it, which are to be found in the mouths of the inhabitants in the vicinity. The most usual and favourite place of security (in romance) is undoubtedly a dungeon or subterranean passage:—what castle is without it somewhere (though no one can find it?)—and who is it that has ever been to Tiverton and has not heard of the “dungeon,” that passes from the castle the whole way under the town? To resort thither with half a dozen candles “to explore,” has often been the frolic of a holiday afternoon among schoolboys. I remember when I was about twelve years of age, and at the time forming one of a large body of rebellious subjects, who groaned

under the despotic and harsh government of that tyrannical sceptre, (as all boys fancy,) the ferula, that some five or six of us formed the design of making a visit to the dungeon, under the sweet persuasion that our antiquarian search and research could not but be attended by such success and discovery, as would shed more light on certain obscure passages in events of by-gone ages than had ever been enkindled by the laborious pens of all the historians that ever wielded a goosequill. The conditions and *items* of the bill of enforcement we need not dwell upon.

The second *item*, however, tended towards me, in the imposition of a tax or forfeit: but no tax placed on humanity was ever levied with such facility and good will. The law enforced that I should find candles, tinder-box, and matches, *and that I should steal them from the cook*, for it was sagaciously perceived that, as my home was nearer to the scene of action than the residences of any of the others, there would be the greatest

advantages arising from the enactment of such a clause as this second article compelled. And as to the matter of stealing what we wanted, of course *I* could do that as well as anybody else: there was no objection to it whatever, either on their parts or on mine:—it was fair and just, and nothing was so longed for as to convert unsubstantial words into actual and accomplished deeds. True it was, the cook shortly found herself *minus* candles, tinder-box, and all the *et ceteras*, and nine points of the law very soon confirmed that manœuvre.

We set off, giving tongue lustily, like a pack of hounds on full scent, making our way through Saint Peter's churchyard, up the path opposite the richly-carved façade of John Greenway's chapel.

“What a funny ship that is,” said Gradus, a boy about ten years old, as he pointed with his candle towards the sculptured figures on the upper part of the chapel, “I never saw such a clumsy one in my life.”

"Yes," answered Ille-ego, who claimed seniority over us all, "I suppose 'tis like what they used to build in former days: there is a boat alongside of her, and they seem to be lowering a cask by a rope—"

"And there's one man on the stern," cried Hic-hæc-hoc, interrupting Ille-ego, "did you ever see such a great high stern?—not a bit like Curwood's boats:—see, there's a man pulling a fish out of the water."

"I swear 'tis a bigger one than Tityre-tu caught in the Loman the other day with a *black palmer*," resumed Gradus.

"And his line's as thick as a rope," said A-B-C, who was our youngest volunteer, and at the bottom of the lowest form in school.

"Ah! and there's another ship," rejoined Hic-hæc-hoc, "oh, and a good many more:—and what are those men doing?—but the nose of one of them has been knocked off, and the nose of the other has been rubbed quite flat."

"There's a man up there," said A-B-C,



“ with a long stick in his hand :—I wonder if 'tis a fishing-rod—but it's got no reel.”

A hearty peal burst forth from all sides, at the expense of the simplicity of A-B-C.

The whiles they laughed a gleam of sunshine struck across the chapel, and unconsciously drew their attention upon two ancient dials.

“ Almost three o'clock,” said Gradus, perceiving the shadow fell over that figure.

“ Come, come along then,” rejoined Hic-hæc-hoc, catching hold of his neighbour's arm to pull him away.

“ ‘ *Nesciunt reverti,* ’ ” said Ille-ego, reading the inscription on one of the dials.

On arriving at the destined spot, there arose a call for ammunition and stores. Pockets, hats, coat sleeves, and holes cut to get between the lining and cloth of trowsers (where pockets were not long enough) were pregnant with candles, matches, tinder, and *potatoes to make candlesticks of*. There was a most prolific birth.

The only entrance now known, and before which we stood, is under a small archway, about a foot and a half span, and not rising more than two feet out of the ground. Tradition says, that this arch is in reality the head of a doorway, which formerly rose high enough to allow soldiers egress and ingress, when they wished privately and by secret passages, to pass this way: but, that time and neglect have suffered so much earth and rubbish to accumulate there, that the door has been filled up as it now appears, to within only two feet of the top. Thus speaks tradition—but tradition sometimes tells fibs—and a slight examination of the spot will convince any one, that the honest god of veracity prompted not those that unloosed such a tale upon the world. Prometheus never struck brighter sparks from the flint, than Hic-hæc-hoc had been doing for a minute or more with great assiduity. But the tinder was unwilling to light. It was either damp—or else the striker did not let the hasty sparks fall

properly into the box—or else, by the by, the said tinder grievously lacked a little of *Stahl's phlogiston*.

“ Let me try,” said Ille-ego, taking the flint and steel out of his hands. “ Many a time have I struck a light and lit a candle to explore here.”

“ I'faith you may take it,” rejoined the other, resigning every thing to him, “ for I have nearly knocked my knuckles to pieces, the flint is so small.”

Ille-ego was stronger in the arms, and the tinder was soon a-light.

“ Give me a match !” he cried, “ before it goes out again.” The match was unwilling to ignite, as the tinder had been before.

“ There's fire, there's fire,” exclaimed Hic-hæc-hoc, “ put the match there !”

“ And now there's a deal of fire running about on the farther side of the box—let me put another match there !” added Gradus, offering his assistance.

Five minutes—perhaps more—had been

consumed in the fruitless attempt to kindle these matches :—five minutes to us, just then, appeared a long time. A-B-C now stepped in, to tender his ready powers.

“ Why don't you blow it ? ” said he, puffing into the box with all his might.

“ You cursed little fool ! ” roared Ille-ego ;  
“ and now you've blown all the tinder away !  
D—nation and the devil ! ”

Vexed as we were at this ill-judged puff, we gave vent to a laugh—all but Ille-ego, and the innocent offender. True it was, the smoking ashes were scattered far and wide. “ Pick them up, pick them up ! ” was the spontaneous cry. Another five minutes served to replace the tinder in the box, and also to select two or three good matches from the bundle, that appeared to hold the greatest quantity of brimstone on their points—and moreover, what was supremely joyful—to enkindle a *throbbing* flame on the end of one of them.

At the sight of this, our hearts kindled with sympathy, and there arose another cry. "The candles, the candles!—the matches will all be out again soon! Make haste, make haste! reach me that candle, Gradus—come Hic-hæc-hoc— and you, you little fool, you, (to A-B-C,) make yourself useful, and don't blow away the tinder again!"

"Here! here! here!" exclaimed the others; each presenting a candle.

There was a great deal of trouble in getting the wicks lighted, for they had been so thumbed and fingered, and so pinched and discomposed, that all their *phlogiston* had been affrighted out of them. But what will not time, patience, and perseverance do? Yet other five minutes were dissipated, ere the glowing wicks of the candles enkindled in our breasts the exhilarating blazes of success. Then did we indeed begin to feel full of the pleasurable hope of confidence; for the thermometers of our anticipation stood at a high degree.

A-B-C had been very busy in the contest between the match and his candle—but he had been unobserved during the moment of excitement. Now we assembled close round the entrance, and prepared for the strife.

“What is the matter with A-B-C?” said one of the party, looking back towards the spot where we had been striking the lights, but which was only a few yards distant. “What is he about—is he crying?”

He was kneeling on the ground, with his candle (still burning) lying before him, and which he had dropped: he had placed one hand over his eyes, appearing to thrust his fingers against them with great force; and with the thumb and fore-finger of the other, he was pinching his nose to the utmost of his strength. His face was red, and the tears stood on his cheeks. “*He has got the brimstone up his nose,*” said Gradus.

“I thought he would get a whiff of it,” observed Hic-hæc-hoc, with an expression of

unconcern. " 'Twas a wonder he didn't burn the end of his nose off just now, he put it so close."

"Confound the little ass!" exclaimed Illego; "I'm glad of it: I hope he has swallowed enough to satisfy him—he is always poking his officious fingers everywhere but where they should be: 'tis a just judgment against him for blowing all the tinder away!"

In a short space of time, by the united exertions of rubbing his eyes, and holding his breath, A-B-C had entirely recovered from the suffocating effects of the sulphureous fumes he had unwisely inhaled.

The archway was so little elevated above the ground, that hands and knees—or *all fours*—were *not low enough* to enable any of us to enter in that way: it was indispensable to attempt some other mode more hopeful, although less agreeable, in order to accomplish the purpose. The entrance was nearly circular—that is, it was of almost the same

dimensions measured across either diameter ; consequently reducing it to the equality of a large worm's hold in the earth : and we, as " sinful worms," had to play our parts to the very letter. Ille-ego took the lead, placing himself opposite the opening, down flat on the ground, arms and legs being of little or no use. He, being the first, was to hold his candle *between his teeth*, like a *taffy*, or a *lollypop* ; and then by dint of many a fierce thrust from ourselves behind him, and the virtue of a worm-like or *peristaltic* motion on his part, he succeeded in passing his whole length entirely under the archway, and rising up inside on his legs.

He called out to us to follow. Long ago as it was, I never shall forget the tone of his voice. The low vaulted roof, and the cells and passages around him, gave it such a hollow and sepulchral sound as it issued faintly through the arch—although he appeared to exert all his power to make us hear—that I could have fancied some demon of the place



had already snatched his body, and that it was his ghost, and not himself, that addressed us.

Voluminous is the list of hobgoblin and ghost stories that are circulated, respecting the airy, unearthly, and supernatural tenants of this dismal cave; and, notwithstanding I had until now, been all anxiety to push forward, a sudden thrill of fear passed over me, and blasted, in an instant, my hardy resolution. The spectral tone of Ille-ego's words seemed to act like an electric shock, and I was no longer solicitous to be the second adventurer: therefore under the garb of *politeness* (a quality, forsooth, so homogeneous with the person of a schoolboy!) I considerably receded, and allowed all the others to take precedence. This they were not long in doing: for they had assistance within, to pull them by the ears, as well as help without, to push them by the heels.

In procrastinating my trial until the last, one great impediment contended to make my progress not only slow, but grievously toil-

some and fatiguing. Having, after the precedent of my precursors, (*pre-crawlers*) prostrated my corpus on the mother earth immediately in front of the aperture, with my head as far in as I could put it, I tried to advance. But what a farce, oh, ye gods! My arms were useless—my hands were useless—my feet were useless. I could not rise on my hands and knees, because I was not strong enough in the back to *burst up the arch*; and I now discovered that I woefully wanted some one outside to afford me a friendly fulcrum for my feet. But I had politely let them all go before: and I was not yet far enough in (for the wall was very thick) to enable them to bestow on me an assisting pull. I was like Gulliver, crammed into the Brobdignagian marrow-bone.

How does a worm manage to proceed when he finds himself pent up in such close and confined circumstances as these in which I here lay? What does he do to get forward? I think I am very much like a worm just now:

and in truth, I never in my existence so much desired to possess the attributes and vermiculosity of the genus *vermes* as I sincerely do at this moment. Of no arms, no legs, and no feet, can all the tribes boast, yet have I all these—and yet (speaking with superlative humility) how far superior are they to me! Would I were a worm at this instant, that I might crawl into the hole!

I became impatient—I made several *pis-aller* efforts—I *swam with my legs*—I elongated myself, (as a worm does when he crawls) and then suddenly contracted; acting by a species of vermiculation, or vermicular motion—and finally and happily, by dint of wriggling, sidling, grunting, groaning, *throeing*, kicking and sprawling, (all unpoetic words,) I succeeded so far as to bring my head and shoulders within the internal surface of the wall. And then—but pr'ythee allow me to take breath.

“But I’m afraid,”—was the end of a sentence which the now-a-days Pedestres heard

Hic-hæc-hoc say in a low tone of voice, in answer to some proposition of his companions within.

"Poo, nonsense!" exclaimed Ille-ego, assuming the air of *nonchalance*: "if there be any, I dare say they are quite harmless. Go down that passage, and perhaps you may discover something."

"Will you go with me?" inquired the first speaker: "for I dare not go alone. How do I know but they may attack me, and poison me to death? Will you go before?"

"Why—I—eh—I—eh——"

"I thought I heard something creeping over the stones," continued Hic-hæc-hoc, in the greatest trepidation.

"No—no—it can't be," rejoined Ille-ego, himself quivering like the tongue of a serpent. "It can't be, I'm sure—but let us go a little way off."

"A part of the roof of this passage," observed Gradus, as the two terrified ones

approached, "has fallen in, and we cannot pass that way. If we were to take the trouble to clear out the stones—but it would employ too much time for our candles—or, if we were to try some other passage——"

"I don't advise you," said Hic-hæc-hoc, with a faltering voice, and a pale face, though the dimness of the lights tended to conceal this from much observation—"I don't advise you to go far in that passage—for I think—I don't think—perhaps, you know—for supposing it were dangerous, you know——"

"Supposing you are a great fool," rejoined Gradus, in the same tone of voice. "What are you in such a funk about? have you been down the passage? come, let us go."

"I have been partly down, but it was very difficult to find the way, and I was afraid to go alone, for fear of the serpents."

As soon as Pedestres heard that the place was infested with serpents, his heart began to beat at a rapid rate, and the *diastole* and

*ystole* became short and quick. He be-  
thought him of retreating forthwith, fancying  
in his fear he heard the very serpents close to  
his proboscis, which was resting on the ground,  
and which, in his situation, he had no means  
of raising.

But the party within, probably ashamed of  
their own pusillanimity, were moving into the  
passage whence had arisen their former mis-  
givings. There had been three candles burn-  
ing prodigally since they had entered; and  
their fat had suffered so much from the violence  
of various pinchings, the heat of the hands in  
which they had been held without candlesticks,  
and the effects of the draughts of air that  
swept around them, that the apprehensions  
were, if they all were allowed to burn at once,  
they must inevitably soon be exhausted.  
Pedestres' candle was comfortably at rest in  
his pocket: and he, as he was, had not the  
most remote power of extricating it. He was,  
as Shakspeare says——

“ Bound more than a madman is.”

Ille-ego therefore issued orders that all the candles must be extinguished, saving one only : although, at the same time, he said he was very well aware that it was imprudent not to keep a second, lest the other should be accidentally put out by any unforeseen accident. Every one, however, declared there was no apprehension of that ; they must be careful ; and there appeared no reason why any misfortune should occur.

On quenching two of the lights—leaving but one—the gloom was fearful and almost *tangible*.

The flitting ghosts seemed to flock thicker than ever : and Pedestres again thought of backing out.

“ I suppose this is the passage,” observed Ille-ego rather gravely, and holding the candle above his head that his eyes should not be dazzled by the rays ; “ I suppose this is the passage in which the heaps of bones lie—and perhaps the treasures.”

“ What bones and what treasures ?” said Gradus hastily.

"Why, the bones and treasures that people talk so much about."

"Are there any treasures in the dungeon *now* then?" putting a forcible emphasis on the word "now."

"So they say," answered Ille-ego.

"I wish we could find them," rejoined Gradus. "What a lot of glorious *guttle* we would have down at school!"

"I should like to know," said Hic-hæc-hoc, "if this is the way that goes all under the town to the Cross Keys in Gold Street? But I should be afraid of going so far underground, for fear I should never come up again, or be able to find my way back."

"Confound it all!" exclaimed Ille-ego, "I meant to have brought a piece of chalk with me to mark the walls: for we shall never be able to return by the passages we pass through if we don't note them in some manner. Oh! I say, Gradus, have you got your kite-string in your pocket? We might let that drop



behind us as we go : it will show us our way back as well as any thing."

"No," said Gradus, "I left it behind on purpose : I thought there could be no need of kite-string in a dungeon."

"I don't know whether it would have been long enough," observed the other, "even if it were here."

"O yes," returned Gradus, "there are nearly four hundred yards : I wound them all off this morning upon the stick we cut yesterday down by *Nine-holes*."

"I've got some string," exclaimed A-B-C, at the same time pulling something like a boot-lace out of his pocket. "Will this do?" said he, holding it up.

"Get out, you little fool!" rejoined Illego, angrily ; "what a young ass you must be to think a bit of whip-cord, about a foot long, will do!"

"What's it for?" inquired the youthful butt of the elder bullies.

"What the deuce is it to you?" returned his senior. "Be off wi' you," he added, thrusting him away very ungraciously.

"Will you go a little way on?" said Hic-hæc-hoc to Gradus; "for I scarcely know whether we shall be able to get over the stones that lie on the ground. I don't know the place *at all*," he continued, retreating with the hope that the other would not perceive his want of courage.

Gradus was perhaps the boldest amongst us—(Pedestres will say nothing of *his* stoutness, who durst not put more than head and shoulders within the wall)—but Gradus himself entertained no disposition to advance ahead. The party, however, pressed forward with a snail's pace at intervals, merely taking a step or two, and then suddenly stopping, either to listen or attempt to look around them. Even the guide himself—the superior in years—the superior in experience and knowledge of the subterranean labyrinth—he, our guide, was not free from the tremblings of a

disturbed imagination. Willingly would he have concealed the feelings of his inmost self: and his timid and susceptible crew would as willingly have been ignorant of these sensations, which he found it impossible to conceal. They all looked up to him for information as to their procedure—for courage and confidence—and moreover, for protection. A farcical guide forsooth, he! a farcical emboldener; a farcical protector! yet he was to be the help through all our dangers!

“What an old villain that Oliver Cromwell was!” said the subject of our observations. “What a cursed old villain he must have been to have driven people into such a place as this to starve, or to die of suffocation! They might as well have stayed outside and been shot at.”

“Who was that Oliver Cromwell?” inquired Gradus, with a cautious deliberation. “I think I never heard any body speak a good word for him yet.”

“Nor will you,” answered Ille-ego, “as long as truth is spoken in the world. He was the

d—dest old rascal that ever existed on the face of the earth ; I know no more about him—but I think that's quite enough to know of any man. Old red-nosed Noll, and the rest of the Roundheads, as I believe they used to be called, fought against the king—I think it was King Charles the First—and after fighting a great many battles, they at last caught him and cut his head off.”

“ Ah !” interrupted Hic-hæc-hoc, “ we were reading about that the other day in the History of England.”

“ He knocked down,” continued Ille-ego, he knocked down all the castles that were ever built, and Tiverton Castle among the number ; and the people that he wanted to stab or shoot, or something or other, rather than die that way, hid themselves here in the dungeon. There were many hundreds that came in, and took all their money along with them, and all their fortunes, and all the treasures they could find, for fear lest that old fool should catch hold of them. When

they hid away—(I say, give me another candle)—when they hid away—(here, light it before this goes out; we must only burn one at a time);—when they hid away in the first instance, they were obliged to run for it and save their lives: they took as much with them as they could carry, and shut themselves up tight to keep the enemy out. But they should have thought that they were at the same instant keeping themselves so close inside, that they were sure to die of hunger. I suppose though they were afraid of going out to fetch food for fear of being caught—so that they were certain of dying either way: but I think I would rather die with a belly full while I was about dying.”

(“As well to die and go, as die and stay,” Ille-ego might have quoted here: but I never heard him mention Shakspeare's name in my life.)

“It must have been a shocking thing to have died in here,” observed one of them with a tremulous voice.

"There are heaps of skeletons somewhere in these passages," rejoined Ille-ego, "of all the people that are said to have perished at that time. What is that whitish-looking stuff on the ground just over there?"

A-B-C got behind our guide, and hugged the tail of his coat.

"Where all the serpents and toads come from, I cannot imagine—but there are lots of them, so I have been told."

Unconsciously and unintentionally Ille-ego, by his history, commixed with supernatural inuendos, was gradually winding both himself and his hearers up to that pitch of excitement and nervous apprehension, that will sometimes exist in a nursery on the grave narrative of a mysterious ghost story. Himself—although scarcely aware of it—had been quite as much worked on by his own words, as his own words had worked on those others who listened to them. By mutual and tacit consent, they had ceased to proceed onwards, but had stationed themselves against one of the walls

in a close knot: all indeed but Hic-hæc-hoc, who with courage inexplicable, busied himself at a little distance, turning over some large stones.

The incongruity of human nature delights in terrific pleasures. It will tremble with dread; and yet it will cherish and encourage the very fountain that supplies it. A tale of spectres and hobgoblins, however affecting and frightful, will still please in its own peculiar way: it will alarm and create painful feelings, and notwithstanding, it will at the same time be listened to. Ille-ego was frightening himself by talking of skeletons, at the instant he was terrifying his audience no less: and yet we must conclude that the pain he excited was pleasing, as he voluntarily maintained the same topic. Every time the blaze of the candle flared, they fancied that the presence of some wandering ghost had been the immediate cause: for the ghosts of all who perished there are said to flit through the passages, and to reckon in multitudes a sum as great as

the number of skeletons tradition declares still lie under the ruins to this very day. Their conversation had become less incessant—they talked almost in a whisper—and often ceased for a few seconds as if to listen acutely. Pedestres (for so we must call him) reclining in so confined a situation, had every now and then unavoidably drawn a very deep breath—so deep, indeed, as nearly to approach to the character of a sigh: and these sighs, owing to the now sharpened senses of the adventurers, had found their way to their almost panic-awaiting ears. Several times had they involuntarily started, and looked anxiously in each other's faces, as much as to say, "*What was that?*" And several times also had they been on the point of making one simultaneous rush towards the *carnally* blocked-up archway.

"What had we better do?" said Gradus, rolling his eyes around him, and speaking in a barely audible accent; "shall we explore any further, or do you think we might as well return?"



"Perhaps," answered Ille-ego in the same pitch and expression, "we might be able to go a little further—but yet I am afraid that—you know—you see—you see it is very difficult to pass the rubbish."

"Yes," returned the former, seconding the last proposition, "there is so much earth, mortar, and stones in the way, that I really believe we should never be able to get over it if we were to try all day."

"And perhaps the snakes and toads might come and bite us in the dark, if we disturbed them."

"I know there are a great many here of the most venomous kinds always crawling about. What had we better do?"

"Let us come away," said A-B-C, in a whining tone of voice; "*do* let us come away."

"Don't be afraid," answered Gradus, terrified out of his wits.

"But you know there are so many ghosts too—and supposing they were to attack us in

here—what would become of us?" added the little boy in a supplicating manner.

"I don't suppose they will come," rejoined Ill-ego, doubtingly.

Gradus saw no reason why they should not.

"I never like to hear much about spectres and phantoms," he said; "and it is very frightful to think of them in such a place as this. I know one fellow who told me he once saw a ghost, and it was the most horrible and ghastly thing he ever saw in his life. It was one night when he was in bed: he was awake about midnight by a noise at the chair close to his side; and when he looked up, he saw the ghost sitting down, and just going to put its hand upon his face——"

Gradus here stopped short and turned as pale as death.

There was a sudden rattle of the fall of some large stones at a little distance in the dark. A sepulchral silence for a few seconds succeeded; when they all heard the sounds as if some one were struggling.

"Help! for God's sake, help!" screamed a voice at a distance in the dark. "Help! for God's sake, help!" screamed Hic-hæc-hoc, who had been seated on a rickety foundation, and swallowing with anxiety the conversation he had heard. "Help! murder! help! Oh! what shall I do? what will become of me?"

The pile of stones he had been resting on unexpectedly gave way beneath him, and laid him sprawling on the ground: but the bewildered imaginations of us all pictured nothing in the adventure but supernatural agency.

"Perhaps it's a serpent, or a ghost that has got him!" exclaimed Ille-ego in consternation; but making no efforts towards his rescue.

A-B-C burst out a-crying. "What shall we do?" said he, "we shall not be able to get out—I wish I had never come in here!"

"Which is the way we came?" inquired one of them in terror, and running he knew not whither. "Was it this way? No, I think it was the other. Can you tell me? What shall we do? Oh! oh!"

Ille-ego made a rush towards the opening, leaving Hic-hæc-hoc to pick himself up as he best could.

"I hear something behind us!" exclaimed Gradus. "What can it be? Oh, we shall all be caught! Make haste! make haste!"

In the heat and hurry of the scramble, A-B-C and Ille-ego came into violent contact in a narrow pass of the passage: poor A-B-C was hurled head-over-heels, and projected like a missile into a distant corner: and the candle was knocked out of Ille-ego's hand to the ground, and instantly extinguished.

"You d——d little luckless fool!" roared Ille-ego with raging fury. "You cursed young ass! and now you have knocked out the candle, and what the devil are we to do? I'll be d——d if I don't wring your neck for you—"

"Oh, don't be so wicked!" said Gradus, bursting into tears. "*Oh, don't swear till we get safe outside the dungeon.*"

"And there's another fool stuck in the archway!" continued the former, as he approached

nearer Pedestres. "Move off your cursed head, and let me pass, or upon my soul I'll kick your brains out!"

I needed no second warning: for as soon as I had heard the consternation and uproar within, I exerted the utmost of my powers to push myself backwards and escape.

A few minutes brought us all to the outside, wearing the most pitiable appearance. Covered with dirt—crying like infants—staring wild as if we knew not where we were—and terrified past expression. We instantly set off to run and retrace our steps; and sped over the ground twenty times quicker than we had done at our coming. We ran as if ten thousand devils and ghosts had been hurrying tag-rag-and-bob-tail at our heels; and stopped not until we arrived at our now welcome school, where we nearly dropped down from exhaustion.

## CHAPTER X.

“ Let no man say—I’ll write a duodecimo.—”

STERNE.



ALREADY have I committed a great trespass on my previously laid-down plan with regard to the writing of this book :—“ but matter grows under one’s hands.”

As my wanderings are intended to comprise a Welsh tour, and not an English one, it was my full purpose and determination to have passed over in few words all that might relate to my exploits in England; and reserve my pages for such adventures as might fall to my fortune (and Clavileno’s likewise, of course) in the plains and mountains of Cambria. Had I not been so abominably proud and conceited

of my fancied powers of *hind-legism*, probably I should not have commenced pedestrianizing until I had fairly arrived on the borders ;—and consequently, have put Offa's Dyke in the first chapter. But methinks it would have been ungrateful in an Englishman to have traversed so many counties of his own soil— which I was obliged to do before I could see Wales—and then to have buried them all in silence and oblivion. I felt I ought to say a *leettle*.——

Not thirty miles as yet am I from Sidmouth ; and notwithstanding, I have written as much as would have transported me twice as far.— This will never do.——

But matter grows under one's hands, as Sterne says very wisely :—and let no man sit down and say, *I'll write a duodecimo*—for if he does, the chances are the god *Scriblerus* will goad him on, until mayhap, *currente calamo*, he rises not before a bulky quarto has dribbled from the point of his pen. “ *Scribere jussit Scriblerus*,” say I.—And moreover I

begin to think, that *the love of writing increases, even with the exercise thereof.*

On the eighth of May I left Tiverton in order to shape my course towards Bristol, with the design of there getting into some steam-vessel and crossing the Severn for Monmouthshire. In the houses of friends and relatives had I hitherto lived (and these attractions will fully account for the devious track I had taken since I left home), but now I sallied forth on the wide world alone—without a companion—without knowing exactly whither I was going—and without an acquaintance in my mind's eye for hundreds of miles in advance.

During the first week after this departure, it is impossible that I can attempt to describe the feelings of loneliness and abandonment that haunted me at every step on the road, and at every instant of the day. I had never been a *solitaire*:—I had never been from home in my life—not even at a boarding-school as a boy:—I had never been trained into a life of



solitude :—and the trial to become so now, was a cup of such bitterness to a domesticated palate, that it nearly dashed all my touring to destruction. Once or twice I thought I would not endure it :—every person I met was cold and indifferent, and appeared not to care if I went to the world's end, or to the devil.

“Whither he goes, and how he fares,  
Nobody knows, and nobody cares.”

“Home, sweet home,” sighed I more than once ; and longed to be travelling “*a-bed*” or by the fire-side. With such sensations, why then did I not return, and once more enjoy that sweet society I had voluntarily quitted ? The reason was, forsooth—*because I was afraid of being laughed at !*

Thus induced to proceed, Pedestres on the first evening arrived at Wellington : and his greeting with the hostess at the inn where he meant to compose himself until morning, did not at all tend to lighten the ponderous burden which he carried on his mind. She flew into the most masculine and outrageous fury,



decoration is extremely beautiful—and he admired Wells Cathedral:—but Exeter, in his insignificant opinion, certainly may claim a higher title to regard. Suffice it to say, he arrived in Bristol perfectly knocked up, and in a state of disablement:—for, like a rash, inconsiderate, and imaginary *hell-of-a-fine-fellowish* pedestrian, he had walked too much at the commencement of his wanderings, and far too much for his unaccustomed feet to endure. Had he been bastinadoed, the case could not have been worse. He was unable to prosecute his way for nearly a week; during which time he was tantalizingly constrained to remain domiciled, and to turn his attention, like a shoemaker, *to the curing of bad soles*.

Seven miles before he arrived in Bristol (from the Saxon *Brighthrop*, “*a bright, or pleasant place*,” let the reader remember)—seven miles previously to arriving at Bristol, the name of the village of *Chew Stoke* very much puzzled and troubled his *unde-derivatur-ism*.

That it is of English origin, there is not the

slightest doubt:—and even had the words sounded more exotic, we would still have attempted to have naturalized them, under the help and fair example that Dean Swift has given us in his glorious proof of the antiquity of our language. In his derivations of several proper names of ancient heroes, he very acutely unveils their true descent: and undeniably gives a British lineage to that, which heretofore had always been supposed to have come from some of the remote and classic tongues. What can be more apparent and incontrovertible than his derivation of the name of the all-conquering son of Philip, king of Macedon, Alexander the Great:—namely “*All-eggs-under-the-grate?*” If the reader is curious to investigate *why* and *wherefore* the words “*All-eggs-under-the-grate*” became coupled with his august person, I must beg permission to refer him to the ingenious Dean. But those words by time and by insensible gradations, glided into the appellation he was afterwards known by. Epaminondas, ema-

nated from "*Ape-o'mine-own-days*"—and Peloponnesus, from "*Pail-up-and-ease-us.*" And as for *Chew Stoke*, the name now under investigation, methinks its origin is equally manifest. The latter half, or post-fix, Stoke, is undoubtedly one of those many corruptions, of the existence of which in our language most of our great orthographers and orthoepists so much complain. For, the very circumstance of Pedestres' observing a boy sitting at a cottage door and *chewing a stalk*—which by the by was of cabbage—instantly convinced him, and cleared up the whole matter. Whether the aborigines of this place have principally, from time immemorial, subsisted on this plant, or that certain part of other plants already alluded to, Pedestres will on no account take upon himself to decide:—but the simple fact, combined with its opportuneness, seemed to throw great light on the subject of inquiry.

Omitting the middle word *Cabbage*, let us without the most diminutive measure of hesitation say—*Chew Stalk*.

**CHAPTER XI.**



**WHAT a horrible thing is sea-sickness!**

## CHAPTER XII.

*“ Chi mai non vide fugir le sponde,  
La prima volta che va per l'onde,  
Crede ogni stella per lui funesta,  
Teme ogni zephyro come tempesta :  
Un picciol moto trema lo fa.”*


METASTASIO.

---

WHEN Pedestres stepped into the steamer under the heights of Clifton, he felt as if he were turning his back on his mother soil, and making for a foreign land :—the act of crossing water seemed to prompt the idea.

It was a quarter before seven in the morning when the packet put her kettle of hot water on the fire, and began to bubble, squeak,

smoke, groan, splash, and flounder down the river like a porpoise. The tide was falling, and a strong current co-operated with the paddle-wheels : but there was no relaxation of steam on our part, and consequently, by the united efforts of both, we made more knots during the first few miles of our voyage, than we were at all able to do afterwards. We soon glided away from before Clifton ; and the serpentine direction of our course very quickly hid the houses from our view. The light grey cliffs stood over us in towering grandeur, and we felt like pigmies creeping round the sides of a mountain. In imagination we saw the intended suspension-bridge stretching across the chasm like a dark band through the heavens, and uniting the rocks from one summit to the other. We would have fancied we heard the hollow rumbling of wheels on the flying road-way so high above our heads ; and we would have cherished the idea, that we saw the massive piers rising like towers on each bank and supporting the ponderous chains.





The Avon has two mouths, formed by a delta of gravel and sand, probably thrown up like a bar by the rush of water from the river in one direction, and by the sea in the other, contending with opposite and opposed violence. Of these two mouths, we took the right, or *Pelusiæ*, as being that which conducted more nearly towards the point of our destination. The tide was low, and the channel therefore comparatively shallow; but there was a sufficient depth for ourselves, together with several other vessels at the same time.

On attaining the sea—for such it almost is—we found the current drive with perceptible violence against our starboard bow. “The sandy-bottomed Severn” was emptying itself at a furious rate, and carrying us along with it in spite of ourselves: it rolled steadily onwards towards the wide ocean, and threw up the mud from the bottom in dense clouds. At opposite points to this current,—that is, from the sou’west, a stiff breeze skimming over the surface of the water, tended strongly

to raise, not merely a petulant ripple, but indeed a more formidable swell:—and this last, verily, was not long without its due effect on the passengers.

Pedestres was a little astonished, on looking at the river,—noble and broad as it is,—to see it so dirty and discoloured:—he had expected to have found its waters clear, and tinged with the greenness of a coast sea. True it is, he had been previously aware that Shakspeare called it *the sandy-bottomed Severn*, and Southey says, “his *turbid* waters *sully* the salt sea;” and many poets, as well ancient as modern, have given it similar and synonymous epithets. But, on the other hand, reflecting that poets take licenses and privileges, the circumstance had been of very little weight. The steersman told him, he never saw it otherwise:—it was always foul and muddy—in time of drought, equally as in time of great falls of rain.

A pitiful groan made Pedestres look round.—

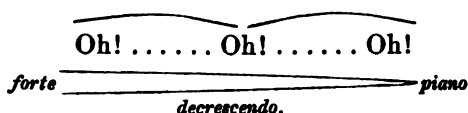
The driving current against the driving

wind, had raised the waves to such a height, that the vessel began to toss about to the great disconcertment of most of our crew. She rose gently and majestically over the large swells, and slowly descended again on their passing her. After vessels become of a certain bulk, they no longer are thrown about with the quick motion of a small boat, but ascend and descend on the waves with those long and gradual swells, which the *viscera* of the stoutest sometimes cannot endure.

The roses, so lately in full bloom, on the cheeks of some of the fair ladies, had all suddenly faded, and given place to the lily. The gentlemen, forsooth too, endeavoured to look pale and interesting—they indeed, as well as the Nereides, tried to appear languid and listless—leant their cheeks on their hands as Juliet did when at her window talking to Romeo—and sighed and looked all in a be-devilment.—But there is no poetry in sick he-things.

As the vessel sunk on the wave, a kind of in-

voluntary, protracted, and groan-like *Oh*—generally found utterance from some one of the party. The tone was at first somewhat loud, continuing whiles the boat descended, and gradually ceased in a *pianissimo* whisper. Had Rizzio been describing it instead of me, he would have expressed it thus, by tied notes :



We became all very unsociable, and very silent:—the lively conversation flagged—the jokes were no longer bandied like a tennis-ball from one to the other—and the *rib-extending* peals of laughter, the “laughter-loving dame” Venus, had discontinued to patronize. One was very pensive on this side:—and on the other, an old fat lady reclined in *otium cum dignitate*,—her head drooping and pendant, like the autumnal flower—appearing to enjoy her own thoughts—and entirely

wrapped within herself. Opposite to her, sat a youthful damsel—her eyes cast on the deck—grim melancholy reposed fixedly on her features—and every lineament, full of expression as they truly were, seemed to bespeak the acutest sense of “*the horribles*.” Another, equally interesting, turned her head aside, and looked at the sea, or more longingly, the land beyond it, and appeared to say

“*Here I and sorrows sit.*”

“Shall we go below?” said an elderly gentleman to the former fair, whom Pedestres, in his own mind, had fixed on as being his daughter. “Do you think, my child, you will be better in the cabin?—or will you remain where you are in the air?—or will you walk up and down a little on the deck?—Perhaps exercise might do you good.”

She gave one of Rizzio's dying *ohs*:—and endeavoured with some effort to raise her head.—“Oh papa,” she said, in the same sighing utterance, “I don't think I can rise :

—when shall we be there?—are we nearly arrived?—Perhaps if I could walk I might be better—but I cannot get up—I cannot do any thing—Oh, let me remain quiet—I cannot exert myself.”

“Come, come, my love,” answered her father affectionately; “take my arm, and try if you can either walk a turn or two on the deck, or migrate into the cabin :—I think it will do you good.”

He raised her accordingly; and with faltering and unsteady steps she walked towards the bow. She felt weak, she said; and they reclined a few minutes on the brass railings, and observed the steam-engine at work. Even this novelty in a short time lost its charm :—she was unable to fix her attention on any thing :—she was languid and unhinged—and she said she must again sit down.

“Let us go below,” continued the old man, endeavouring to find some other novelty to divert her attention.

But, oh, ye gods! what a sight was there

below, to meet their well-bred ideas, and their refined taste !

“ A scene, as laughable as true,”—

(No laugh-exciter to them though, at that moment)

“ A scene, as laughable as true,

A horrid sea-sick steerage view.”

Had the young lady been well enough to have been in possession of but a minute portion of her innate refinement (although Locke does say there are no innate ideas) she would have fainted at least. But Shakspeare tells us, that sorrow and trouble, be of what kind it may, banishes ceremony—blunts a quick sense of reflection to surrounding enormities—and converts shame into indifference. But the youthful girl, whose name was Ophelia (for all I know to the contrary), saw quite enough to arouse her indignation and disgust, even in her present state. The place was filled with men, *all* in the *last stage* of the complaint :—some in bed—*some leaning out of bed*—and some lying motionless on the deck.

" One genius sitting in his cot,  
A ——— had got ;  
He roared (enough to raise the dead)  
' Oh curse the ship !—Oh L—d my head !'  
' Good G—d, sir ! what are you about !  
*My eyes you'll by and by put out !*  
Pray —— you in some other place,  
*And not exactly in my face.' "*

By Jingo, this is almost too bad to mention :—but as it is now written, so it shall remain.

Ophelia and her father hastily retraced their steps, and once more found themselves in the open air :—they made for the stern ; but where they found matters much as they had left them, and their refinement suffered as little as reason could demand.

In this unpoetic state we went on for some time, maintaining a silence which reigned uninterruptedly ; unless indeed some one sighed to himself with the greatest sincerity, all that is contained in the XIth chapter.



## CHAPTER XIII.

" He that has sailed upon the dark blue sea,  
Has viewed at times, I ween, a fair full sight,  
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,  
The white sail set."———

CHILDE HAROLD.

" Cheerly bold mariner !—Heed not the scoff  
Of flippant ignorance.—Though in despair,  
The steersman's wearied hand drop from the helm ;  
Still westward ! westward !"

SCHILLER.

---

GLADLY did we turn our stern(s) on the turbulence of the foul-mouthed Severn, and sail on a calmer surface between the lips of the rocky-toothed Wye,—like Munchausen sailing through the vaulted jaws of the whale in the sea of wine.

Our passage had been extremely rough; and our passengers had suffered accordingly.

Some had been a *little qualmish*:—others, who had nerves of a weaker nature, had been a prey to fright and terror, lest the waves should rise and overwhelm them, as Scamander rose to the destruction of Achilles. We spread a fore-sail and jib in the Bristol Channel, to catch the sou'west breeze; and to prevent the falling tide from driving us too far out to sea.

The distance or length of our voyage was twenty-one miles, which we may divide into three portions:—seven down the Avon to the sea—eleven from the mouth of that river up the Severn to the embouchure of the Wye—and three further to Chepstow. As soon as we quitted the delta of the Avon, the coast of Monmouth, on the opposite bank of the channel, stood before us in great beauty. The distance directly across is only six miles:—the fields, and trees, and hedges are plain to be seen—and several houses rise conspicuous on the sides of the green hills.—By the increased

assistance of the sails, without ceasing to ply our fins, "we ploughed the salt sea" in gallant style; and, as Ophelia observed, quite à la *Colombe*.

"——— Behold the threaden sails,  
Borne by the invisible and creeping wind,  
Draw the huge bottom through the furrowed sea,  
Breasting the lofty surge. "——

## CHAPTER XIV.

"There is in souls, a sympathy with sounds ;  
And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleased,  
With melting airs, or mirthful, brisk, or grave ;  
A chord in unison with what we hear  
Is touched within us, and the heart replies,  
*How sweet the music of those village bells."*

COWPER.

"Tis wondrous strange that to this time  
No tinkling poet tells,  
How much men's lives (heaven help the chime !)  
Associate with bells."

W. JERDAN.

---

CHEPSTOW is a moderate-sized market-town standing on the side of a hill, and in some places commanding very agreeable scenery. It was formerly surrounded by a wall, and the castle defended and protected it. Chepstow

contains 3574 inhabitants, who trade in timber, cider, bark, iron, and various other things. By whom the castle was founded appears quite uncertain : but it is reasonable to advance the supposition, that the Normans erected a fortress here, on the site of a Roman station. Charles the First garrisoned it in March, 1647, and it continued in the hands of the royalists, and struggled in the kingly cause until May, 1648, when the parliamentary forces defeated the Welsh under Major Langhorn ; and shortly after, most of the castles of Wales either submitted, or were conquered by the same party. The greater part of it is now fallen to decay, and the quondam courts of the interior are laid out in grass and trees ;—and a little snug cottage stands in one corner, in which lives the guide who leads the visiter over the ruins.

Henry Marten, one of the most determined of the regicides, was confined in an upper story of a round tower in this castle subsequently to the restoration, and peeped at

daylight through a loop-hole for the space of nineteen years afterwards.

It is said of him, that when with Cromwell and the rest of their detestable crew, they were signing the writ of execution and death-warrant against their king, Cromwell and Marten happened to be sitting together side by side. Such a situation and such an occupation it might have been supposed, were not calculated to have excited mirth, or to have engendered the spirit for frolic in the hearts of men :—but bloody minds may smile on bloody deeds. When Cromwell had signed his name and was then going to hand the pen over to him that sat next, by way of a boyish joke, he spirted the ink on him, as if accidentally :—and when Marten took the pen in order to subscribe himself to the list, he, in the same vein of raillery, returned the compliment, by throwing the ink over Cromwell.

I do love a joke to the very bottom of my soul in its place :—but I do detest an ill-timed one. —I delight in fun and gaiety when surrounding

## PEDESTRES' TOUR.

stances smile, and when every echo is to be that of sympathy :—but mirth is a that should be eaten of with discretion y the meal of existence ;—or otherwise, n relish and savour will tend to cloy and t. What had Cromwell to do with jokes he was signing a death-warrant?—ted wretch :—The thing had been no joke a, had he been able to have looked for- a few years into the state of his future ence :—but yet, at that moment he wear an antic face and jeer at eternity. in society, will often show himself very nt to his friends and companions, from hich he really is when alone and retired t the solitude of his own chamber. ver sad and reflective he may be disposed when entirely left to himself and to his urbed thoughts ; yet, when surrounded otley crew of noisy associates,—conver— if not wine—will dissipate, confound, anish all that is cool, deliberate, and wise.—

——— “By Jingo!” cried Pedestres, starting up from the grass slope under the castle walls, on which he had been lying, “Those are the prettiest chimes I ever heard.”——

The day had been exceedingly warm:—the sky cloudless, brilliant, and serene:—and the afternoon was now an epitome of an Andalusian spring—a simile so often, and so rapturously spoken of by Columbus, in describing the climate of San Salvador.

Could any thing in nature have been more congenial?—could any unpremeditated contingencies have associated more happily, or more touchingly?—The mind is at different moments, very differently disposed towards the reception of impulses and impressions. It will at one time receive with avidity and delight, that which, at another, it will reject with pain:—but in the present instance, surrounding objects had apparently consented to unite with each other, and cut a deep impress on the mind of Pedestres.

Simplicity is, not seldom, as great a heart-



stirrer, as pomp, show, and pageantry. And if it does touch the soul, those touches are indeed happy and thrilling. They are pure and honest—unsophisticated and clear. They are devoured with present joy, untainted with the fear of future apprehensions.

The situation was at once rural and romantic—favourable to reflection—and favourable to soften the mind. The blue and unclouded heavens spoke the stanchest pitch of quietude:—the place, a little remote from the town, enjoyed the reigning silence of the desert:—nature was drowsy, and had set every thing at rest. The sun was descending to the western horizon;—and shot its beams with the warm glow of an Indian clime.

The clustered masses of ivy that droop over the large round tower was thickly populated; and nothing disturbed the tranquillity of the scene, but the chirping of the sparrows “within thair courtyns greene,” as ancient Dunbar hath it, and the cry of the jackdaw on the turrets. It was high water, and the river

looked large, full, and as clear as crystal ;—whilst the swallows incessantly chased the flies over its mirror-like surface.

The church clock struck five, and the chimes played.—

—— “They are the sweetest chimes I ever heard,” exclaimed Pedestres, raising himself on one elbow.

Chepstow chimes are pretty and pleasing in themselves, when they have nothing to recommend them but their own efforts, independently of all accessories :—but just now, every thing around conspired with them to heighten their effect, and render their notes more wild and arresting.

There is no rationale generally in this species of music. Like the Eolian harp (yet no compliment to it) church chimes usually produce a succession of unconnected notes, that are only agreeable if they are particularly sweet, and maintain a good consecutive concord with each other :—but it is the grief of delicate ears, that the tones of village bells, instead of

tickling the senses of a Rossini, are too often more calculated to stir the leaden soul of the worthy sexton "who thought no music like a knell."

Wild notes that have no connexion with each other may be extremely delightful to listen to:—but then, they must be good for tone, and good for concord; or they will be good for — nothing.

When these same wild notes that are uttered promiscuously, are, by skill and science, properly arranged with due attention to the laws of time and measure, and selected so as to follow smoothly and metrically, their value and force are augmented to a surprising degree:—for then they not only touch the outward sense, but seem to carry ideas and sentiments even to the attentive soul itself.

Many persons there are, who think vocal music preferable to instrumental—however fine. Not exactly because they admire that *kind* more than the other, as referring to the *tones*; but because vocal music carries a greater

share of *sense* with it. It is not only pleasing for the notes themselves ; but, besides that, it is pleasurable for the reasonable ideas of persons or things, which, at the same time, it excites in the minds of the hearers. It therefore simultaneously calls forth two great powers and sources of enjoyment:—that is — *music* and *language*.

Although fully coinciding in this, I will, notwithstanding, contend, that instrumental music, executed with judgment and feeling, will speak little less plainly to the sensitive soul than actual words themselves.

An Eolian harp is gratifying only when its tones are mellow, full, and in good tune. It is like a person with an agreeable voice, uttering syllables bearing no relation or connexion with each other as to meaning. They may please, but they carry no ideas with them. An Englishman may attentively listen to two foreign languages spoken to him by those who can give them each their native accent and

peculiarities : and when he has acutely done so for a time, he will say—(although perfectly ignorant of both) that he has much greater pleasure in listening to one, than to the other. Whence, then, arises this ?—He knows nothing of either—is unbiassed and impartial—and yet, indeed, he prefers one language over the other :—the *Italian* perchance over the *German*. It is merely and simply, because the syllables and sound of the first, are more *musically* pleasing than those of the second. For, be it remembered, the sweet language carries no more sense, or greater share of intelligible ideas to his mind, than does the disagreeable one.

The first resembles a faultless and well strung Eolian harp :—the second is like the same instrument out of tune and discordant.

It is reasonable to suppose, that this wild and unconnected succession of notes, is the lowest species of music that is pleasurable to listen to :—but when, to these simple and sweet sounds solely, we add connexion and sense,

as in a strain, for instance, of eight bars, we rise a considerable step higher. Notes arranged according to the laws of music by one versed in thorough-bass, it is well-known, act much stronger on the feelings, than the same sounds would, if uttered without regard to the observance of any such laws. And, further, when to these powers we add *the very soul of music*, I mean **EXPRESSION**, without which *all rules are nothing*—the very notes themselves may be almost made to speak, and express sentiments with the force and clearness of language. Instrumental music will accomplish this. It will. No words will then speak the pitch of excitement to which the vanquished feelings may be brought:—the senses will be lost, and entirely overcome, and drowned in the most ravishing delights:—fainting has often ensued in consequence.

Wild and simple music does not owe its force and power purely to itself in most cases;—but its effect is heightened by accessaries—by sur-

rounding objects—by rural scenery—and on the imagination of the listener, by a taste for poetic romance. It is all this, principally, that renders so arresting and sweet, the calls and *Ranz des vaches* of the Swiss shepherds and herdsmen, when calling home their scattered flocks from the precipices of their native mountains.

Surrounding nature happened to be peculiarly favourable to the beauty of the chimes at the moment they pealed forth from the tower; the serenity and languidity of the afternoon—the romantic situation of lying on the grass under the ruins of an ancient castle, and thinking on the days of other years.

They are not only sweet in themselves, but they are *sensible*. On eight fine-toned and sonorous bells, they play a tune of two strains that is not devoid of some pretensions to beauty—at least it is very pleasing heard in this way; and the effect of the last two or three bars at the end of the second part, is

agreeably heightened, by a few chords of several notes struck together.

The air begins thus :—





## CHAPTER XV.

"Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!"

FALSTAFF.



How superb!—how grand and imposing!—what stupendous crags; and how they rise majestically over the waters of the meandering river!

Grand as all this is—exciting as it is to describe—and worthy as it is of many words—it is scarcely necessary to enter into a detail of the beauties of the banks of the Wye, from the circumstance of their having been so often the voluminous subject of quill-driving tourists in ages past, as well as in ages present.

Bloomfield, thou gifted child of nature, come

hither I pray thee—lend me thine aid—and speak of the beauties that delighted the heart of Pedestres.

Oh the towering cliffs—the glowing tints with which they are clad—the grey limestone,—that species of stone, which of all others, is ever vested with the sweetest hues in all rocky nature. The river stealing along below—the hawk, and the raven, soaring majestically above :—the woods descending to the water's edge, and each separate tree, by the vivid reflection, appearing to grow root from root with its inverted fellow in the stream.

But, Bloomfield, where are thy verses?

“ No loitering here——”

—Stay, though,—we will begin some ten lines further on.—

“ Amidst the bright expanding day,  
The solemn, deep, dark shadows lay  
Of that rich foliage, towering o'er,  
Where princely abbots dwelt of yore ;  
The mind, with instantaneous glance,  
Beholds his barge of state advance.

Borne proudly down the ebbing tide,  
 She sweeps the waving boughs aside ;  
 She winds with flowing pendants drest,  
 And as the current turns south-west,  
 She strikes her oars, where full in view,  
 Stupendous Wind Cliff greets her crew.  
 But fancy, let thy day-dreams cease,  
 With fallen greatness be at peace ;  
 Enough ; for Wind Cliff still was found  
 To hail us as we doubled round.  
 Bold in primeval strength he stood ;  
 His rocky brow, all shagged with wood,  
 O'erlooked his base, where doubling strong,  
 The inward torrent pours along ;  
 Then ebbing turns, and turns again,  
 (To meet the Severn and the main)  
 Beneath the dark shade sweeping round  
 Of beetling Piercefield's shady ground,  
 By buttresses of rock upborne,  
 The rude Apostles all unshorn.\*

\* \* \* \* \*

The verse of gravel walks that tells,  
 With pebble-rocks and mole-hill swells,  
 May strain description's bursting cheeks,  
 And far out-run the goal it seeks.  
 Not so when evening's purpling hours  
 Hied us away to Piercefield's bowers ;  
 Here no such danger waits the lay ;  
 Sing on, and truth shall lead the way ;

\* Twelve projecting rocks so named, fringed with foliage nearly to the water's edge.

Here sight may range, and hearts may glow,  
 Yet shrink from the abyss below ;  
 Here echoing precipices roar,  
 As youthful ardour shouts before :  
 Here a sweet paradise shall rise  
 At once to greet poetic eyes.  
 Then why does HE dispel, unkind,  
 The sweet illusion from the mind ?

YON GIANT,\* with the goggling eye,  
 Who strides in *mock sublimity*.  
 Giants identified may frown,—  
 Nature and taste would knock them down :  
 Blocks that usurp some noble station,  
 As if to curb imagination,  
 Which smiling at the chisel's power,  
 Makes better monsters every hour.  
 The stranger, who thus steals one hour  
 To trace thy walks from bower to bower,  
 Thy noble cliffs, thy wildwood joys,  
 Nature's own work that never cloy ;  
 Who while reflection bids him roam,  
 Calls not this paradise his home ;  
 Can ne'er, with dull, unconscious eye,  
 Leave them behind without a sigh."

Before we turn our backs and our thoughts  
 on this neighbourhood, we will have the sad  
 tale of Morris, of Piercefield, the lord of this  
 beautiful seat. I shall advance no apology for

\* An immense giant of stone.

bidding Mr. Bloomfield speak for me. In these lines, there is a great deal of *soul*.

MORRIS OF PIERCEFIELD.

“ Who was lord of yon beautiful seat ;  
Yon woods which are towering so high ?  
Who spread the rich board for the great,  
Yet listened to pity's soft cry ?  
Who gave with a spirit so free,  
And fed the distressed at his door ?  
Our Morris of Piercefield was he,  
Who dwelt in the hearts of the poor.

“ But who e'en of wealth shall make sure,  
Since wealth to misfortune has bowed ?  
Long cherished, untainted, and pure,  
The stream of his charity flowed.  
But all his resources gave way,  
O what could his feelings control ?  
What shall curb, in the prosperous day,  
The excess of a generous soul ?

“ He bade an adieu to the town,—  
Oh, can I forget the sad day,  
When I saw the poor widows kneel down,  
To bless him—to weep—and to pray ?  
Though sorrow was marked in his eye,  
This trial he manfully bore ;  
He passed o'er the bridge of the Wye,  
To return to his Piercefield no more.

" 'Twas true that another might feel,  
That poverty still might be fed,  
Yet long we rung out the dumb peal,—  
For to us noble Morris was dead.  
He had not lost sight of his home—  
Yon domain that so lovely appears,  
When he heard it, and sank overcome—  
He felt it—and burst into tears.

" The lessons of prudence have charms,  
And slighted may lead to distress ;  
But the man whom benevolence warms,  
Is an angel who lives but to bless.  
If ever man merited fame—  
If ever man's feelings went free—  
Forgot at the sound of his name—  
Our Morris of Piercefield—was he."

Let us now proceed on our journey, and see if we can find the Moss Cottage:—it is directly on the road betwixt Chepstow and Tintern Abbey—Tintern Abbey, the next point to be attained. Should Pedestres wish to visit Monmouth, (which, however, he had now no intention of doing,) he was told particularly, to stay awhile at the village of Llandogo. It was represented as being romantic in the extreme:—the surrounding scenery bold and striking—the houses scattered over the sides of the

lofty and well-wooded hills—and the neighbourhood, producing several attractive beauties—natural, as well as “man-constructed.” It would be an advantageous place for him to take up his quarters for the night, being about midway in distance between Chepstow and the county town.

“Llandogo can be laid up in store,” thought Pedestres within himself. “Let me see the Moss Cottage and Tintern Abbey. I can think of going further up the river afterwards, if I like it. Impatience to turn westward into Wales, inclines me to say, “I’ll go not beyond the Abbey in that direction. But I know nothing about it now—time will show.”

“Can you direct me in my best way to the Moss Cottage?”

“Ay,” answered the old woman spoken to, “the Moss Cottage!—What do you want to see there?—The Moss Cottage!—There are fools more and more born into the world every day—The Moss Cottage!—Lord help thee!—and thou art one of the noodles too,

that tramp this road—why I wouldn't go to such a place if the Duke would give it me——”

“Is this answering my question?”——

“Your question?—what did 'e say!—you asked me no question.”——

“I want to know my way to the Moss Cottage.”

“The Moss Cottage!—the Moss Cottage!—Lord help thee!—Go straight to St. Arvans—Were you ever there?—Go straight to St. Arvans; and then, young man, if you like the fields better than the turnpike this hot weather, just turn into them, when you get on the other side of the village.—You know, I 'spose?—— but anybody will tell you—— go along, go along—get off with you.”

“Thou art a strange creature, however,” exclaimed the inquirer, when he left the ancient lady. “She must be either cracked and crazy—or malignant and spiteful—or else some private quarrel or pique has engendered



a rankling poison within her—but I think she's mad."

When, however, Pedestres had walked about two miles, and had passed the village of St. Arvans, he so far gave heed to what the old she had said, that he deemed it expedient to make further inquiries; and find the object of desire by a more agreeable if not a more short route, in traversing the fields, rather than the high road.

He found several people very ready to give him lengthy directions, in answer to his demands for obtaining a knowledge of the country. They told him, if he went through a path in such a direction into a field, and then kept through some other paths among some trees,—then turned to the right—then to the left—then to the right again—then straight round a crooked corner—and after that, walk down a direct foot-road in the middle of a field, close up under a winding hedge—then shut his eyes—then went back-

wards till he saw a directing post at the bottom of the river—then wheeled himself all round about on his heel as many times as he liked, and went straight before him—it was impossible he could miss his way, for it was as plain and as clear as the turnpike road.

People are often very ready to direct strangers through an unknown country:—but they are too often ready to make fools of them—at least, to attempt it. Pedestres had been served this trick before.

It may be supposed, that the above directions were not given to him verbatim: *he wishes they had been*. They gave him what was *plausible enough to deceive*, but what was *false enough to mislead*. And by which not unscientific combination of knavery, they succeeded in maintaining him a lost man till he was sick of it.—

The spring-tide of his patience having finally ebbed to an extremely low degree, and the hour-glass of his equanimity having

totally run out, he hastily determined to obtain information from the first cottage he could find. He had wandered and strayed in the most ill-humoured and unsentimental mood imaginable; at times in the open fields, and at times under the covert of the trees of the thicket or of the wood. He had now lost all forbearance, and thought his deceivers had had the *plenum* and *maximum* of their joke—"Lord, Lord," exclaimed he, "how this world is given to lying!"

On turning an angle of the road, his eyes were suddenly and joyously greeted with the sight of a small cottage a-head of him, and occupying a situation a little elevated from the thoroughfare, embosomed in trees, and fearlessly sitting at the foot of a stupendous and lofty cliff that hung over it. *A la bonne heure!*—"Now, Clavileno," said Pedestres, with glee, "we will inquire for truth, and once more find ourselves. 'This turn hath made amends,' as Milton has it. But what mean they by this? Mortar must be dear

stuff in this neighbourhood—a hewn stone fabric, cemented with moss instead of mortar! Why can they have crammed all the interstices with moss, to the unaccountable dispensement and exclusion of honest lime and sand? But we will go in and satisfy our curiosity, and solve our doubts and surmises.”

Thus soliloquising, or rather thus addressing Clavileno,—he entered the door.

The wandering Ulysses sought his kingdom for twenty years: and when he eventually found it, he knew not at first that he actually greeted the object of his ardent, yet weary search. And Pedestres knew not, that at that instant he stood withinside the very place he had expended such a large measure of strength, patience, and honest curses in discovering. But, i'faith, they very soon told him it was really and truly that which he had been seeking—it was, in fact, THE Moss Cottage.

Two of the rooms are entirely covered with

moss on the inside: the ceiling, as well as the walls, being completely lined with it in every part. The exterior is beautified similarly: that is, the joints of the stone-work, ooze with a muscose verdancy; and the effect altogether is very pretty. Behind this green edifice, and towering above a juvenile forest of trees, rises the Wind Cliff, scored and seamed in perpendicular lines, and looking like a petrified cataract—*Niagara in stone*—just fancy now—a *petrified cataract*—will the idea pass? The ascent to the summit is by a steep zig-zag path, or labyrinth of paths—so steep indeed, that at short intervals, recourse is necessarily had to steps: and towards the top of the rock, they occur in long flights. The pilgrim winds his ambitious way, with aching calves and panting breast, beneath the arched covering of branches and foliage, that close over his head; and catches not a glimpse of the surrounding and widely-extended scene, save here and there through a small opening cut

in the trees. At these points he gladly stops to ejaculate some oath, expressive of his delight, and to renew his dissipated strength and his breath, by reclining on one of the many rustic seats, that he will find during his ascent. The tattooing of these seats has been prosecuted with praiseworthy industry and diligence: pen-knives have been called into marvellous requisition; and their whole surface is covered with the initials of romantic trampers. And be not astonished, gentle reader, when Pedestres asserts, that the powerful force of example was far too strong for him to cope with: he fell away, and taking his knife from his knapsack, inscribed his own initials with the rest.

It is, however, worthy of remark here, that Clavileno, more firm and discreet, did not act so boyishly.

The view from the summit is grand and heart-stirring past all description:—yet how many have not attempted to describe it?—but there is no describing nature. Pedestres stood

on the brink of a rock a thousand feet high, with the trees beneath him, and the river beneath them. He could command nine counties extended before him like a map: and they, made up of hill, dale, precipice and abyss, projection and recess;—woods in abundance, water in perfection:—the Severn and the Wye reeling through the verdure like tortured snakes on a lawn:—and all the multitudinous separates and disjunctives of a varied scene, united and blended into the most soft and harmonious whole. The smoking towns thickly dotted the landscape, and looked like heaps of burning peat in a large field. But why attempt in words to paint such sweet nature?—it is farcical verily:—one may as well try to make a good epic poem by Pope's famous recipe, as succeed here by parallel means. For instance, let us try

#### TO COOK UP A FINE LANDSCAPE.

Take about five hundred *trapezoid fields*, severally teeming with grass, wheat, barley, oats, pease, beans, or potatoes: all trimmed

with hedges as luxuriant and proportional as the fringe round the margin of a small worsted rug or mat to support a tea-urn. Add to these twenty parks or noblemen's seats, and scatter the whole before you with a sweeping hurl, as a farmer sows his grain after the *broad-cast* fashion. Then take some ten or a dozen castles and abbeys—most of them in ruins, and chuck them up into the air as if you were skying coppers: sixteen or eighteen church steeples mingled with them might not be amiss if you like it rich—but suit your palate as regards this matter. When they have attained a sufficient elevation, they will disperse, and then descend like the stars out of the head of an expended sky-rocket;—and alight on your new creation with the utmost ease, unstudied freedom, and picturesqueness. Take also about one hundred acres of trees—oak, elm, beech, ash, cedar of Lebanon, larch, and Scotch firs, &c. &c. and divide them into clumps and single trees:—manage, by some judicious (yet seemingly



careless) effort of legerdemain, to pitch the most aged, crooked, and tortuous (such as may appear to have "*grown in the dark*") into the parks, and close under the walls of your decayed abbeys and castles, and the flavour will be much heightened. As regards water—that is an easy business: it is of course an indispensable to your dish—its perfection depends on it—but I say it is easy. Simply take the Ganges, the Nile, or the Mississippi—(I care not which)—but either will be too broad and large by itself; therefore, split it (we will say the Mississippi) into long shreds of different thicknesses, so as to make several good brooks and rivulets, but retain one moderate-sized river unsplit, as your landscape is spacious enough to allow of that. Perhaps it is almost needless to say, you must split downwards with the stream or *grain*, as if you were dividing a willow; and not crosswise, as that would be difficult of accomplishment, and unwise in idea. Hold these shreds and ravellings in your right hand, imagining

they were so many coils of twine, and scatter them over your domains as you sowed your parks and fields at the first outset, or as a South American would throw his *lazo*. *Then rest five minutes and await the result.* It is not to be conjectured, that your parks and fields, distributed so devoid of order and regularity, should have settled themselves down, in a way that would form one continued and level plain—far from it. You have plenty of hills, and plenty of dales; and this, luckily, is just what you want. Your water so dispersed high in the air, and over the whole, will indubitably first alight on the greatest elevations. But don't be alarmed,—the rivers will not stay there. Water, by its fluidity and gravity, will always find its own level; and your streams will soon subside into the valleys, there to wind and meander round the numerous promontories and rocky crags, that they will find opposed to their several channels. The hollows and basins, out of which there may be no outlet, will retain a sufficient quantity

to form the most varied and beautiful lakes :—so that, as far as all this goes, I think that you are now pretty well furnished. There remains only, to people the country ; and this ought to be done with much care and forethought : if you overstock it, you cause a famine, and are dished at once,—therefore be wary. As regards your own species, I shall say nothing—people it as you will :—but you want game and cattle. Trouble not yourself about pheasants and partridges ;—they will fly there in abundance :—the others, perhaps, might run there on their own legs ; but remember, we have said nothing about the boundaries of your estate—we know not what they are. Perhaps it is an island :—and this indeed, I think not improbable, for your rivers must have some outlet on the margin. It is consequently requisite to import. As we hear of propitious clouds sometimes raining *cats* and *dogs*, I see no reason why they should not as well rain *cows*, *sheep*, and *pigs*. Thus seeing our way then, call, or otherwise

allure, some pregnant and friendly vapour over your head, and pray the benign gods to send down a copious shower:—*but get out of the way when it falls.*

Thus having written a simple recipe for the making of landscapes, I think the reader will find that such will suit his palate in most cases. He may alter the proportions if he likes, so as to change the flavour—for some people prefer more sugar than others; some, more salt:—one man will set perfection in the tear-creating predominance of capsicum and Cayenne pepper—and another will declare (in the expressive language of cookery-book avoirdupois weight and wine measure) that a *handful* or a *dessert spoonful* would be the murder of Apicius—that the pepper should be black; and that a *pinch*, or a *tea-spoonful* would be quite enough. Some half-dozen ingredients will serve to dish up most landscapes:—but their non-identity must depend on the non-similarity of proportions. It is impossible to describe a wild landscape with

accuracy. Rocks, trees, and cascades, assuming every variety of form ; and whose beauty as a whole, perchance depends on some happy position that nature has given ; the easy droop and pendency of the heads of a few of the trees ;—or a brilliant stream of light playing across the water in a singular and striking manner ;—or any other detail in description, —simple in itself—will assume that dignity and importance in the scene, which no pen, the most accurate, will do justice to, and which nothing can ever truly appreciate, save the actual eye alone.

Pedestres stood on a rock a thousand feet high—he had never, to his recollection, done such a thing in his life before :—and a circular map of nine counties lay extended around him. He would describe it if he could—(he would do many things if he could)—but description is murder, and murder is sin—and Pedestres would always rather be virtuous than sinful, where it can be done without sacrifice. He will waive the attempt, lest the

reader say to him, that which he heard a Frenchman say to his son for endeavouring to do what he was unable to accomplish, "Ah, you damn son bitch!—what for you try do what you no can?"\*

\* This is a fact.—"Truth is strange,—stranger than fiction."—BYRON.

## CHAPTER XVI.

"To the remnant of thy splendour past,  
Shall pilgrims pensive, but unwearied, throng."

CHILDE HAROLD.

---

THE sudden sight of the venerable walls of Tintern Abbey struck into the heart of Clavileno, a sensation of awe mingled with delight, as he passed a sharp turning of the road and unexpectedly came in full view of the ruin. It happened that a party of seven people besides himself—mostly strangers to each other—were assembled at the great west doorway, with the guide in the midst of them, exerting his strength to turn the ponderous key, and

throw back the massive bolts that served to keep the building secure from depredation.

"Stop a minute," said the guide to his impatient crew; and at the same time refraining to turn the key. "I only wish to tell you that when I throw open the door you must not all rush in without looking before you:—stop and consider—survey from this point what lies extended to your sight—for many visiters are more struck with the first glance hence, than with the sum of all their subsequent scrutiny."

Having thus addressed us, he caused the bolts to fall back; and the doors slowly and majestically receded, as Milton describes the opening of the gates of heaven. He need not have cautioned us not to rush headlong with our eyes averted and wandering:—every one stood motionless for some minutes without attempting to take one pace forwards. They saw what was before them, and they reflected on what they saw:—the effect was powerful and surprising—but I will not attempt to describe it.



We entered the abbey, and walked up the nave, casting our bewildered glances around us with fascinated inconstancy, not knowing which column or which arch to praise the most highly.

The party divided themselves into various knots and stragglers, led to separation by scattered enticements, and oppositely situated objects of curiosity. Pedestres had wandered alone and unseen into the north transept, hoping to find something for exploration ; and we will leave him winding his way up a geometrical staircase, and sighing to himself " Oh, how this climbing makes my calves ache !"

Sylvia (for so we will call her) was walking slowly down the south aisle, attended only by one companion, who appeared to possess a considerable advantage over her in years—but not in beauty. They often stopped to look at some piece of carved work that particularly caught their attention, or make an observation on some of the large stone bosses which once

adorned the intersections of the ribs on the thickly-groined ceiling; and which now lie on the grass in different parts of the ruin.

Howel-y-Rhyfelwr—whose features bespoke a Welsh ancestry—exhibited a frame and appearance that might readily prepossess any one favourably towards him;—he was at once strong, handsome, and in the full vigour of youth;—his stature was tall and commanding, and his movements and mien unstudied, yet graceful to a degree. He had been standing opposite the mutilated and defaced figure of a man, that rested against one of the piers of the choir, and seemed in a state of deep abstraction.

“’Tis the brother of the famous hero who founded the abbey, Sir,” said the guide, who had come up to tender his historical erudition. “You see, Sir,” he continued, “it is much gone to decay, and much broken; but still much remains, even to this day, to prove great antiquity and great skill in the sculptor.”

"A brother of the founder of the edifice?" said he to the guide inquiringly.

"Yes, Sir," he resumed, "Richard de Clare, a knight templar, some time a crusader, and who is said to have performed many acts of brave and hardy valour in the Holy Land. He died not there, however, among the infidels, but at home: look at his sword, it is sheathed."

"The buildings appear to have covered a very great extent of ground," observed Alice, another of the party.

"Oh, ma'am," continued the unraveller of musty doubts, "the present remains that now meet your eyes, can furnish you with but a trifling idea of all their former extent. Let us go through that iron gate in the north aisle of the nave, and we shall be enabled to trace the situations of a few of the out-buildings."

On threading this small door they were particularly desired to take notice of a large stone slab that they at that moment were

walking over, which once bore a well-cut inscription; but which the *indian-rubber* of time, had so nearly effaced, that the antiquarian proprietor had had the letters restored in the ancient characters by means of cast metal ones fastened into the stone.

The cicerone dilated at considerable length on the nice contrivances of the inmates of the abbey in the days of its prosperity. Ease and luxury seemed to have been the *primum mobile* of all their arrangements and all their perfected plans.

“We now stand in the eating-hall or refectory,” said he, “where in olden times the tables daily groaned under the weight of viands they could scarcely support. And yonder is the kitchen or land of cooks—look through that hole—observe the hole I pray you—this that connects the two apartments—which apartments, did it not exist, would be only separated from one another by a single wall. But what a piece of premeditated luxury was the contrivance of this opening! Had their

dishes passed from the kitchen fire through the length of a short passage, they would have lost in their eyes, much of their goût and sweet savour; and therefore they cut this hole, through which their ragouts and sauces were passed by a host of Udes on one side, and caught up on this by the attendants, and instantly placed on the cracking table.— Although secluded from the world's *eye*, they knew how to live with the world's *mouth*," he added with a sneer, as he left the apartment.

Having conducted his legend-devouring train under numerous tottering arches, and over the uneven debris with which the natural ground was covered; he led the way to a small door that communicated by a few steps with the main body of the abbey itself. "But," said he, stopping short; "I pray you look across these meadows and extended plains towards the river: observe the distance and extent; and what will you think—what will you imagine to yourselves, of the by-gone magnificence of this place, when I tell you

that nearly the whole of that ground, that lies between us and the water, was occupied by the various and extensive outbuildings belonging to the abbey? We are told that they covered no less than thirty-four acres. And if you admire scenery," he added, "cast your eyes on that beautiful hill beyond. In any—in every direction,—up the valley or down—the enraptured sight will find something from which to cull the purity and the sweetness of nature.

The towering hills behold, enclathed with gorse,  
And here and there inlaid and dappled o'er with firs,  
Studded with yew-tree, and enchased with broom,  
Saplings of ash, and beech yet scarce in leaf.  
'The woods along the banks are waving high,  
'Whose shadows in the glassy waters dance.'

"But through this small doorway, we find ourselves once more in the north transept."

Here the party were joined by the fair Sylvia and her more sedate and aged companion, who had been pacing the turf, and wandering where'er their fancy enticed them through the

crowded columns that spring out of the grass, like the trunks of the trees in a dense forest.

"I believe I did not mention," resumed the guide to his pilgrims, who halted and stood in a close group in the middle of the spacious building—"I think I did not mention, that the abbey was founded by Walter de Clare, about the year 1131, and his riches——"

"Hark!" exclaimed one of the ladies, interrupting him, "I thought I heard music.—Did not any of you?"

"I certainly fancied I heard a wild note whisk through the arches around us," answered Sylvia.

"What could it have been?" inquired another. "What a delightful and romantic place for music!"

"Dear me, yes," said Howel-y-Rhyfelwr; "one might almost imagine the choristers of past ages were again warbling and pealing forth their anthems from the galleries which however we cannot now find."

They looked suspiciously at the guide, and taxed him with having a secret and concealed confederate among the ruins, who had posted himself in some inaccessible eyrie, in order to take them by surprise, and heighten the effect of their situation.

But he positively protested total ignorance of any thing of the kind :—declared he knew nothing of the cause of what they heard any more than themselves—and observed, that he had not been so startled as they had, as he was speaking at the time. But he proceeded—

“It is only ten years ago,” said he, “since the whole of the interior where we now stand, was one rank wilderness :—choked and filled up with trees and noxious weeds ;—falling to rapid decay through neglect, and what was greatest in regret,—the masons and builders of the neighbourhood considered it as lawful prey, and daily pilfered and carried off many beautiful relics and gems of architecture, with which to erect either their paltry hovels, or perhaps even pig-sties.”



“What a villanous shame!” said one of the gentlemen.

“Sacriligious knaves!” exclaimed another; “and how then has this happy and praiseworthy change been wrought throughout every part of it?”

“It was bought by a gentleman who had a taste for these things; and much trouble and money have been expended to clear it out—keep it in order—and brick up the lower windows to prevent the public from trespassing.”

“Ah,” interposed Sylvia with a sigh, “and what a pity it is that those windows have been fastened up in that manner. Surely it was very ill-judged, and glaringly devoid of all antiquarian feeling. As I walked through the aisles e’en now, I could not help entertaining the most poignant sensations of sorrow, that those fine and graceful gothic windows, should be blocked up with unsightly brick and rough stone. Open windows are the very perfection of a ruin:—they give it a degree of airiness,

chaste grandeur, and venerable solemnity, that can never exist in the heavy solidity of unpierced walls."

Everybody unanimously coincided with Sylvia:—they said they had themselves observed it with pain and even astonishment.

"Its sad effects," she continued, "plainly speak on the lower parts of many of the columns, how injudicious such a step has proved. Look at the colour of them—observe how green they are.—The stagnation of the air, and the want of proper and sufficient ventilation, have caused so much dampness, that they have contracted a thick coating of moss.—I do feel quite sorry about it."

"When I first entered the west door," said an elderly gentleman, "I was forcibly struck with the great chill in the atmosphere of the interior. The closed windows, as Miss Sylvia justly observes, are undoubtedly the lamented origin. If they *must* be fastened, how much better, had they been secured by a few iron bars; which would have united the desi-

derata both of keeping intruders without, and keeping a dry atmosphere within. But a line of high palings encircling the Abbey, methinks, would have combined all advantages."

"I am sorry for things as they are," observed one of the company.

"'Tis a pity," said Alice, thoughtfully.

"'Tis a thousand," said Sylvia with emphasis.

—"Hark! oh! listen!—there it is again!" exclaimed the ancient lady.

"It is a flute!" cried Alice, looking upwards, and tracing the tops of the roofless walls with her eyes, in order to discover whence the sounds arose.

"Yes—so it is—it is a flute," rejoined Sylvia, casting a glance up towards the spot from which she fancied the notes emanated. Who can it possibly be—and how could any one have climbed so high?"

"The tones are delightfully sweet and warbling—and how harmonious is the association," said the old gentleman.

"Music among ruins—yes," answered the romantic Sylvia; "the very words carry pleasurable ideas to the imagination."

"The echo is most powerful and bewildering," observed the matron: "it is almost difficult to say positively where the player has stationed himself."

"It is rather strange, though," said the gentleman of elderly appearance: at the same time listening acutely: "it is somewhat strange how this should be:—who can have hidden themselves—himself—or herself, on the top of these lofty walls?—I cannot understand it."

No one present understood it either:—and the guide, the object of suspected abetment, again protested his ignorance.

"When we first entered the Abbey," continued the old gentleman suddenly, with an air of sagacity, "I think I recollect observing a lame young man among us: did he come in? what has become of him? Is it likely now, that he may have clambered over

our heads to surprise us by an unexpected strain!—He looked like an arrant and downright pedestrian, touring in search of romance. If I mistake not, he carried a knapsack on his back.”

“Ah,” said Alice with confidence, as she seemed to see through the whole mystery since her father’s denouement,—“I should not be at all astonished if it were. That he entered in with us, I perfectly recollect :—but when we went to look at the out-buildings—I don’t know what became of him—he was not with us then.”

“You, Sylvia,” resumed the old gentleman, turning to her; “you remained behind in the building, I think—Did you see any thing of him?”

“No, Sir;” answered the fair damsel; “I cannot recollect his being in our sight after we all entered together.—I remember him at the great door.”

“I should never have thought of him again,” said the guide. “But I do now recol-

lect that he was amongst us for the first five minutes."

"But is there no way of making a discovery?" inquired Howel-y-Rhyfelwr—"how did he get up there?—is there no mode of finding him out?"

"Oh yes," resumed the guide: "I know where he must be, and how he has got there. In yonder corner there is a winding staircase, that conducts up to the top of the walls, round which there are foot-paths wide enough for one person to walk, if their brains will allow them. I have no doubt but he is up there somewhere, although we cannot perceive him."

"I'll turn him out!" exclaimed Howel-y-Rhyfelwr, quitting the group, and running towards the place pointed out to him.——

But Pedestres aloft, had made provision against any attack, and had kept a vigilant eye on his probable besiegers below.

He had providently taken up his station on the top step of the staircase, for the pure purpose of security against surprise:—for,

should any person attempt to ascend, the sound of their feet on the stone steps, even from the very bottom, would rise instantly and clearly, like the barely articulated sounds through the ear of Dionysius. Pedestres watched Howel-y-Rhyfelwr run across the transept towards the corner in question ; and then like the Syracusan himself, applied his ear to the great *auditory canal*, in order to catch every whisper that might come up. He quickly heard his footsteps—and forthwith, as quickly, prepared himself towards retreat and concealment ;—for Howel was approaching at a fearfully rapid rate, and his prey was of opinion that nothing is so foolish and embarrassing, as to be “*caught out*” in the midst of a frolic. He, therefore, ran along the tops of several of the walls ranging in various directions :—and owing to the quantity of rank grass and ivy, growing on each side of them, he accomplished his flight in safety, and wholly unseen. Then having disposed and fortified himself behind a thick-foliaged

bush, he kept an anxious eye on the seat of his former empire.

Scarcely had he done so, indeed, when he saw the head of his pursuer rise above the stones and herbage at the summit of the staircase.

Pedestres lay close, but in great trepidation; for he nearly fancied that Howel was proceeding to follow his track on the walls:—and if he had done so,—exposure must have been inevitable. But gracious heaven turned Howel's brain, so that he would certainly have toppled down headlong, had he attempted it. He held his station accordingly, *nolens volens*; but during the space of some minutes, threw a searching glance over every wall of the ruin. He seemed to scrutinize in succession, every tree, bush, and tuft of grass:—and almost endeavour to pierce the thick foliage of the hanging masses of ivy. Yet Pedestres, with a growing cramp in his bended legs, moved not a hair's breadth.

Howel-y-Rhyfelwr, at last, bowed his head,



and disappeared. But the other felt not safe and out of danger, until he saw him fairly on the grass below, and rejoin his former companions. Then, there seemed to take place amongst them, an earnest and warm argument, on the origin of the notes they had heard, with many and various suppositions relating thereunto :—and the extraordinary and mysterious secrecy and unrevelment of *him, her, or it* that had produced them. During this interval Pedestres was furnished with a fine opportunity of regaining his old situation ; and where he considered himself more secure than elsewhere, from the circumstance of its being so favourable to the quick transmission of every distant noise.

Keeping a strict and unbroken survey over his wondering audience, he once again modulated on his slender reed. Howel appeared almost disposed to attempt a second search ; for he considered it tantamount to a blemish on his powers of judgment and quickness of perception, that he should have been so

thoroughly foiled and outwitted, as he could not deny but he had been. The guide, however, drew their attention to other things, and Puff-estres ceased his strain; for he considered he had gone through his frolic with some tact and éclat, and was now fully satisfied. He had left off with glory, and success; and as the fruits of that, he now enjoyed a moderate share of self-satisfaction. To push the joke further would have spoiled it;—and nothing is so wise in the exercise of practical fun, as to know *when to leave off*.

The party having followed their conductor to a distant and separate part of the building, —out of sight, and even out of hearing,—Pedestres summoned up the man within him,—took courage,—and descended the staircase. Should he—he reflected—pass whole days among the ruins, to feast and satisfy his curiosity, yet there remained one thing more to be done:—what had he a sketch-book in his knapsack for?—and who could quit such a place as Tintern Abbey, without some me-

morial?—Walking across the grass and reaching the intersection of the nave and transepts, he cast an admiring look down the choir, towards the great east window. “Perhaps this is the finest view I shall find,” said he to himself, taking off his knapsack and opening it:—“and I would sit down before it without hesitation,—but all the printshops in the kingdom are full of engravings of this view—every body knows it.—I will seek some other; which, if not possessing that grandeur so striking here,—still it may have the charms of novelty:—and that is a quality of no mean estimation.” On turning himself round, he soon espied an all-worthy subject for the pencil: and instantly having determined on his object, he proceeded southward, and opened his book to sketch the north transept, which then lay before him—for he had retired into the further extremity of the opposite one.

“Here let me sit,” said he to himself in the words of Lord Byron, as he sat down on a finely-sculptured fragment—

"Here let me sit upon this massy stone,  
The marble column's yet unshaken base!"

Dear me, it is beautiful!—But what says  
Lord Byron again?—

"Ah me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,  
To follow half on which the eye dilates?  
Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken,  
Than those whereof such things the bard relates."

For the space of more than an hour, had Pedestres been absorbed in his occupation;—perfectly invisible (in a dark and distant corner) to several wanderers who had, during the first half of his seclusion, passed and re-passed through different parts of the ruin. Latterly he had perceived no one at all straying among the forest of columns—not even the guide—but being so intent and amused, that circumstance gave him not the slightest apprehension; and the fact of his strong incarceration and dilemma, was shortly to burst upon him with the thunder of an astounded consciousness. The reader shall presently know the particulars of the direful situation in the which either fortune, fate, or

some evil star, had placed him; although every thing around smiled with the most bland and fascinating courtesy.

The sketch being finished, put away, and the knapsack being thrown over his shoulder, and caught upon his willing back, he rose from his seat, and taking Clavileno, his constant companion by the hand, left his obscure corner, and walked towards the light and sunshine in the centre of the building. Not seeing the guide on arriving there, he turned down the nave, thinking he was more probably not far from the entrance, as that seemed to be his station when he expected arrivals, and existed in the state of anticipation between visiter and visiter. The great west door was closed, or "pushed to" as he fancied, and he put his hand to it, to pull it open as a matter of course. But the door resisted him. "Oh, but it never *can* be locked," said the unconscious prisoner to himself with a sensation of indifference, and at the same time once more pulling the door. "It is old, and the

hinges are rusty I suppose," he continued, finding that ordinary strength was ineffectual. He threw a hasty glance around and behind him, conceiving that Signor Cicerone might possibly still be inside, and perchance within the ken of an eye. But no:—he found he was so far monarch of all he surveyed, that no one disputed the ground with him. He tried the door again to the utmost of his strength:—but nothing short of a battering-ram would have gained the victory.

Now, then, Pedestres began to awake:—he began to think, and then reflect—first looking upwards and then on the ground.—“Is this a joke to me or not? But it *would be* a very awkward dilemma indeed, if I *might be* shut in, or *if possibly* I should find any difficulty in opening the door. I will not believe that it is locked or bolted—it can't be—it is not at all likely—how *could* such a circumstance have happened?—the guide *of course* knows his business better—it is not probable—it is not *possible*—I will *not* believe it.”

Time, however, taught him that notwithstanding the guide *of course* knew his business better, he was unable by reasoning, to wheedle himself into the sweet idea that he was not shut in, when all his exerted strength proved ineffectual to get him out. He stood at the door in a very queer and "*I-don't-know-what-to-think-of-it*" state. The guide conducted the last group of his pilgrims through the various buildings of the Abbey, whilst Pedestres was sketching—and when they were satisfied, and all finally threaded the great west door to leave the ruin, he turned the ponderous bolts behind him, under the idea that every one had retired.

"It is probable, under the present face of affairs, that I shall soon be 'as poor as a *church mouse*.'"

He knocked at the door *piano*; hoping some one might be outside and within hearing:—listened patiently:—nobody came:—he waited:—looked round the building again:—saw no living creature:—heard no one near:—he lost

*some* of his patience :—knocked once more, *forte* :—listened again :—put his ear anxiously against the key-hole :—could not hear a step :—lost *all* his patience and knocked *fortissimo*.

Peals of thunder never rolled through the vaulted heavens with so little effect, as then did the thunder that Clavileno hurled round Tintern. It availed nothing, and Pedestres was fast approaching to the desperate, or *I don't care* sort of mood.—“*I will get out,*” cried he to the walls, fiercely—

“By heavens, *I will get out if I die for it!*  
As good to *die and go*, as *die and stay.*”

He turned himself quickly round, and walked like Diomedes up the north aisle :—for a gleam of deliverance faintly dawned upon his despairing mind.

“When the guide and his train,” said the impatient prisoner to himself as he paced over the grass, approached this part of the Abbey, he took them to the out-buildings and offices through a small door-way at the east end of



the aisle.—Can he *possibly* have left this door open?—Foolish idea!—vain hope!” he continued, “why should he have left this door open any more than the other?—He was peculiarly careful, I well recollect.—He took an apparently valued key from his pocket, and with it he undid the padlock that fastened every thing with caution, nicety, and strength.—Why should I fancy he may have forgotten to leave the lock as he found it?—He was too minute in his care of the other, to have permitted him to have omitted equal care on this—yet hope—sweet jilt—raises my imagination towards escape, and tells of blessed liberty with an irresistible eloquence.”

The majestic sublimity of the ruin—that had made his heart thrill with delight on his first entrance—now subsided into the deepest gloom.—The rich-toned shades before, were dismal patches now:—and the brilliant tints of the sun, falling on the peaks of the lofty gables, like the torture of Tantalus, were happiness in view, yet never to be tasted.

Oh thou joyous spirit of earthly happiness!—on what a slender thread dost thou hang!—What a trifling change in the circumstances of man's existence, will undermine and destroy thy tottering throne, and convert the very objects that cherished thy being, into the opposites of misery and despair!

He scrutinized the walls, in the idea, that some friendly breach, through the which to crawl, might present itself to his deliverance. Could he not get out at some window?—I' faith, *they were all blocked up.*

The small door as he approached it, he perceived was closed:—he gave it a careless and forlorn push with his hand, and was going to pass on.—

But, oh ye gods and goddesses!—all ye who do *not* preside over locks and keys (fastened ones at least) receive the sincere and grateful thanks of one who felt as if just saved from the baneful dominion of some setting star of malignity. Ye providential powers had left unturned the key; and Pedestres once more

with a feeling of emancipation to the wide world, threaded the arch whilst the accents of self-gratulation fled from his soliloquising lips : —but his ebullition of feeling was indeed but a mockery. He had escaped the frowning grasp of the Abbey itself, but not the reduplicated circumligation of many successive barriers of palisades, hedges, and massive walls. Hope, determination, mischief, and desperation, warring together, now strove for empire within him. He dashed on heedless, resolving, like Achilles, to carry every thing before him. He viciously tore down several high palings, and passed through an orchard : —leaped a wall, and scrambled over a hedge, —then finding himself in the midst of an old woman's flower garden, he strode on across the beds and parterres—(yet it is believed he was merciful unto the pansies and primroses)—and burst through the back door of the cottage. Matters were now likely to come to a speedy crisis—every thing had the appearance of it—he had stormed both the outworks and

the fortress itself:—he had carried all before him like a torrent, and was actually in possession of the citadel—the cottage itself. But where was the governor, and where the garrison?—revelling and carousing, or sleeping on their arms?—I' faith they were not far off. They were not sleeping on their arms, but resting on them and awake. The fat and blubbery old she, who shone conspicuous with the glare of authority and dignity, as brightly as Calypso over her nymphs, had been cleaning an iron spit some six or seven feet long, and at that moment was resting on it to take breath. No valourous knight ever rested more gracefully on his lance. This commander-in-chief, astonished and terrified at the sudden intrusion,—although in the midst of her armoury—stared more searchingly at Pedestres, than Romeo in the churchyard, did in dead Paris' face.

He cared nothing, nor inquired his way—he had burst into her cottage in escaping from the abbey-lands—he ran into all the rooms he

came to in endeavouring to find the street—and often found himself in the bottom of a *cul de sac*;—then returning or doubling back, he thrust himself through others—until the *Goddess of Front doors*, touched by compassion, conducted him to the principal passage, and thence to the threshold. A deal portcullis, which had been let down to keep in the children, filled and secured the lower part of the doorway:—no matter, he had caught a glimpse of liberty without from within,—and the gordian knot within, should not have tied him there, and prevented his getting without, nor the portcullis without, have kept him within. It was nothing at all:—he within to without soon forced his way—passed a stone-slab drawbridge, and once again found himself in an open street, free and enlarged.

“Oh liberty! thou——” but this is no time for apostrophizing.—During the first five minutes, freedom bewildered his senses, and his situation was almost too much for the right comprehension of his chaotic ideas:—he could

not believe it. He looked up the street,—then down,—and then up again. He would fain have known the points of the compass, and steered his course accordingly:—but how is it to be expected he could have arranged thirty-two ideas in a circle just then!—He abandoned compass and rudder: and throwing himself upon the mercy of the winds and waves of chance, allowed his friend Clavileno to conduct him whithersoever he chose, as a cur will conduct a blind beggar.

They both took to their heels, and ran side by side out of the village, faster than Coriolanus bolted out of Rome,—at the same time thinking on the words of the redoubtable Falstaff——

“An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse:—the inside of a church!”

## CHAPTER XVII.

"Stop, stop!"

COOPER.

"Stop, my friend!"

SHAKSPEARE.

---

———"HALLOO, you man there with the waggon!—what is the name of the first place on the road to Monmouth?—Halt your team, you sinner!—pull up Pyrætis, Bucephalus, Phlegon, and the rest of them. What is the name, ay?—It has been bored into me twenty times, but I cannot recollect it. Halloo, you villain with the long whip!"

Giles thus hailed, cast a hasty glance at the speaker, as if incredulous, and would

have passed on; but the repetition of the query turned his intentions topsy-turvy, and running to his leader's head, (the contour seemed to bespeak him Bucephalus) he quickly proved himself a better hand at reining in, than even Phaeton had been able to do.

"Tell me the name of the town or village, or whate'er it be, will you——"

"Why, zur," answered Giles, endeavouring to call back his straying powers of arrangement and reflection, "I daunt know how to tell'e that 'ere."

"Humph! that's a short answer——"

"To a hasty question I zim.——"

"Come, come, man, what's the name?"

"I hant a lived in this country very long, myzel; and I knows little about the names o' the towns here.——Whay!" he cried to his horses, who appeared wonderfully anxious to get on—"Whay!—I be almost a stranger hereabout, zur;—but I ha' heard tell o' the name o' the place teu 'vore now. 'Tis but two



dree moile up the river.—Wo, Captin! wont 'e stan' still?—I quite forgets what they call it jis now.”

“And of all other, this is the very time I wish you had remembered. Well, can't you tell me a something like it,—or say where I can know?—Were you ever at the first village on this road——”

“Oh ah, ease zure, zur, scores o' times!—but I quite forgets what 'tis.”

“Ah, then, I'm afraid I've come to the wrong shop.—I thought you might know—but you need not have said you are no native of this county—your dialect bespeaks an education imbibed not distant far from Somerset.—I think, however, the name in question is somewhat like *Lo—La—Lab—Lun*; ——I think it begins with an *L*;—*Lan* something——”

—“*dauga, zur!*” shouted Giles, pouncing the butt-end of his whip on the ground, for Pedestres had given him the key to the word: —“That's the very name, *Landauga, zur!*—

that's what 'tis—I knawed it in a minute when I had got the first half—I knaws what the tail of a cur is like when I sees the head aun.”

“ Ay, true, Landauga, you're right,” (written *Llandogo.*)

“ 'Tis but dree moile funder, zur :—your honour will be there in the twinkling of a pig's whisper, as they say.”

When Pedestres had given the knight of the lash the word, by furnishing him with the prefix *Lan* (or, as I should suppose more properly *Llan*) he considered it superfluous—perhaps tautology—to repeat it:—but once possessing the key, he instantly unlocked the uncertainty:—and, as he expressed it—easily found a tail, to match the given head:—so that they made up the whole between them.

“ Kim up!—kim hither wog!” cried Automedon to his team.

“ Snack went the whip—round went the wheels.”

## CHAPTER XVIII.

“ Ever charming, ever new,  
When will the landscape tire the view ?  
The fountain's fall, the river's flow ;  
The woody valleys, warm and low ;  
The winding summit wild and high,  
Roughly rushing on the sky ;  
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,  
The naked rock, the shady bower ;  
The town and village, dome and farm ;  
Each gives each a double charm.”

DYER.

---

Oh Novelty, thou never-failing charmer !  
—thou refresher of the drooping spirits !—  
thou strengthener of the flagging and fainting  
soul !—How could man exist without thee ?—  
How could the frail flesh perform what we see  
it perform daily, unless thy power and never-

ceasing charms prompted the spirit to keep the animal man from sinking? Who could set off and walk thirteen or fourteen hundred miles in the space of a few months, unless supported by thee? Who could rise in the morning at an early hour, and daily for many successive weeks, make twenty, thirty, forty, or even fifty thousand paces across the country, ere he sat down to rest at night, without thee to carry him through the task? "The spirit is willing, though the flesh is weak."—Often have I found it so in the performance of an arduous exertion of muscular strength.—Where the mind is averse, the limbs are fatigued ere they begin to work: but where the spirits are supported, the machine goes on like clockwork, and needs but little winding up. The ever varying face of nature—the fascinating charms with which she is possessed—and the thrill of gratitude, delight, love, and contentment, that the soul feels from the contemplation of them, makes man ready to leap beyond himself. Every glance of the

eager eye, presents something new—something pleasing—something to tell man he is not alone and forgotten in the world—and something to make him fall down, and with an overflowing heart, bless his happy state,—every thing around him,—and Him from whom every thing emanated. Every bend in the road presents a fresh scene, and fresh beauties for reflection: every turn makes amends: the mind is kept afloat—the spirits are supported:—and the limbs forget they are carrying the body over lofty hill and extended dale, by their own exertion. Such is the power of nature. Had Pedestres selected a smooth and straight piece of gravel walk, a quarter of a mile long, to have made his tour upon; and endeavoured to walk up and down it daily, until he had completed some fourteen hundred miles—is it likely he could have gone on in that monotony for weeks—could he have endured it?—

I will not even answer the question.—

## CHAPTER XIX.

“ Scared at a petticoat—ah !”

T. S. L.



As Giles, or Phaeton, or Automedon, or whoever he might have been, had told his inquirer, so he found it. A distance of about “dree moile” brought him to Llandogo, the village in requisition—but which, it may be observed *en passant*, the natives pronounced *Llandáuga*. Had Montgolfier taken a handful of houses with him in his balloon, a mile high into the air, and then chucked them over-board to find their way down as they would, he could not have succeeded in mak-

ing a more scattered and irregular settlement than this Llandogo presents itself to the eye of the stranger. The Waterfall of Clydden, *alias* Clydden Shoots, a mile from the village, is an extremely beautiful object in winter, or after a heavy fall of rain:—the bold ravine through which it passes, and the fine scenery encircling it, amply repay the toil of the walk thither. Pedestres began to fancy he was actually in Wales, and almost on a foreign soil, although in reality, the river only separated him from the county of Gloucester, and as he proved to his amusement and satisfaction, within a stone's throw of it. He was just in Monmouthshire, and that was all:—but since crossing the Severn, and arriving at Chepstow, he had been struck with several novelties and peculiarities—trifling in themselves—but enough to remind him, he was no longer among the Danmonii. Six or eight laden mules—scarce animals in his own neighbourhood—which he met descending a precipitate and rugged pass near Tintern, ap-

peared quite à l'*Espagnol*:—at Llandogo he saw a *coracle*, the boat of the ancient Britons; being simply a framework of ribs ór basket-work, covered with skins, and pitched to render them more water tight:—and moreover, the words and names of places, which he now and then heard, had something strange and striking about them to his domestic wits.

Monmouth, though not a Welsh county, exhibits many Welsh peculiarities—the names,—often the accent and mode of speaking,—the remnant of some old custom,—and here and there a native,—all tend in their turn, to declare, that the dominions of Saint David will be found not far distant. The words *Llandogo* and *Clydden*, were the first that struck his attention, and made him fancy he had already crossed the border. The pronunciation of the second was particularly paradoxical and contradictory. “Make the *y* have the sound of the *e* in the French article *le*,” they told him; “and pronounce the *dd* (which is a single letter of the Welsh alphabet) like the *th*



in the English words *feather*, or *weather*, or *tether*, or *gather*,—and then you have it at once.—Say *Clethen*.”

“I’ll remember this if I can,” said the instructee to himself; so he wrote it down among his *memorabilia*.

As it did not happen to be Whitsunday when our restless wanderer passed the village of St. Briavels, he was unable to take advantage of the ancient custom existing there, and of scrambling for bread and cheese in the churchyard; but he went on to Monmouth, and then said to Clavileno—“We are now in the capital of the county,—and as we are told, the site of the *Blestium* of Antoninus.”——

“*Bless* me!” exclaimed his one-legged companion.

It is a town, famous in the pages of history, as being the birth-place of King Henry V., who first drew breath in this world, August 9, 1387. On the outside of the town-hall there is an inscription to that effect: and Fluellen says—“He was born at Monmouth.” The

Monmouth Caps, mentioned by Shakspeare, were made here, till the manufactory was removed to Bewdley : and a chapel still exists, which once belonged to the makers of them.

Withenoc de Monmouth founded the Priory in the reign of Henry I., for Benedictine Monks :—but, like the rest of those places, it was suppressed at the Dissolution. The Priory House contained an apartment once, as we are told, the library of the famous pen-and-ink-man, Geoffrey of Monmouth. The church of St. Mary now occupies the site of the former Priory church :—the edifice is well-looking enough, and is distinguished by a light and handsome spire, which shoots upwards to the height of 200 feet. The tower contains a peal of bells, which now and then give out a set of chimes :—they would play a tune if they could—but they are out of order. After Chepstow the effect is not so arresting, however deserving they may be of commendation :—but the truth is, the first Pedestres heard, can certainly lay claim to the palm,

both in the light of musical arrangement, and of grace. The air is in two strains like the former :—but its style—its expression—is not so simple and so pleasing. But here it is for my fair readers.—They may play it with the fingers of their treble hand on the table, if it is too much trouble to walk across the room to the piano-forte.—

## MONMOUTH CHIMES.

MODERATO.

*Da Capo, if you like.*

The Castle of Monmouth occupies an emi-

nence on the north side of the river Monnow :—but the remains are so few, that it is difficult to form a clear judgment of their former extent and arrangements. Previously to the descent of Julius Cæsar on the island, B. C. 56, a British fortress is mentioned as having existed on this spot:—and subsequently to that, it was possessed by the Saxons. In all probability it was rebuilt by John Baron of Monmouth, upwards of twelve centuries afterwards: but given up by him in 1257 to Prince Edward, who in 1272 ascended the throne of England. Gilbert Earl of Gloucester in the year 1265, made a stand against Simon Earl of Leicester, and endeavoured to maintain the castle during a sharp siege. But all his efforts proving abortive, it was finally taken and demolished. Once more, however, it was raised from the ground; and devolved on John of Gaunt, father of Henry of Bolingbrook, afterwards Henry IV., and during whose reign Henry V. was born within its walls.

As Pedestres was approaching the buildings,

that he might obtain a clearer view of the details, a genteel-looking little boy, some five or six years of age, came out and met him at the gate. Children are often disposed to make themselves at home and familiar with strangers if the whim takes them at the moment so to do:—and it would now seem, that the spirit moved this embryo man to introduce himself to the pilgrim who presented his presence before him. Whether it was that he fancied Pedestres looked searchingly and inquisitively at the old fortress—or whether he wished to make his youthful self supremely agreeable—or indeed, whether it was through juvenile simplicity,—it matters not. He gave Clavileno's master a polite and pressing invitation to walk in and look around him. He moreover took him by the hand, as the latter seemed to hesitate, and led him withinside the gardens, and down some lengthy paths, ere another word had scarcely been said. Finding himself here, before he had well reflected on the adventure; and, that he was suffering his

Mentor to conduct him, he hardly knew whither, he paused to ask his diminutiveness, to which of the cardinal points he might be steering?—what forsooth he was at!—and in the name of all tortoises, not to make so much haste :—and further, for the love of all Arguses, to let him look about him, and discover what the place would cater to hungry eyes : they therefore pulled up, in order to examine.——

The existence of modern buildings, grafted on the grey and moss-clad relics of antiquity, is always a subject of regret :—and it was the appearance of this eye-offender in the present instance, that made Pedestres ask his conductor whence, wherefore, and how, it came ?——

But oh, unfortunate and unhappy question ! —The answer it called forth, revealed a reality, awful and appalling in the extreme :—and so, gentle reader, wilt thou say, shouldst thou be a timid young bachelor like myself, and entertainest within the region of thy bosom so,

strong a sense of female majesty and superiority as I.

The little boy made his inquirer to comprehend, that the buildings attached to the remains of the old castle were of comparatively late date: and they were now occupied, he added, by a young ladies' school.

"By a *what*, did you say?" exclaimed the other, totally thunderstruck:—"By a *what*?"——

"By a school, sir," answered the innocent guide. "*Will you come in and play with the ladies?* There are fifty such nice girls!—there's Miss Louisa, and Miss Susan, and Miss Elizabeth, and Miss Matilda, and Miss \_\_\_\_\_"

"Heavens!" shouted Pedestres in an agony, and interrupting him in the midst of his petticoat list—"Heavens, and all the powers above! Jupiter, Juno, Venus! Cupid, Hymen, and all the rest of you! Is it possible—*can* it be possible, that I have trespassed on such sacred, and, as I suppose, such forbidden

ground as this! *A girls' school say you?* And am I so near a girls' school? Heavens, Earth, Hell! Elysium, Parnassus, Ida, and Olympus!—Oh ye benign gods and goddesses preserve me!—Oh what is there to be found under a petticoat, so awful in idea, so terror-awaking, and so overwhelming?—But it is useless to ask the question—the fact is undeniable.—Oh ye deities and genii defend me!—Ye Dryads, Naiads, and Satyrs!—Ye Sylphs, Elphs, and little Pixies!—all ye come to my assistance—*do* pity and preserve me—befriend and succour a poor terrified creature who has unwittingly stormed the very donjon of gynecocracy!”——

Pedestres took to his heels, and cut off as hard as ever he could tear, without waiting to look behind him:—for, of all the things in this world that will try the courage of a young man, it is the presence of a girls' school.——



## CHAPTER XX.

" Then, as we never met before, and never,  
It may be, may again encounter, why,  
I thought to cheer up this old dungeon here  
(At least to me) *by asking you to share*  
*The fare of my companions and myself.*"

BYRON'S WERNER.

---

To a pedestrian, about to walk a thousand miles or more over mountains, and through deep and rugged valleys; it might have been supposed, that the possession of *legs* in an ample abundance, would have been one of the first, and most weighty of considerations. Yet such we see, is not always the case.—Pedestres, and his Squire Clavileno, could only muster *two legs and a half between them*:—and they had given themselves to traverse leisurely

during the summer, a distance as far as from London to Venice. The workman has his tools to work with, as Dan Shakspeare tells us—the minstrel his harp, as we learn from Ossian—and Farmer Virgil informs us, that the agriculturist requires his plough. Now, I will take upon myself to declare, that, to those who walk or run much, (or even a little,) the possession of *legs* to go upon, will be found one of the most valuable of treasures. Notwithstanding, (not *without* standing in Pedestres' case) it is astonishing how much a cunning workman will do, with but few tools, comparatively speaking:—what the bard will produce with his voice alone, independently of his harp—and what Cain the uprooter of trees could do, even without his plough. And, further, I think it a great feat in our pilgrims (I am speaking now with feelings of vanity—but never mind)—I think it a great feat performed by Pedestres and Clavileno, that they should walk nearly fourteen hundred miles through a country like Wales, with but two

legs and a half between them :—and i'faith, I cannot say, that their possessions in the way of understandings, amounted to more, in *strict value*. The falcon that soars to the clouds by the aid of its wings, is thought nothing of, because it is natural for it to be able to do so ;—but first pinion him, and give him the *far jettee*, and if he in that flight should accomplish much less, Dame Juliana Berners would open her eyes in astonishment. Clavileno was an inestimable treasure :—and in sooth, without him, his master must have abandoned his scheme altogether, and have contented himself with sitting by the fireside at home, or else have travelled a-bed by the medium of books and other men's eyes—but that was *no go*. It is nothing supremely remarkable, that a strong and athletic two-legged man should accomplish the distance with ease ; any more than that a reclaimed hawk should stoup upon the clouds. But with Pedestres the case is different, who, like the pinioned bird, can scarcely call himself a *perfect beast*.

The next morning after they had withdrawn themselves so precipitately from the terrors of Monmouth Castle, they held a *tête-à-tête*, and serious discussion, in order to discover whether they were both in a fit state, as well in mind as body, to resume their peregrinations that day. The head-long flight, in the first place, had considerably strained and over-reached the elasticity of the muscles of their legs, arms, and other parts of their frames. Clavileno complained almost to tears, that his master had thrown too much of his weight on him during the whole continuance of the retreat; and that his head now ached bitterly owing to the extreme pressure which it had received from his hand, when his lord was seized with the first paroxysm of his alarm. Pedestres on his side, was a little disabled; "objects divine must needs impair and weary human sense," says Milton:—and therefore human strength, say I;—the *gastrocnemius* muscle in the calf of his right leg, and the *tendo Achillis*, felt the effects of a sprain,

suffered by taking an inconsiderate hop over a gardener's wheel-barrow and spade, provokingly left in the middle of the path. The *flexors* and *extensors* of his arms—particularly the *biceps flexor* of his sword arm—were tender and feeble;—and the *gluteus maximus*, *latissimus dorsi*, *triceps extensor cubiti*, and *intercostals*, felt the results of unnumbered contusions.

Pedestres, however, summoned up the affrighted man within him:—"Come, come," said he, "this will never do. Scared at a petticoat!—terrified, driven, made to run and scamper, helter-skelter, pell-mell, because I *fancied* there were two or three innocent damsels a little closer to me than I was aware of!—Oh po-po, I am ashamed of myself—I thought I had more wit, reason, and discretion—I have been a bit of a fool truly—and a large bit—'Il arrive quelquefois des accidens dans la vie, donc il faut être un peu *fou* pour se *bien* tirer'—this is consoling after the way in which I *cut off*—Come, Clavileno, we must go—but will make

only a short walk of it to-day, and proceed no further than Raglan—it is but eight or nine miles :—and there is a beautiful castle close to the village, so we can stay to rest, recruit, and admire. This little adventure I am determined shall not prevent my prying into castles in future.—There is something awful about ladies too, upon second thoughts.”

The Athenians branded with public execration, every person who refused to show the way to an inquiring stranger.

Had our adventure-seekers been inquiring for the Moss Cottage in Greece, and had the people served them such a trick there, as the modern Silures of the Wye were pleased to practise,—query, whether they would have escaped the just lashes which Solon would have assigned to them?—They did not refuse to show the way when questioned, it is true :—only they chose rather to show what road they pleased,—and not that which would rather have pleased Pedestres. This Athenian custom, from long duration and avowed value,

subsequently became connected with their religious rites; and finally, the nimble god Mercury was nominated to preside over all roads and paths. The veneration which all vagrants, run-abouts, and trampers paid to him, was great and universal; for we are expressly informed that he was their peculiar patron. Travellers also had their minor deities,—the *Lares Viales*—to whom they paid adoration previously to taking a journey.

It might be supposed, that after the success of the inquiry to find the Moss Cottage and Wind Cliff, which we hope the reader has not quite forgotten, that Pedestres would have been bashful and timorous of asking his way henceforth:—but no, not a whit. He found an ancient man in the road, and begged he would direct him towards Raglan to the best of his capability and knowledge of localities.

He pointed out a very delightful path through fields, pleasure-grounds, and other picturesque scenery:—and he moreover told his inquirer, that the way he suggested would

not only avoid a glaring and dusty turnpike road, but would also curtail the distance at least one mile and a half.

These directions held out several enticements, and although experience had taught Pedestres to be incredulous and suspicious, he determined to abide by them at all hazards. He would not allow, that because one man had wantonly played the villain—every other should do so likewise.—All Romans were not all Catilines.—

“ And some time afterwards he knew,  
That what the fellow said, was true.”

He arrived in Raglan about eight o'clock in the evening of the 24th of May, and thought that his director merited that he should e'en turn back again to Monmouth, in order to bestow a thousand thanks for the correct and minute particulars he had received. Every bush, tree, stile, gate-post, or large stone, which he had mentioned, answered description and place, exactly.



After a night's rest they repaired to the castle—the great attraction to this village. The stranger's eye is forcibly and pleasingly struck at the first glance on entering the gateway. The angular towers in front, moss-clad and greyed over by the hand of time, and partly concealed with the quantity of ivy that droops from their mouldering parapets, arrest the delighted and eager curiosity before any thing else :—

“ Look on this broken arch—its ruined wall—  
Its chambers desolate—its portals foul :—  
Yes, this was once Ambition's fairy hall.”

Time has got twenty hour-glasses—that is to say—he has some twenty time-measures :— and that which he calls his half-hour-glass, appeared to have told but five short minutes during the survey of ancient stone and mortar which Pedestres made on his arrival. At the death of this brief space, he bethought him of pencil and paper, and he came to a *sketchative anchor* in the tilt-yard, just opposite the citadel or yellow tower, and remained there quietly and

alone.—But the three ancient ladies, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos,—though perhaps more particularly the spinster Lachesis—came to the rational conclusion, that the exercise of soliloquy is wholesome only for a season; and therefore determined, that a break should be accomplished in this long yarn, which had lasted from the latter end of April to the 25th of May. Now, whether Lachesis had grown weary and idle at her spinning-wheel, and swore she would be d—d if she would spin any more *thread of soliloquy* (for we may suppose her able to make other threads besides the thread of life)—or whether, as she was diligently whizzing and grinding, Atropos seized her scissors, and thought fit just to snip that thread in twain,—it is difficult to say. But never mind:—they resolved to establish a gap or interregnum some how or other for the space of one day at all hazards.—With this arrangement, the petticoated Parcæ caused the entrance gate to open:—but, not, however, to open like the mouth of Tantalus—that is—*with a slip between*

*the cup and the lip*—but rather, like the mouth of Apicius Coelius,—in order to take in an abundance. Also, at the same instant, there extended an invisible power over Pedestres, which made him raise his head from his book, and turn his eyes over his right shoulder towards the scene of procession.

There entered a party of ladies and gentlemen, apparently come to lionize:—and mingled and interspersed amongst whom trotted several juvenile sprouts of humanity.

They all moved on for the grand or principal entrance, and were awhile lost to sight on attaining the pitched stone-court. Following them, like the priestesses, “Virgins of Attica,” and the Canephoræ, or bearers of the “*Mystic Baskets*,” parading through the procession round the frieze of the Parthenon, marched with stately step and slow, certain personages bearing the victims for sacrifice. These devoted victims were encased in spacious wicker hampers or baskets; and the event proved that the contents consisted of huge

masses of beef, grateful pasties, and numerous viands and confections. Add to this, a liberal number of bottles bursting with obstreperous porter;—and which, we will piously conclude, were intended as libations to the gods. Were to-day as eighteen hundred years ago, Pedestres and Clavileno would have trembled for their safety at the sight of the wicker cases. Cæsar says that the Druids immolated their victims penned up in frames of sticks:—and here was presented, a fearful counterpart. And if it happened at these ancient British solemnities, that the cases were not quite filled with the devoted, there was a scramble to catch the innocent lookers-on, to make up the deficiency. But those who led the van, wore not the appearance either of Druids, Faids, or Vates;—neither did the ladies look much like the *Senæ* or first class of Druidesses that Suetonius saw in Anglesea.

That risible attribute of Venus which stretches the lips from ear to ear, had vehemently inspired the principals of the assem-

blage, now lost among the recesses of the ruin ;—lost indeed to the eye, although the tympanum at times discovered them as the reverberations of oft-repeated peals found their way to the vicinity of the tilt-yard. By the consent of his nerves, the fruits of these heart-stirring sounds soon discovered themselves on the visage of Pedestres. For one month he had been a solitary vagabond *in orbe terrarum* :—alone in the midst of multitudes—having met neither friend nor acquaintance since his tergiversation from home—nor delighted in a more rational or edifying interchange of ideas, than such as had been afforded him by innkeepers, waiters, and chambermaids. His features, therefore, from piteous lack of being stirred into action by the bright looks of friends forsaken, gladly seized on the present moment in sympathy, to rescue them from a permanent torpidity, and an ironness of stoicism. There is perhaps a greater degree of sympathy in laughter than in any thing else. It is even difficult in the public streets, (however

provoking to make a fool of oneself) not to give way to a smile, if one meets—be it an utter stranger—who has a good-humoured grin playing on his countenance. Pedestres' risible muscles in this instance caught the infection, and he felt himself slightly yield.

The strangers had made a circuit of the building, and had passed through the grand terrace and bowling-green several times. As they went by, they looked at the sketcher—and he looked at them :—and their faces spoke, as plain as plain could be—“That is some poor solitary devil, apparently come here to sentimentalize.” That they said this within themselves, we will not question; for never were such words, verbatim, more manifestly and clearly depicted.

Once more they were again hidden within the ruins.—Some five minutes elapsed in silence, and the sketch finally being completed, Clavileno's lord was about to weigh anchor. But now, gentle reader, (as the phrase is) we are come to a critical point.—

Two of the gentlemen sallied out of the castle upon the green, and bent their steps towards the keep. By the language of their eyes and their feet, it was very certain that the errand on which they proceeded, tended directly to Pedestres and to no other (unless also to his squire). "My eye, what a go!" thought our hero, *inter se*, as they approached nearer at every pace:—"here come friends or foes by jingo—the end must of course be either fighting or playing.—What can it mean?—Clavileno, are you ready?—There's a bit of fun at hand—nothing hostile at all events."

One of the gentlemen addressed him—"You appear to be a solitary——"

"—— poor devil," inserted Pedestres. ——

"—— a solitary wanderer, seeking the picturesque and the romantic. We have a little refreshment in the banqueting-hall, at this moment ready for the sentence and slaughtering-hand of all those who may possess hearts as hard as those we possess ourselves

towards the victims of the festive board. Will you join our pic-nic, and courageously prove yourself as valiant against our prey, as a bold and sweeping example will encourage you?"

The vagabond was overcome with feelings obligatory and grateful; he thought it particularly kind and attentive in entire strangers to give him such an unlooked-for invitation; and more forcibly did the circumstance strike, as he had entertained hitherto, the most vivid sense of loneliness. He endeavoured to express his thanks to these courteous incogniti for their politeness;—and then with much delight he answered ——— ——— ———



## CHAPTER XXI.



WHAT did he answer?—A great deal depended on what he replied :—a *Yes* or a *No* would have made all the difference. The answer was an important one—so important, that it shall have a whole chapter to itself—and *nem. con.* let that chapter be—Chapter XXX

## CHAPTER XXII.

Cudgel thy brains, young man, and learn :—

Of woman take thy lesson, and be grateful.

The Welsh for bread and cheese?—Thy luncheon earn—

The Welsh for food?—And thou shalt have a plate-full.

SOMEBODY'S UNCLE.



ABERGAVENNY, by its 4000 inhabitants, is generally called *Abergany* ; and if we come to the *unde derivatur* of it, we shall have the following analysis,—*Aber*, in Welsh signifies (not that I know any thing about Welsh) a port, a confluence of water, or the mouth of a river, &c., and *Gavenny* is the name of a stream which falls into the Usk at this place. *Ergo* :—Aber-gavenny will be the situation

at which the Gavenny *disembogues* itself into some other water.—Understand?—

At the south end of the town are the ruins of the castle, which was originally built by William the Conqueror. Little remains of the former structure save the gate-house—but there is a modern *affair* standing within the area; but in behalf of which I will speak but small commendation, or for it's four *I-don't-know-what-to-call-'ems* at the corners. The town was fortified in the days of former ages; but of its once foe-defying gates, only the Tudor Gate remains. There is a free school founded by one Harry Octo—a Catholic chapel — and several meeting-houses. The church of St. Mary was once attached to a priory :— and has still, here and there, some remains of antiquity.

The country in the neighbourhood, is particularly striking and romantic :—mountainous, bold, and at the same time fertile. Skyrid Mawr, or St. Michael's Mount, rises to the elevation of 1498 feet above the level of the

sea ; and is beautifully wild, rent with fissures, and craggy. The Little Skyrid is 765 feet high ; and the Sugar Loaf—the most arresting—stands at 1852 feet from the surface of the ocean, and is visible from Bitcome Hill near Longleat in Wiltshire, and from the Stiper Stones in Shropshire. The Blorengie is a fine mountain, towering to the height of 1720 feet, and forms the north-east boundary of the valley of Avon Llwyd. Its sides are fertile in woods and fields, and from its summit is obtained a view at once grand and extensive.

Pedestres' road from Abergavenny to Pont-y-pool—the town towards the which he turned his toes in order to dive more towards the south coast of Wales—lay through the small villages of Llanellen, Rhyd-y-myrrch, and Mam-milad.

Pont-y-pool took its appellation from the circumstance of a person called Howel building a bridge near the place. *Pont*, signifies a bridge ; and the child of Howel very naturally obtained the name of its father, and was

consequently known as *Pont-ap-Howel*, or the bridge of Howel. The town is noted as being the first site in which a manufactory for the tinning of iron plate was established : and also for the making of japan ware, an invention introduced by Thomas Allgood, in the reign of Charles II. But Birmingham and other places have, like babes and sucklings, (fortunate simile !) very much sucked away the *milk of trade* from the nipple of mother Pont-y-pool.

An "inclined," or steep rail-road down the side of a mountain, for the purpose of letting coal-trains from the top by chains, strikes the eye of a stranger unaccustomed to such bituminous districts :—and a little further from the town, the citizen would be delighted by the sight of an artificial lake—extensive, varied in surrounding scenery, and Welshy in the extreme.

In this day's walk, Clavileno and his master passed the small river Rumney, and now found themselves actually in Wales. They

entered the county of Glamorgan, and from the thought of having migrated from one country to another, must needs fancy every thing new—every thing changed—and every thing wearing the feature of exotic nature. They stepped into Cromlin, a little village five miles from Pont-y-pool :—yet notwithstanding it may be insignificant in extent and population, verily, it holds no insignificant station in the scale of Pedestres' estimation. He considers it one of the most memorable places he visited throughout his tour ;—and with just reason—for within its precincts he received his first lesson in Welsh. And funny enough, he had not crossed the borders one hundred yards, and bid adieu to Old England, ere this signal intuition occurred.

Just at this identical spot, singled out from all other spots on the great surface of the globe, as he was walking, his gastric juice became more than ordinarily bold and supplicatory :—or, in other words, *he felt devilish hungry*. Could he find an inn anywhere to

allay his cravings? for an inn is the traveller's temple. An inn? No i'faith! A pot-house or beer-shop then? Probably he *might* have ferreted out such a desideratum: but he was heated and fatigued, and by no means disposed to expend more strength than necessary at that moment. He would have swerved a trifle out of the direct line to have fallen in with some respectable hostelry:—but no dirty beer-shop, thank ye. There presented itself a small huckster's shop, a sort of *omnium gatherum* warehouse, in which was blended, with the most chromatic intimacy, either bacon and sugar, eggs and red-herrings, bread, salt, cheese, butter, and hog's lard, or "*leather-breeches and treacle*." Into this blackguard place thrust himself Pedestres:—but he first gave a hasty glance around, *to see if any body were looking*.

A she-woman-sort-of-thing presided behind the counter, and served out bread, cheese, and butter:—for the plainer the fare the more palatable in such a granary.

Being aware that he was now really in Wales, he designedly introduced the topic of the Welsh language, among the principal on which he discoursed:—for not only had he been all eagerness to learn, ever since he took to tramping, but that very morning his ear had been tickled, and his brain tantalized, by the sound of a few unintelligible accents, unexpectedly bestowed by a passer on the king's highway. The lady was very communicative and voluble of tongue; and thus, amazing obstacles were pleasingly overcome. She told him in Welsh the names of every thing that the shop contained:—she called this thing *rusky-fusky*, and that *busky-busky*, and the other *tol-de-rol* something else. But Pedestres found, that as fast as she told him, so fast also he forgot. “Where's my pocket-book?” thought he, “I'll write it down.”

“By the man's manner,” he said, “I think his words must have meant ‘good morning’:—I could not catch one syllable; but by his address, he certainly intended it so.”



"Do you think," inquired she, "you should recognise the sounds again if you heard them?"

"That I know not; but if I still hear the vibration now in my head, as I fancy, the sentence began with an I-don't-know-what about a *boar*."

"Ah, then, they were *Boreu da y chwi*."

"The very words by Jingo!—But what were they?" for he had forgotten the instant after.

"*Boreu da y chwi*."

"*Borry*, what? you speak so fast—*borry dah*, something."

"*Bo-reu-da-y-chwi*,—you can't have it plainer than that." (Pronounced *Borry dah key*; the *y* slurred over, and the *chwi* guttural, and almost indescribable in writing.)

"*Borry dah key*,—said her scholar; "but how should I pronounce the last word? 'tis guttural."

"*Gutter*, sir?" replied she somewhat sharply, and apparently imagining he was taunting at

her Welsh:—"there is nothing about *gutter* in it."

He committed this to paper forthwith, lest it should speedily fly from its seat of empire on the "tablets of his memory." But to accomplish this was a harder task than he had at the onset estimated; for although his new mistress was able to *talk*, verily she could not *spell*. He then held up an amorphous hunch of bread, and asked her what that was in her lingo?

"*Barra, syr*," replied she. (The *a* pronounced as in French—*ah* :—making it *bahrah seer*, bread, sir.)

Down that went into the pocket-book, and our hero joyously came up to the scratch a third time. "And what do you call this?" showing her a lump of cheese that would have frightened a plough-boy.

"*Caws*," was the answer (*cah-oose*, or less deliberately, *couse*, like *house*).

He then pointed to the butter, and she told him "*ymenyn*" (*ee-mén-in*).

This was truly delightful ; and the school-boy began to conceive he had had sufficient for the initiatory dose : but ma'mselle puss of the feline tribe, jumped on the counter at that crisis, and turned over another page of his dialogue book. "What is the Welsh for that?" eagerly demanded he. "*Cath!*" cried she, enjoying the scene, and laughing with full satisfaction at her own powers and superiority.

Being thus armed, and a thorough warrior in his own conceit, he sallied forth from the shop, ten times more resolutely than the knight of La Mancha from the inn ; and with a sincere determination of displaying his own acquirements on the first being he should encounter.

He met a man—but Pedestres always likes to try his hand upon women, so he let him proceed unattacked. In a few minutes there hobbled along the road, a grandam of three score—and, as he said within himself—"This is the very thing!" She was cruelly old to

be sure, and there is very little poetry in the idea of old women:—but no matter—he addressed her antiquity with “*boreu da y chwi.*” She returned the compliment in the same words, and then was about to commence some lengthy *rigmarole* harangue, which totally terrified the adventurer; and he “*cut off*” from her presence, under the conviction, that the conversation was not likely to turn either upon bread and cheese, or cats.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

"Go to Caerfili."

WELSH PROVERB.

---

A FEW miles from Cromlin, No. 1 and No. 2 took up their station at a neat little inn at Newbridge, for the purpose of relaxing and relieving a long-continued spell of muscular action. In front of this Temple of Mercury runs a rail-road that comes down from the mining districts: and as No. 1 sat in a large hall, finishing a sketch, no less than thirteen trams or small waggons came down the said road, and there halted to bait. These tram-carriages contained a cargo consisting of

twenty-four Welsh women — purely Welsh. Their men's hats had a particularly amusing and attractive appearance to the unaccustomed eye:—and contrasted with a broad white lace frill, that encircled the face, the effect was doubly striking and conspicuous. They were neatly dressed and gay:—and it came out afterwards, that they were equipped for passing a holiday at some neighbouring fair. They all entered the inn—and oh, ye gods, what a clatteration ! It is worthy of remark, that the Welsh in all parts of the principality are fond of coming into a town on a fair or market-day, or the like, with clean shoes on (very laudable of course), and I have seen them walk miles from the country over rough and newly macadamised roads with their shoes slung over their shoulders, and when they arrive at the suburbs, then, and not till then, they will put them on. Owing to this, their feet have contracted a natural sole, as tough and hard in texture as a piece of horn. Shoe-leather they set at great price, it should thus

seem :—*woman's-leather* they hold at nought. These twenty-four ladies trotted into the apartment where our hero and his squire sat, pit-patting along the floor with bare feet and ancles, and carrying their shoes in their hands. They sat down without ceremony—chattered like new ones ; Babel was a joke to it—every body seemed to contend for the mastery both in talking and in laughing. No. 1 closed his sketch-book in despair—he was jostled and pushed about *mirum in modum* :—he was soon terrified at the treatment, and would have cried out for help and deliverance. He was unable to cope with the wiles of two dozen syrens, so he retreated into one corner, to the end that he might with safety overlook the Battle of the Tongues.

“ Oh, my sweet *Dulcinea del Sidmoutho* !” he exclaimed ; moved to an involuntary apostrophe, at finding himself jammed into a corner by the presence of twenty-four strange women. “ Oh, what wouldst thou think—how wouldst thou look—what wouldst thou say,

couldst thou but only take one little glance at thy faithful and loyal knight just at this moment!" There he sits, surrounded by danger imminent—by destruction almost inevitable. Who shall deliver him?—Confronted with more than a score of fair foes!—this we may well call *prelium iniquum*. Like all other devoted knights in trouble, he passionately called out upon his mistress—upon her for whom he had undertaken all his hardships—and with the great prototype of La Mancha before his eyes, to prove whose beauty peerless—whose virtue immaculate—and whose every quality without equal, he would contend through life, till the last moment of his existence were arrived: and then he would die with the words *Dulcinea del Sidmoutho* on his lips!

But he got out of the mess at last—for time, patience, and resignation, will, some period or other, assist us out of all our worldly afflictions. As he walked to Caerphilly, he was overtaken by a gentleman on horseback, who politely



introduced himself.—He was a clergyman—he lived in that neighbourhood—and his conversation enkindled much interest within his new acquaintance, for he knew Devonshire—he knew Tiverton School—and he knew several of Pedestres' old cronies in boyhood. They went over the castle together ere they parted, and this obliging knight of the surplice merits all praise and lasting gratitude for his extreme kindness and his disinterested attention then bestowed on a stranger. Whatever other people think of these little encounters—I care not. Perhaps they fancy them trivial, and unworthy of recollection :—perhaps they say there is nothing in the circumstance of one person introducing himself to another, and passing an hour or two in light conversation—and there an end. There may be little in it in some cases—but the same thing viewed in different lights, ceases to be the same. Whenever Pedestres received unlooked-for attention from a stranger, he always felt it afterwards. He was open perhaps to impressions—he was

alone you know. He received the image stamped at the time—we hope it still remains vivid.

Caerphilly Castle in the years of its splendour, occupied an extent of area surpassed only by one other in the kingdom:—that other is of Windsor.

But when was it built?—I don't know.—

One author says, “it was founded by the Romans.” Another says—“I'll be d——d if I believe that.” Another seconds the assertion, and adds, that “it was their Bullaum Silurum.” At all events, if they ever built a castle here, little or nothing of that edifice remains to us; for Rhys Tycan took and rased it in 1221. The Hon. Daines Barrington tells us the present fortress was erected by Edward I.—probably he is right. But the Leaning Tower is the thing—that's what we all go to look at. It stands between 70 and 80 feet high, and inclines out of the perpendicular more than eleven feet—prodigious!

If we further inquire—how came it in its

present wry position?—we have, also, conflicting opinions. It has been advanced, that the foundations on one side either failed or sunk, or otherwise gave way like the leaning tower of Pisa. But on the other hand (creditably the *right* hand) it is argued, “that Edward II. and the Spencers, when besieged here in 1326, constructed a *steam engine*, and blew it up.” A *steam engine*—ha!—What say ye to this, all ye who have contended for the honour of invention since Edward’s days?—What say you my Lord of Worcester?—and you Savary, how do ye like it?—and Newcomen and Watt, and all the rest of you?—But ’tis ineffectual.—

The besiegers in this memorable assault, were much annoyed by receiving on their heads and shoulders from the battlements vast showers of molten lead. “We don’t like it,” said they, “’tis devilish hot stuff.” The castle was long and bravely defended; but during the threatening crisis of a bold assault, the heated metal, either from accident or design, was

suffered to run out of the furnaces. When in that fiery state, water from the moat was thrown upon it. Oh sad inadvertence!—Slap!—dash!—buzz!—fizz!—they had unwittingly constructed a powerful steam engine—away goes the tower—crash!—rush!—rumble!—jumble!—BANG!!

## CHAPTER XXIV.

The rocking-stone on the common nods  
That was raised by Druids to the praise of their gods.  
P. O. H.

---

Now let us begin a new Chapter, for a blow-up—or blow-down as it proved—is a very good place for concluding an old one.—Any great event will serve.

We have seen Pedestres at Newbridge—a New-bridge—there, where four-and-twenty women set upon him—and where he so passionately called on his peerless *Dulcinea del Sidmoutho* for comfort and fortitude:—but he is now at another Newbridge, gazing with delighted eyes on the famous Pont-y-pridd.

This bridge consists of one single arch, 140 feet span, and 34 feet from the springing to the key-stone. William Edwards, in 1746, undertook to build a bridge over the Taaf, at the expense of the county; and to ensure its standing seven years:—but it was soon swept away by a flood. He then raised another; but the weight of the haunches was so preponderant over the lightness of the crown of the arch, that the key-stone burst upwards, and then, the whole came down with a run. The architect was a common working mason, entirely self-taught; possessing however a rich mine of innate talent. Nothing daunted at what had happened, he cried, “Slips, my boys—we’ll go that ere over again.” In 1755, he completed his third structure—and that same which now spans the river. The road that passes over it is extremely steep; and to the end that horses may find possibilities to climb up its rising side, the pavement is cut in small steps, like that in Holborn Hill, &c. A gentleman and’ lady in a gig proceeding that

way, arrived at its foot: but when they cast their astounded eyes towards it, they prudently alighted, and thought it best to lead the horse up Jacob's ladder. Three laden donkeys passed soon after, and *zig-zaged* over, as the only means of effecting their purpose. Lastly, and in their steps, came two others, called Pedestres and Clavileno;—they admired a fine view from the key-stone, and then prolonged their day's ramble by ascending the hill directly before them, to find a rocking-stone which the villagers said might be seen there. The top of the hill is tolerably level to a considerable extent:—they traversed it in one direction—then in another—but failed in discovering the object of their search. After examining the bases of several large masses of rock that lay scattered over the wild heath,—and after many failures in succeeding,—the buoyant encourager Hope, was gradually yielding its seat of possession to the less pleasing tenancy of Despair. At this unhappy juncture, a figure appeared afar off on the hill. “Will your

honour let me make inquiry of that man?" said Clavileno to his master. "Well thought of, and a good 'n'!" he replied, as he hastily turned his steps that way. There was an unlooked-for difficulty here though:—this son of Britain knew not a word of English—and what did his interrogator know of Welsh? "*Dim Saesneg*," (*i. e.* no Saxon: *i. e.* no English: *i. e.* I can't understand English,) *Dim Saesneg*, was all he could get out of him—those eternal words which will put every traveller into a passion twenty times a day. "Where is the rocking-stone?" "*Dim Saesneg*." "Is it not somewhere on this hill?"—" *Dim Saesneg*."—"In which direction does it lie?"—" *Dim Saesneg*."—"The d——l!—Will you go to h——ll and be d——d?" "*Dim Saesneg*."—"But I'll have you my man after all," said Pedestres within himself: "If the language of England wont do, I must e'en try another—the language of signs!" He stooped down and picked up a stone about as large as an orange—he held it in his right hand, and then poised it on the end of the fore finger of his



left. The Welshman looked at him—looked at the stone—then at Pedestres—then at the stone again.—’Twas no go.—He understood not. Clavileno whispered, “Rock it on your finger’s end, Sir.”—That will do by Jingo!—The man winked one eye, twitched his head knowingly towards his right shoulder, and put on the smile of intelligence. Without another word, he turned round and pointed to a dark gray object on the heath, distant it may be some four hundred yards. This proved to be the very thing.—It is a pity that so many rushes and weeds have grown round its base, and that no one lives in the neighbourhood who will take the trouble to clear them away, and make it vibrate as easily and freely as it once did. It does not stand high above the ground on a pedestal: but on a flat rock, even with the surface. The form of this interesting relic of Druidical craft, is somewhat that of a semi-sphere, measuring perhaps ten feet in diameter. It rests on the globular side, with the flat section upwards: and on this upper surface lies another stone *detached*—thus

making *two stones*. Tradition declares that formerly it was only *one stone*; but that time has been picking and stealing away a soft stratum that ran through it, leaving the harder masses untouched, and resting one on the other. Whether tradition speaks true in this, it is difficult to say.—But we never recollect hearing of another instance of a stone of the kind, existing either in this country or any other, that was originally designed and made of two separate pieces. Had the thing rested on a very fine point, and been poised with great delicacy, and thus been easy of vibration, we should have at once discarded the hypothesis slap dash. Because, supposing it had been one stone a thousand years ago, and in perfect equilibrium then; the loss of many pounds of earth eaten away by time, must, rationally throw it out of that nice adjustment. For, it would be too much to imagine, that it had been taken away so equally all round the centre of gravity, as still to leave the block in so perfect a balance as it originally existed. But, as we said before, it is very much choked

with weeds and rubbish. A large tuft of rushes springs up close under it on one side; and everywhere else there appears to be a great accumulation of dust and drifted sand. It is hard to say, therefore, whether it would be really well poised or not now, supposing all that obstruction were cleared away. Pedestres was very sorry he had no tools with him, that would have enabled him to ascertain this obscurity. Certain it is, we cannot declare it to be in delicate equiponderance as we now find it; but we know not whether to refer the cause to the weeds, or to the action of time. We are unable to set it in motion by one finger, as we are told the Druids were capable of doing, when in their religious ceremonies, they employed these mysterious agencies to impose upon the superstitions of the people. As a proof that a slight touch will not throw it over, we may as well add, that Pedestres *got on top of it*. His weight depressed it on one side of course; but he shifted his position when on it, until he placed himself exactly over the centre of gravity: and then, by

inclining from one direction to the other, he succeeded in getting a glorious sort of "*ride a cock horse*."

The day following he passed through the small town of Llantrissant, or the "Church with Three Saints," as its derivation seems to declare, and took a survey of the last vestiges of a quick-departing castle. The place occupies a station on one of the hills that bound the vale of Glamorgan; and contains about 2800 inhabitants.—Lead ore abounds much in this district.—

He took in Cowbridge in his way to Bridgend—not that Cowbridge held out much attraction—but he went there simply *because he did*, (as the ladies would say): just *because he chose*, without any particular motive. This, as all the world knows, is "a lady's reason;" and we chose to adopt it here, out of the pure spirit of chivalry, thinking that swains can never do better than copy the fair examples set forth to them by their lady-loves.

Before arriving in Bridgend, Pedestres

very nearly committed a most horrible murder—don't be alarmed—but he put five lives in jeopardy, ere he had reflected that that most unsentimental of all operations, namely, *hanging*, is the fruit of life destroyed. As he was climbing over a hedge with some petrifications in his pocket, which he had grubbed up in a quarry, he unwittingly put Clavileno's one leg right into the middle of a lark's nest, containing a juvenile family of five. All the open-mouthed heads were thrust up in an instant; and the lank and skinny necks seemed to spring out of one mass of flesh, like the necks of the Hydra out of one body. Let John Clare describe it:

“ Well! in many walks I've rarely found  
A place less likely for a bird to form  
Its nest.—Close by the rut-galled waggon road,  
And on the almost bare foot-trodden ground,  
With scarce a clump of grass to keep it warm;  
Where not a thistle spreads its spears abroad,  
Or prickly bush, to shield it from harm's way;  
And yet so saugly made, that none may spy  
It out, save peradventure—”

“ Peradventure” indeed — but that perad-

venture very nearly brought a verdict of murder, or at any rate, of *bird-slaughter*, upon the unwary and innocent.

It has been mentioned, that the vagabonds had been shaping their devious course towards Bridgend, ever since they crossed the Severn, and entered Chepstow. They passed a very delightful week here—a week of idleness and amusement. Oh thou spirit of “glorious idleness,” there is something sweet in innocently courting thee! They went to see a few of the attractions of the vicinity during their stay; and would willingly have lingered longer—but there was a thousand miles before them.

Ogmore Castle is distant from Bridgend some two miles, and stands on the river of the same name. Nothing now remains but the walls of the keep—and those much gone to decay. This ruin lays claim to great antiquity, for Caradoc mentions it as having existed in the time of William Rufus. Maurice de Londres, lord of Ogmore Castle, founded Ewenny Priory, another relic, near Bridgend, about

the year 1140 :—but the church, which stands close to it, is as ancient as Ogmores Castle. When Clavileno saw the church-yard at Ewenny, he fancied he was entering a flower garden. The Welsh are extremely fond of planting the graves of deceased relatives ; and the effect to the unaccustomed eye, is peculiarly pleasing and grateful.

The reader has already seen Sir Vagabond learn his first lesson in the Welsh language at Cromlin ; and moreover apply it, by saluting an ancient lady on the road by the phrase, “ *Boreu da y chwi* ”—but this was all by word of mouth. At Bridgend he began to form his library—he got a dictionary, and a dialogue-book—and thus armed, he went to work boldly, and with much encouragement. For many reasons, he generally studied as he walked ; and he had not traversed more than a dozen miles, ere he made a dashing stroke in the sphere of his new element. We will see presently.

## CHAPTER XXV.

“———— Thy tongue  
Makes Welsh as sweet, as ditties highly penned,  
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,  
With ravishing division.”

FIRST PART OF HENRY IV.

---

”**T**WOULD have cheered the aching heart of Niobe herself, to have cast her streaming eyes on Pedestres—pacing the turnpike road—knapsack on his back—Clavileno in one hand—dialogue-book in the other—and a few trite, needful, yet jaw-breaking sentences, stumbling over his awkward tongue, like pilgrims writhing along with *unboiled* peas in their shoes. He generally learnt his lessons as he went:—



in the first place—it served to beguile the length of an uninteresting mile:—in the second—it was a valuable gain of time:—in the third—it was the eve of theory, for the morn of practice:—and in the fourth—he could roar as loud as he liked, to attain the pronunciation, without so much fear of scaring the natives, as roaring in doors was likely to do. Thus he iterated and re-iterated several passages which an ancient lady at Margam had with much prosodiacal brilliancy, instructed him to combat. He had tolerably got by heart, two or three apt phrases *culled from out his book*, and selected from hundreds of others, as Eve was wont to cull choice flowers from blossoming hundreds in Eden. But during this season of probation, should he meet with a syllable, the accent or quantity of which he ignored, he would arrest some peaceable passer to show him his book—*digito monstrare*, the difficulty—and thus probably obtain a happy elucidation to the obscurity of his ignorance. This was the case in matters of single words, fractions

of words, or letters :—but to display his new acquirements in any thing so formidable as a chain of words, however short, was far—very far, beyond the capacity of his courage to attempt. Two or three sentences he felt master of; and in truth he ought,—for he had said them over and over and *over* again, not merely to himself, but also to the birds, trees, and bushes of the country through which he had wandered for many days. He longed to apply them, but he dreaded the encounter :—as many a swain to many a fair one has longed to say, that which valour alone could assist him through. When he saw anybody at a distance approaching, he hastily repeated his jargon within himself, firmly declaring that he would try one little phrase, just to see whether he should be understood :—for what was theory without practice ?—and how delightful to be understood in Welsh ! He felt all audacity and confidence, until his antagonist was within ten paces of him :—and then, at every succeeding step in advance, one-tenth part of his

assurance dribbled away and evaporated, he knew not how ; so that when he found himself, like a New Zealander making love, *nose to nose*, his courage had vanished like steam in a condenser. In this manner he had let twenty persons pass unassailed ; and by that time he felt utterly ashamed of his cowardice. He now perceived an old woman coming directly towards him. I have before said, that he was fond of trying his hand upon women :—and as it so fell out, they were generally old ones. But no matter—on she came, precisely as Milton tells us Eve approached Adam at their first meeting.

“ Grace was in her step ; heaven in her eye ;  
In every gesture, dignity and love.  
*He, overjoyed, could not forbear aloud.*”

“ *Beth yw enw y pentref hwn?*—what is the name of this village ?”—shouted he. “ Ay ? Eh ?” instantly said the old she in answer. “ The devil !” thought he, in his turn, “ now I have to say it all over again.”

Wæther, in this *coup d'essai*, in endeavour-

ing to articulate *quite* Welshy, he really spoke *too fluently*—or whether he was hurried *et mangeait les syllabes*—or indeed, whether the addressed was a little deaf, (and which looked suspicious)—we will not positively decide—for we should gain nothing if we did. She looked very hard at him—a searching look which almost dispelled his fortitude—and then uttered, “Ay? Eh?” demanding a repetition of the whole sentence. Let me see—one, two, three, four, five, ah, *six* words—six horribly difficult words to repeat over again!—it was appalling. Although he was asking the name of the village Tybach—a name he knew as well as herself—he was not speaking for information on that point; but speaking to try his powers on the delivery of a few strange sounds, and to prove the strength of his jaws. So he at her again. “*Beth yw enw y pentref hwn?*” (pron. *Baith you aynoo e* [like *e* in *le*] *pentrave hoon?*) at the same time pointing towards the houses with Clavileno, that “the action” might supply any defici-

ency in "the word." However *jargonic* such a strain might drum on the tympanum of a Saxon—as, in sooth it did—praised be the gods and goddesses of speech, it was not so on that of a Briton. He was delighted past description, that he had not studied her language in vain.—She perfectly comprehended him.

It is very easy to learn to speak with tolerable *unbunglingness* in a foreign tongue :—much easier than to learn to understand others talk in that tongue. And the persons who appear (to strangers) to handle the language so as to be the least intelligible and clear, are *the natives themselves*. They seem to speak so *fast*. But they all say the same thing of us—*we speak English so fast*. The reason is, the uninitiated ear, is unable to catch the sounds as they are uttered by the speaker :—not uttered too quickly—but uttered freely and fluently.

He had thoughtlessly ventured to ask a question in a language he knew nothing of ;—*that* was formidable enough :—but he had

not previously calculated, that he must of course get an answer in that *same language*. It was an oversight—or, it was making an onset, without having provided weapons for a defence. Finding himself in this dilemma—having provoked the enemy (“the fair enemy” as Scott says,) to assail him in person—and having thrown himself thus open to a volley without the smallest resources, or without a shield to protect him—’twere no wonder should his fortitude take a hasty flight. It was just on the point of eloping,—and he, just on the point of eloping after it. He endeavoured to chide his “faint heart.”—“What should I fear?” he asked his inward self; “I have got into a mess I own; but I must e’en now get out as I can. Courage, boy!—P. O. H! nonsense!—I wont H.O.P. O.P.H. (hop off)—hang me if I do!”—But he had no time to reason, for she commenced hostilities.—As the question put to her, was simply, what was the name of the village?—*Tybach* (the name) would have been quite answer sufficient. But,

no, my reader, *no*. He had attacked the wrong sex for a single word :—and he now suffered for meddling with a petticoat. “ *Non si pyo aver la rosa senza l’epine :* ”—’tis a sad thing ! She pulled her trigger of speech, and let drive a running fire upon him with the most merciless perseverance ; and if her gender had been any other gender but what he supposes it was, (*supposes*, for he doesn’t *know*) he would verily have imagined that some Fieschi had been aiming an infernal machine at him. He received about twenty shots bravely like an Englishman, and then he could stand out no longer :—his courage was killed—his purposes blasted—(I’m *blast* if they weren’t !)—and his weak fortifications dissipated and shattered to nothing. He took to his heels, and cut off as hard as ever he could tear, leaving the old woman alone in the road, and enveloped in unutterable astonishment.—

## CHAPTER XXVI.

*Martin.* Can I have a bed?

*George.* No, sir! I know a bed *only* by hearsay: in our lodging there is but straw.

*Martin.* It will serve.——'

SCOTT'S GOETZ OF BERLICHINGEN.

---

NEATH was the next place of any importance—and the next that may lay claim to one or two passing observations.

It is not a handsome town—not regularly built—not adorned with much attractive architecture:—but we should not judge by externals.—It contains 4000 people—has a good church—a town hall—and the poetic *remains of the remains* of a castle. This latter is said to have been rebuilt by Richard de Granville



in 1094—and from him are descended, Granville, Duke of Buckingham—Granville, Marquis of Bath—and Lord Granville.

The Neath Canal runs up the valley for about twelve miles, among districts rich in limestone, coals, and iron-ore. Blast-furnaces, foundries, and copper-works lie in smoking multitudes around the town; and extensive coal-mines abound also in the neighbourhood. The ruins of the abbey are perhaps the great attraction; and they will at any time repay the length of an extended walk by the gratification of looking them over. The building was founded by Richard de Granville and Constance his wife, for Cistercians, and endowed by them with funds and tracts of land. We are told that it contained only eight monks at the dissolution: and sharing the fate of all other edifices of the like kind in that day, it has since gradually gone to decay. It is celebrated as being the place in which the closely beset and ill-used Edward II. concealed himself in 1326, when he endeavoured to escape to

Ireland:—but the contrary winds shutting him in so closely, he was prevented from accomplishing his purpose; and he was finally taken, and conveyed to Kenilworth Castle.

There are two waterfalls not far distant, well worth a visit:—one at Aberdylais on the west side of the Vale of Neath—and the other, some five miles off at the village of Melincourt, formed by the river Cleddau. The country in their vicinity is extremely romantic, and clothed with every variety of foliage and natural beauty:—'tis enough to say, they lie in the Vale of Neath.————

Having *walked* fourteen miles as the crow *flies* (in distance, not direction), and over and above, having loitered and stood on their legs from early dawn till nine o'clock in the evening, when Glorious Apollo was diving down to his bed through western splendour, Pedestres and Clavileno found themselves on the road about two miles beyond Neath on the Swansea road, heated and tired.

"I should like to put up for the night," observed the master to his constant companion; "what say you, Clavileno, shall we look out for a nest?"

"I' faith," answered the squire (or might have answered), "I am in your hands (hand)—your *right-hand* man, and will be wholly led (carried) by your honour. But as you kindly inquire my inclination, I unhesitatingly say, that a ten or twelve hours' rest would be thoroughly welcome: for I have not only got a *coup-de-soleil* by the effects of the scorching rays of the day, but so much walking has been the means of producing one of those vulgar and painful things called a *corn*."

"Come then," continued the other with compassion, "we will have our eyes about us and see what we can find. Yonder swings a sign mounted high on a pole, though it wears not the garb of aristocracy:—but let us reconnoitre."

Very aristocratic it turned out to be, upon my word! A beer-shop forsooth—a beer-shop

of the most plebeian impress—bah!—Full of tobacco and hops—bah!—They shook their heads.

They did not like to walk more than two miles back to Neath for an inn, because it would have been *four* miles lost, as they must have passed over the same steps the next morning, being bound for Swansea. They considered they had miles enough before them ere they should have completed their tour through Wales, without wasting distance in passing and repassing along the same track. And to push on for Swansea that night, was a plan uncomely and objectionable in its aspect, not only because the pilgrims were earnestly sighing for a respite, but also offensive, as the approaching night was stepping close on the heels of the waning day. However, at this said beer-fountain and shag-fumatory, they told him, there was a very comfortable "*inn*" not distant more than a mile:—and there, they affirmed, he could procure ample accommodation. On he therefore went, somewhat encou-

raged, and soon found the place he desired :— he entered—a what?—an “*Inn?*” as he had been told.—No.—But it was far better than the last ; and he being now still more tired than before, put up with a *pis-aller*, as Jack on a lee-shore runs into “any port in a storm.”

It appears rational to conjecture, that “the nimble god Mercury,” the patron of travellers, and Pedestres’ *Lares viales*, had entered into some scheme or sinister design against him, to the discomfiture of this ungentle afternoon :— for he found a repulse also in this second endeavour. The landlady very politely and regrettingly told him that she had not a bed for him in her house—not *one* bed unoccupied. Her suitor said he had been on his legs all day in the heat of the sun—had walked many miles—had fagged across the country to her as a last resource—and now as he sat in the chair, he not only *would* not move thence—but he’d be hanged if he *could*. Seeing her customer thus resolute, she turned half round from him—cast her eyes fixedly on the floor—

bent her head a little forward—and put the fore finger of her left hand (she had a bunch of keys in her right) upon the centre of her left eyebrow. Having stood in this thinking attitude for the endurance of one half minute, she suddenly tossed her nose towards the ceiling, made a *pirouette à la* pegtop, and brought herself face to face with her guest. “Now I’ve got my wits about me,” she said, still musing——

“I thought women had their wits always about them,” said he, interrupting her——

“I don’t know, sir, I’m sure about that,” she continued, smiling; “but now I remember myself——”

“Do you forget yourself sometimes?”——

“Poh, nonsense, sir! but I’ve a friend near who I know can give you a very nice bed if you like; very neat and comfortable, and just as you could wish in every thing. She is a very decent young woman.——”

As soon as Pedestres heard the last words, he first turned as white as a sheet, and then

as red as crimson. The landlady felt interrupted by his sudden changes, and perceiving she had a sensitive creature to deal with, went on more cautiously. "She lets very decent lodgings to gentlemen: and whenever I am unable to find room here, I can always recommend travellers to her house. Shall I go and speak to her, sir?"

"Certainly—by all means—you see how I am circumstanced."

Off she went with the light steps of a second Diana: and some ten minutes elapsed ere she reappeared to present herself again and tell her tale. The god of wayfarers and his confederates were still hostile and opposing, and our suitor could in no wise ingratiate himself with the ladies. The hostess signified that her friend could not find it convenient to accommodate him—she did not exactly know whether she could spare a room that night—and she did not think—she thought at least—or perhaps, another time—or if he did not mind walking a little way off — &c. —

By her shuffling and hesitating manner, Pedestres very soon perceived that something lay behind the scenes, not, it should seem, willingly intended for his eyes to look on. There was the greatest good humour in the apology:—a strong effort to be perfectly civil; yet, at the same time, a vain attempt to garnish and gloss over, what she felt must show itself as an uncivil thing. Her friend wished to be excused, it was plain:—and it was equally plain, that there was no stanch reason *wherefore*.

Reading that which was before him in so clear a type, he anticipated her, and said he was aware there was a difficulty some-where and some-how—one which he was not to know—although one which he was determined to come at, since his curiosity was enkindled. She eventually yielded; and then explained the obstacle. It was simply—*he could not speak Welsh!*

At this mighty avowal, Pedestres raised his eyebrows up to the crown of his head. “Lock-a-daisy! and is this all?”



"Why, sir, the thing is this.—She is a Welsh woman born and bred—speaks her own language—knows not one word of English—and never had an Englishman in her house."

"And therefore she is afraid of Englishmen, I suppose you would add?"

"I don't say she is *afraid* of Englishmen, but——"

"But she would sooner shut the rogues outside than in?"

"I didn't say that, sir.—She is neither afraid of them, nor does she think them rogues: but being strangers to her, and not knowing how to speak to them, she feels awkward——"

"I'll tell you what it is.—This is all a piece of frivolous nonsense—a prejudice—an unfounded fancy of her own—and a fear which it is high time should be conquered."

"I think there is no occasion for it, sir," said the hostess significantly.

"No, I hope not indeed,—in short, *I'm sure*

*of it.* Go and fetch this squeamish daughter of Britain—let me have a look at her—let her have a look at me—and if we may not find the means of talking ourselves into friendship, mayhap we shall be able to simper and smile at each other—and that will serve equally well.”

She again went off—and again returned. She brought with her the third party, a thoroughly Welsh figure: shortish in stature, firm and strong-made, ruddy and healthy looking, dark hair and eyes, and the complexion of a brunette. She had one of the best-tempered expressions of countenance imaginable:—and there played on it a smile of diffidence and conscious awkwardness at the idea of a personal audience, after what had passed in hard-fought treaty. A strange interview this turned out to be:—they were brought together—confronted—and thus submitted to reciprocal inspection and scrutiny. The landlady could have acted as interpreter, *but the parties had nothing to say.* All their

arrangements had been made before they had met. They both spontaneously burst into a hearty laugh :—and this laugh, like the most powerful flash of magic, instantaneously banished every shadow of difficulty or objection.

The next thing was, to find the mansion : and to this end, manhood in distress quietly resigned itself up to the sceptre of gynecocracy, and followed the ladies across the country—through by-lanes, path-fields, and numerous other lengthy tracks, intricate and devious. When they arrived, oh ye gods, what a place !—a low, hovel-like, pig-sty of a cottage, leaning all on one side, ready to tumble down :—casement windows, not so large as the eye of Polypheme ; so near the ground even in the upper rooms, as to be almost *look-in-at-able* ; and the deep, overhanging, thatched eaves, knitted their brows over the pcep-holes, with a most threatening frown. They entered, however :—and there sat by the fire, pipe in mouth like Sir Walter Raleigh, the other half of

Pedestres' new hostess. It was intimated that he was able to speak English; and it should seem that this was the principal hinge on which had turned the success of the adventurer. But when Clavileno tried him in his own Sidmouthian tongue, he found that the one knew just about as much of English, as the other of Welsh. And so, it may be conjectured, they got on pretty well.

The unfortunate wight forthwith inquired for his bed-room, not much liking the aspect of what he already looked round upon:—it was soon ready—and he soon made for it. He had not far to go—some six paces, may be—into the adjoining room—no—adjoining pig-sty. On being informed that he stood in his dormitory, he was going to shut the door—privacy demanded it. “You must not lock yourself in, sir,” said the hostess of the inn, “for the people of the house must come this way to go to their beds: and you must please not to put the candle out, or keep it longer than necessary, because they have no other,

and they want it as soon as you can spare it." To this he answered not a word :—but he could have wept had he been a woman. "And is this my lot?"—he inwardly communed—"Is it my sad lot to be turned into such a vile hut as this? I, who a night or two ago, have lodged like a prince in comparison? I, who have known better days? I, who never thought of coming to this? But it must e'en be," he added with a sigh. "Life is full of ups and downs, I have often been told : and now I find it is so. I could almost make a determination to leave such a place and sleep in the open fields :—the night is fine and the weather warm—shall I? It will be day-light again between three and four o'clock. I could almost do it.—If I were to set off for Swansea, I should not get there until too late to obtain admittance into any house—and there is a ferry to cross—I could not do that at night. Oh dear me!—I suppose, then, I must after all make up my mind to remain where I am. Well, then, let's see about going to bed. I was to make

haste—not put out the candle—not keep it long. The devil take such tutoring.”

He had been told, that his host and hostess must pass through his room to go to theirs ; and his curiosity had been much excited after such an announcement, as he neither saw door leading to another apartment, nor staircase to any room over head. He cast his eyes on all quarters that he might satisfy this feeling of inquiry : but not succeeding, his inquisitive faculties were thereby stirred to a greater activity, rather than lulled into quietude. He took the liberty of looking behind several things that hung against the wall, under the persuasion that a staircase of a piece with the edifice, might easily rest in concealment. But he could discover nothing—no opening—no doorway—no steps—no stairs—no clue to the mystery. And this did not come to light until half an hour after he had been in the dark.

The room was the most strange and heterogeneous depository of opposites, that it is pos-

sible to picture. It appeared to be at once the store-room, the ware-house, and the lumber-closet. Large sides of salted pork were nailed up to dry on pegs, alternated with *calves' stomachs* for rennet to make curds—a basket hung from the ceiling; as also, a prodigious bunch of *bullocks' bladders*:—and these and Pedestres' head, were continually at war. A rickety table on one side was covered with cheeses, odd cups, saucers, and plates: and some spacious brown earthenware pans containing a quantity of cold boiled potatoes, might have tempted a mind more at ease. There was a large washing tub in one corner, full of soap-suds and dirty water: and in another, some old wooden trestles, apparently used for sawing timber on, or else for supporting the said washing tubs. Great was the congeries in every direction, of empty pitchers, smoked saucepans, basins of sour butter-milk, and articles of old clothing. It was possible to stand still in the midst of all this; but very difficult to move.

As there was no water provided for him to wash with in the morning, he applied to his host and hostess, and made them understand his innuendo. They seemed a little astonished at his luxurious habits:—they thought forsooth “*he would wash himself at the brook!*” To this, however, he objected:—he had not been *accustomed* to do so, and he would rather put off the evil day as far as possible. They then brought in a small white basin containing perchance one half-pint of water, a three-inch cube of coarse brown soap, and a square yard of *canvass*. And all these were laid on the top of *an empty cask stood on end*.

The candle had by this time been burning so long, that it wanted snuffing—there were no snuffers—no matter—we only meant to say that the fungus on the wick reminded him that he must be stirring and disrobing himself. For his *pro tem*. discarded habiliments, there was provided by the bed-side, an old chair without a back, and standing



only on three legs. He threw his clothes on this as he took them off:—but when he came to denuded feet, he thought the floor felt extremely cold and damp. He looked down to examine that which before had escaped his notice: and the fact was manifest, that the floor was nothing but beaten earth. In justice to master and missus though, be it observed, that their consideration had placed near the chair for the clothes, *the flat top or seat of a three-legged stool, for him to put his naked feet upon when he turned out of bed in the morning.*

Now, my readers, we are coming to a critical moment.—Pedestres was undressed—all but one garment—we need not mention the name thereof—excuse us:—but he had only this one garment on, for he was just going to turn in. The cut of such a garment is always very short—and moreover, the wearer, being alone, perhaps was not over scrupulous as to its very decorous adjustment. But be that as it may, he was sitting quietly employed in

buttoning the wristbands of the sleeves of this said article of dress (or undress). The lady without, not hearing him move, must have supposed him snugly deposited for the night; and under that idea, bethought her of fetching the candle. She put her thumb on the latch—lifted it—opened the door, and hastily stepped in. She cast a bewildering glance at her guest—started—and uttered a sudden scream. The door was so close to him, that although she entered but one or two paces, still with her hand on the latch, three feet separated them not. She screamed, and hopped as if she had been electrified; and darted back again with the swiftness of a flash of lightning that instantaneously changes its direction.\* But she saw——— nonsense, it can't be expressed :—Eve at the fountain was nothing to this—not to be compared to it. Glycerium's *exposé* cannot come near it at all :—and Daphne's was a trifle—

\* This anecdote is literally true;—and therefore I hope I may be pardoned for relating it.

a joke quite. They won't bear naming in the same sentence any of them.—And my eye, how the woman did give tongue!

Let us go on.—

We have endeavoured to suit the word to the action; but perhaps in this instance, we have censurably o'erstepped the modesty of nature. If so, let us weep awhile—then dry our eyes—and afterwards, with all speed on the road to oblivion, put our *infortuné* into the arms of Morpheus.

He got into a four-post bedstead, so rickety that every turn seemed to threaten a downfall. It was garnished with curtains of chintz or printed calico, or something of that sort—but being no house-keeper, I know not what it was—worn so thin by the abrasion of time, that they presented a veil as airy and transparent as gauze. There was a *brown* sheet to lie upon, wove in all credence in the same loom with the towel: it was like a sieve to look at; only, instead of being composed of interdarned wire, the fabric was rope, or

twine of a larger growth. A thread-bare blanket of a harmonizing hue, rested on our hero; and over this, was laid a patch-work counterpane. What the mattress was stuffed with, a strained imagination could scarcely conjecture: but if the sense of feeling, and the spotted indentations, impressed on recumbent limbs speak veraciously, it was in certain sooth, filled either with potatoes, or rounded pebbles. Shakspeare says, that, in some circumstances, a man can "*snore upon a flint*:" and Pedestres in sadness now believed, that the hour had arrived, when he must indeed make the attempt to do so. The pillow was a bag, like the rest of the garniture made of *hemp wicker-work*: and it was crammed with *chaff*. (*Probatum est.*) This chaff was extremely hard to the head:—it was, as it were, heavy or dead, and unyielding like a lump of clay. He soon found that such a Jacob-like pillow proved peculiarly painful to his ear; and to obtain comfort (less pain,

rather) he applied the ends of his fingers with much assiduity to the surface of the bag, and dispersed the chaff so as to make a little pit or hollow. Into this he put his tingling ear, and the weight of his (thick) head rested on the circular margin of the indentation. He had hoped, now to have been quiet. But no—there was a kind of perpetual motion playing round him during the whole night. The unavoidable action of breathing, caused these villanous husks of chaff to keep up an unceasing rustle close to his tympanum; and created a sound like that made by wading through a forest in autumn, knee-deep in dead leaves.

The candle was yet burning—the snuff very long—and affairs were by this time duly arranged and settled. The lady thought she might make a second attempt: she came to the door—opened it—*looked before she leaped*—saw every thing safe—and made bold to enter.—She turned her head away with a

bashful air—hastened across the floor—(she nearly ran foul of the *bullocks' bladders* and *calves' stomachs*)—seized the light—and retired with equal speed.

In about one short quarter of an hour, the spirit of closed eyes approached with friendly purposes; and fully intended to have put her seal on her victim's lids, and steep his senses in forgetfulness, as Thetis steeped her boy in cold water. But at that very unpropitious epocha, there arose from the kitchen without, a most piercing and skull-splitting peal of juvenile screaming that ever agitated the atmosphere of this world. The mother was washing her baby: but the baby liked it not, and so it tapped its frothing anger through the spigot of its throttle. It was not the cry of distress or real suffering; but rather that of enfranchised petulance and rage. When this had ceased, and had conceded its empire to the sedate Angerona, the sleep-infusing spirit courted a second endeavour, *but* ———— (hang these *buts*—there is no dreaming for them)

but she was again scared from him that was about to snore upon a (hundred) flint (s). This time master and missus wanted supper; and to that end, they made a beginning by frizzling a quantity of bacon. The noise occasioned in the process, found easy access through a badly boarded partition: and not only the noise, but also a condensed volume of the abominable smell. It would seem, that they had put a frying-pan on the fire, and in that, the salted slices from the sides of some poor piggy. It fizzed, hissed, buzzed, crackled, bubbled, squeaked, and groaned with the most determined vigour; and defeated the most distant idea of sleeping. This might have been bad enough: but the horrible stench (excuse the word) was so choking and suffocating, that Pedestres began to think he must give up the world as a bad job. Gradually, however, this died away, and also a slight clatteration of knife and fork: the outer doors were closed, bolted, and the fire raked out. The bedroom door then opened, and the pair

entered: they stole a glance at their long-tortured prisoner—thought he was asleep—(for he *pretended* to be so)—and then proceeded onwards. He was unable to lull his curiosity at their approach:—he was all agog to know whither they were going, for he had totally failed in discovering both their dormitory, and the access to it. He kept a sharp survey upon them through his eyelashes; and behold, the wonder was shortly cleared up. The man got upon a tub—then mounted on the table:—he looked up to the ceiling—it was no go yet, for he was not tall enough. Pedestres' attention was by this manœuvre directed upwards; and he now perceived a square trap-door in the flooring of the upper apartment. He might have searched long indeed ere he had aimed his wits in such a strange quarter for a solution of the obscurity:—but there was the hole, and there was the man looking at it. He was not tall enough—his other half reached him up a bucket—he turned it upside-down—and thus rose some



eighteen inches higher. Then extending his hand as high as he was able, he caught hold of something, and pulled it down. This was the staircase:—it was a ladder of about ten feet long, clumsy in make, and painted blue. Up this ascended the dashing couple, and having done so, drew the ladder after them into their room.

Thus, then, we will leave all parties for the night.

Pray you pity Pedestres at this moment. Behold him deposited between a canvass sheet and a brown thread-bare blanket—on a rickety bedstead—lonely and alone—and in a dirty hovel, situated he knew not where, in a solitary field, at some distance from the road.

“Is this the romance of touring?” thought he within himself. “Are these the fruits of leaving a comfortable home? and of bidding adieu to agreeable friends and acquaintances?—Is it thus, to sally forth without a companion—without any one to whom to communicate one’s feelings?—And is this the delight of

roaming in search of the picturesque?—of inhaling the pure air of the mountain?—and feasting on the beauties of nature?—Oh !” he continued with a sigh, “ Oh, that I were at home at this moment, reading Welsh tours in the drawing-room, with a nice fire on one side of me, and mamma on the other !—Juliet says that fortune is fickle—I hope it is so just now :—and Gil Blas, reflecting that life is full of ups and downs, always found comfort when in misfortune, by thinking, that a sudden change would raise him to the top of the wave of the tempestuous sea, and place him in the rays of a brilliant and genial sun. When a nipping frost bit off the blushing honours that blossomed round Cardinal Wolsey, he said, ‘ farewell to all my greatness ;’—and now in sooth, may I, also.”

Such a train of cogitation having emanated and evaporated from his field of imagination, he composed himself on his chaffy pillow, and fell into a sound slumber : and so let us quote

a passage from my own honest Will o' Stratford:—

“ Why rather, sleep, dwellest thou in smoky cribs,  
(Soaked in fummy clouds of frizzled bacon,)  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee?  
(With stones or else potatoes crammed, instead of down.)  
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,  
(And squalling infants, ten times worse than screech-owls.)  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Oh, thou dull god, why liest thou with *the vile*,  
*In loathsome beds ?*”

## CHAPTER XXVII.

“ He shall have no apple pie till he can spell it.”

NURSERY TALE,

---

WITHOUT filling our book with any intervening chapters, that the night may possess a sufficient duration ere it wane; we will, waiving all unnecessary ado and delay, declare to our readers, that nature's time-piece, Sir Chanticleer, has *chanted clear*, the hour of six in the budding morn.

Up to that period, all had been still and silent as the cave of Montesinos; and the English wild beast and terror of the house “as fast locked up in sleep, as guiltless

labour when it lies starkly in the traveller's bones." In an instant there arose a most horrid screech—not human—but like the grating of a rusty cart-wheel, or linch-pin without grease ;—and Pedestres was wide awake ere you could say, *Bo!* At first he knew not where he was—he started—looked wildly round ;—but then confusedly recollecting the events of the previous night, and hearing the screech ring through his ears a second time, he thought some one must be near, so he glided beneath the bed-clothes without disturbing them, as a long angling worm draws itself into the ground. The discordant note was repeated again :—it was the ladder or *stair-case*, which mine host and hostess were letting down through the trap-door. They let it slip over the edge of a trimmer or beam ; and from one end to the other, it “grated harsh thunder” ten times worse than that which Milton tells us sprung from the dry hinges of the gates of hell. The pair descended, and passed close to the lodg-

ment of their guest. *He shammed sleep*, though he kept a secret look-out upon them: "Beware," thought he, when they were within arm's length of his head; "paws off—for Clavileno with his steel dagger stands close beside me; and a charged pistol lies under my pillow.—But I should do you both a deep injury, if I were for a moment to suppose there existed any thing treacherous in your purposes."

When the door was shut, he lay for a quarter of an hour to reflect on his situation—to look round at his furniture by day-light—and, if he had given way, to bemoan his case with open lamentation. "Oh my sweet *Dulcinea del Sidmoutho!*" he cried with an unintentional and spontaneous burst of feeling: "Oh couldst thou but just peep in upon thy faithful knight! Just at this moment, if thou couldst but know what he endured for thee! Has he not sallied forth into the world to proclaim thy beauty and thy virtues to all nations!—to vaunt and set thee above all

others?—and to chastise all discourteous knights who shall dare to question the veracity of my praises?—But 'tis vain to apostrophize upon straw,"—so he bounced out of bed. He put his feet upon the cold earth—and he bounced in again quite electrified. He then turned out more deliberately, and took care to place himself on the board that had been provided for him to stand on.

The fun was not over yet—the *fun*!—ha! "I'll not go to the inn for breakfast," thought he; "no, I'll have something here, for the joke of hunting the *spree* to an end."

He came out of his room, and was almost afraid to give a glance at the lady's face, after her adventure in fetching the lighted candle—but 'twas no use to be squeamish—so he greeted her with "*Boreu da y chwi*."—She returned the compliment modestly; and that too, accompanied by a very pretty smile. Her husband had gone down to *the brook to wash*, so that she was quite alone. (*Tant mieux*, thought her lodger within himself.) By his

way she perceived that he intended to have something to eat before he went away; and therefore she stood waiting for orders. He sat down by the fire, and took his library out of his pocket:—"I must have something simple," said he; "and easily asked for—suppose I say hot bread and milk—a mess of course to be had at a farm house." He had learnt the Welsh of bread at Cromlin—that was a great help in the sentence—so he shouted *bara* like a two-year-old. She cut off to the bed-room, and forthwith returned with a huge loaf under her arm—this was an encouragement. What was the next thing—a basin. His dictionary told him *cawg*: and so he roared *cawg*. Then came milk:—now let us see—he tried the dictionary again—and he found *llaeth*. (The double *l* is horribly difficult to pronounce.) However, the basin of milk was brought with alacrity and good-humour; for she seemed to enjoy the scene amazingly, and performed every thing with a laughing countenance. Now he wanted it



made hot;—it was no substantive—no adjective—it was a part of a verb:—this was a puzzler. “To make hot,” or to heat, was rendered by half a dozen words; only one of which probably was the right:—this is the worst of dictionaries. There was “to heat—*twymno, gwresogi, cynhesu, &c. &c.*”—which of these did he want?—and when determined, how conjugate its tenses?—He wished to say, *make it hot*, by the imperative mood:—but he might as well have tried to catch Jonah’s whale with a minnow-hook in a gutter, as to fish out the imperative mood from the intricacies of a Welsh verb. ’Twas no go, he was obliged to give it up: but notwithstanding this failure, he was determined not to ask by pantomimic signs; and the woman appeared resolute to do nothing to assist her tyro, unless he prettily expressed his wants. She saw his difficulty, and might have anticipated it: but she stood in one corner laughing, and heartily delighted at seeing him *pozed*. There was nothing left but to look out for the substantive

*heat*:—it was the only alternative; or else the adjective *hot*. He found "*heat, sub. gwres, twymder, brydamiaeth; mwygled; clydwor, cynhesrwydd, poethder, gwyn.*" This was an appalling list:—he turned to the adjective with a sigh. "*Hot, a, twymn, gwresog, briod, poeth, marn, mwygl.*" The deuce take such aid as this in learning a new language.—Dictionaries always serve one so. 'Tis as bad as the thimble-rig—which thimble is the pea under? or which word of all these do I want? In this extremity he thought of the dialogue-book—he there found the word *poeth* applied to express "*hot weather*"—but it was a question, if the heat of *weather* and the heat of *milk*, should be signified by the same word. Shakspeare says that necessity precludes the presence of ceremony; and as Pedestres is always ready to believe what Shakspeare says, he thought so too in the present dilemma. He determined to make a bold dash; yet it was not without some hesitation that he uttered the word *poeth*. He also called in the

useful language of signs :—he pointed first to the milk and then to the fire, and waited to know the success of the manœuvre.

Hurra! Yoicks! Blazation and success!—The whole scheme answered to a nicety :—the milk was on the glowing coals—boiling—off again—and set before our hero in an infinitely short space of time.

### MORAL.

I am not much given to moralize—never was, perhaps never shall be—but as I feel unusually virtuous just at this moment, I'll try.——

In this world we are all of us devilish fond of reaping the fruits of an abundant harvest, without first undergoing the toils of sowing the seed :—we like to live on the fat of the land—to taste of the milk and honey—yet we cannot endure the trouble of collecting it. But believe me, there is no necessary in life so acceptable and so sweet in enjoyment, as that which has been bought at the price of our own exertions. The debauchee knows not what it is to look

on meagre fare—his palate is tickled with every delicacy—science is called in to strike out some new luxury that shall pander to the sickly desires of his vitiated taste—and plenty courts him on groaning and cracking tables. With all this he enjoys it not.—It is not the fruit of his labours. The hardy plough-man who has toiled all day, and has earned his plain and wholesome meal by the sweat of his brow, is beyond all comparison with the former. *He* is happy on his bread and cheese : (I could write bread and cheese in Welsh, if I liked)—*he* despises the high-flavoured dish eaten in idleness ; and *he* is the man who glories in the fruits of a harvest sown by the strength of his own arm. And we will now add, that Pedestres never enjoyed a breakfast in luxury so much, as he enjoyed his basin of bread and milk this morning, purchased at the pleasing cost of a search through a dictionary for the space of one brief quarter of an hour. *The verjuice gathered in honest labour, is sweeter than the honeyed fruit of wanton idleness.*

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

" *Arthur's* mound and stones of power,  
By Druids raised in magic hour."

BRIDAL OF TRIERMALIN.

" He wends o'er the hill and plain I ween,  
And yet he wends alone :  
And now he seeks the forest green,  
And he stands by the Wizard's stone."

LEGEND OF THE MIRROR.



SWANSEA is a large town, containing 13,000 people, carrying on a good trade in iron, copper, brass, tin, coal, lime, culm and earthenware: and possessing an artificial harbour full of vessels. The port is formed by the convergence of two piers running out, one from each side of the mouth of the river.

The sea-beach is sandy and smooth ; and the breakers that fall on the shore are greatly obstructed in their course, by numerous land porpoises who flounder much in the spray during the bathing season. It is said, that Chaucer's great contemporary Gower, was a child of Swansea ; but with what truth we know not now. In the year 1113, Henry de Beaumont, Earl of Warwick, built a castle here ; but had scarcely lodged himself within it, ere much of the building was laid waste by Griffith-ap-Rhys-ap-Theodore. The pilgrim will find little remaining to greet his eye in the present day ; but in the walls of a massive tower, there still exists ample material to wind up and set a-going the clock-work of a fertile imagination. The Bristol Channel is about twenty-two miles across, from the town to Ilfracombe, and the long blue line of hills ranging through the north of Devon, were plainly perceptible from the pier. A steamer left the harbour whilst Pedestres stood on the beach :—did he yearn for Devonshire as

his eye watched her retreat, and diminish to a speck in the offing?—Did he feel as if next door to home, when he saw the hills of Dumnonia? and did he feel lonely just at the moment, and say—“*What, if I were to return?*” No—poo nonsense—he made a semi-pirouette on his heel, and walked out of the town for the Cromlech.

King Arthur's Cromlech, or as it is usually called, King Arthur's stone, stands on a high and bleak hill about eleven miles from Swansea, and towering over Caermarthen Bay and the mouth of the Burry river. This peninsula of land, known by the name of Gower or Gowerland, was conquered by Henry de Beaumont in the reign of Henry I. and was peopled by a colony of Flemings, who were washed off the flat soil of their own country by an encroachment of the sea. The Cromlech stands on Cefyn Bryn “the ridge of the mountain,” and as Llwyd says, “the most noted hill in Gower.” It is composed of a very hard *lapis molaris*, whose appearance is like an indurated

conglomerate of coarse sand and white quartzose pebbles; and it rests in a hollow basin or crater of loose stones, so that little is seen until the visiter has arrived close to the very object of his errand. The intention has been, that nine columns should act as supporters: but in reality only *three* combine to uphold the weighty *Maen Llog*. Some authors who have described this Cromlech, say it has but *eight* columns: but Pedestres examined the whole very minutely, and on *getting under it*, he discovered that on the *east* side, there are two blocks of stone placed close together, thereby making *nine*, out of what had been noticed as only *eight*. These supports are very irregular in shape, mostly terminating in points, and not all standing beneath the superincumbent block. That they are not all beneath the great stone is easily accounted for, as some sacrilegious villains have cut away masses of it to make millstones with; and this also accounts for the flat and perpendicular face of the western side. Writers have



given its dimensions as fourteen feet long, by seven feet two deep. Pedestres deserves to be whipped for not having taken a more accurate measurement of its bulk than he did :—but he feels certain that the length of fourteen feet is not correct—it is too much. He made it about ten. The seven feet two inches, however, he thinks perfectly right :—he made it seven feet, by a hasty and off-hand trial of its depth. We are told that a spring of clear water rises from beneath it, known by the name of Our Lady's Well ; and such a circumstance is brought forward as a proof that this is not a sepulchral monument. This fountain is also said to ebb and flow with the tide of the sea, over which it towers to the elevation of some hundred feet :—there was not one drop however there at six o'clock P.M. on the 11th of June, 1833. Pedestres, as we have before observed, *got under the stone*, and when he examined the columns, he also searched for water. He lifted up several of the pebbles and pieces of loose fragments, thinking that

although there was no visible sign of a spring, still, he might discover an indication by grubbing downwards a little among the bones of mother Earth. But no :—it was all dry. He then looked at the sea—he cast his eye towards the mouth of the river, and the line of coast :—*the tide was out*. This monument is spoken of in the Triads as one of the three great works effected in Britain ; Silbury Hill we believe the second, and *Gwaith Emrys*, or Stonehenge, the third. It is called the *Stone of Sketty* :—and “like the work of the Stone of Sketty,” has passed into a Welsh proverb to express an undertaking of vast difficulty.—And so the chapter ends.————

## CHAPTER XXIX.

"Go it my lads,—shoe-leather's cheap."

OLD SONG.



WE now wish to attain a point on the other side of a bay at the embouchure of the river Burry. If we could get into a boat and cut across, the distance, as the crow flies, may not exceed three or four miles ; but to walk all round the extended estuary, probably the distance will amount to twelve. The wind at the time was blowing a gale dead on shore—the sea was running high, and the breakers were rolling in. The Welsh mermaid, *Gwen-hydwy*, was driving her sheep ashore ; and to get afloat was to attempt a thing impossible :

—an undertaking “*like the work of the Stone of Sketty*.” To walk round, then, was the only alternative. Leaving Llanridian, we must fancy we pass through the small village of Penclowdd (pronounced *penclouth*e, the *th* like the *th* in feather) and at Loughor (*Lucca*) cross the ferry for three halfpence, and run aground upon Caermarthenshire. Hence to Llanelly the point in question, the distance is some five miles or so. Clavileno having seen enough of this place, next conducted his lord over Pembree Hill to Kidwelly, where they found one of the prettiest, most compact, and picturesque castles in Wales. The name of this town ought by right to be written *Cydweli*; but it is usually now spelt as the pronunciation dictates, for the *c* in Welsh is always hard like a *k*. The Old Town lies between the rivers Gwendraeth Vawr, and Vychan, and was formerly enclosed by walls and strong gates. The castle was erected by Maurice de Londres, one of the twelve Norman knights who established themselves in the country:

and it is famous as having been a refuge for King John during some of his struggles with his barons.

Ten miles and a half from Cydweli, we come to the county town of *Caerfyrddin*, or *Caermarthen*, as we write it. The name comes from the word *caer*, a fort or city, and *Myrddin*, or Merlin, the great British prophet. It was called *Caer-Merlin*, or *Merlin's-town* by the Britons, and was the *Maridunum* of Ptolemy and Antoninus. Merlin is reported to have been born here; and we are further told, that his remains were discovered in this place when searched for by command of *Gwortheyrn*, or *Vortigern*. Which Merlin this was, we confess our ignorance in not being able to determine:—"There were two *Myrddins*, or *Merlins*, as they are wrongly written by the English," says Evan Evans; "*viz.* *Myrddin Emrys* and *Myrddin Wylt*: the last was a noted poet, and there is a poem of his extant, entitled *Aval-lennau*, or the apple-trees." Perhaps *Merlin*, or *Myrddin Wylt*, is the one alluded to; and

yet we have elsewhere seen the great enchanter in question named Merlin Ambrose. At all events, we will leave this to be settled by abler heads, lest we meddle too deeply, and make a mess of the business.

Let us now walk through the village of Cwmgilly, to *Castellnewydd*, or Newcastle-in-Emlyn. In this Dinas Emlyn, or *New-castle*, we find a very *old* castle, standing on a slightly elevated situation, and nearly surrounded by the sweeping course of the Teivy, the fisherman's oath. The fortress was captured by Llewelyn-ap-Jorwerth—rebuilt by Sir Rice-ap-Thomas—and held for a time by the Royalists during the *un-civil* war. About three miles further down the river, the counties of Pembroke, Caermarthen, and Cardigan, all meet in one point; and there is a small rocky island in the midst of the stream, that is said to be made up of a portion of each. Had Pembrokeshire—"little England beyond Wales"—extended itself northerly instead of the other direction, there would have been great

inducement to have traversed it in many a *criss-cross* route : but Pedestres and his faithful comrade were very anxious to catch a glimpse of the mountains of Merioneth and Caernarvon. A bridge spans the river at the junction of the three counties ; and is a link of connexion between two of them. An opinion arose then, that it would be loss of time to dive too deeply towards the south ; but as Pembrokeshire lay within a stone's throw of Clavileno, he walked over the bridge just to say he had been in the county. He was there about *five minutes*, and probably made about *five paces* on its soil : he was then satisfied ;— he turned about, and in little more than an hour, entered the county town of Cardigan. Although this town stands three miles from the sea, it is a port navigable for vessels of 230 tons burden ; and is called by the Welsh, *Aberteifi*, or the place where the Teifi falls into the sea. It has been declared that the name comes from Caredig-ap-Cynedda Wledig, (*Cahraydig-ap-Kehnetha Oolaydig*,) and the

first king of Caredigion. Giraldus preached the Crusade here, on a spot now occupied by a chapel; and not far distant stood a priory of Black Monks. The site of the priory, however, is now filled by a modern building; which, in the reign of Charles I., was the abode of Catherine Phillips, the well-known Orinda. Peering over the old bridge, rise the last vestiges of the castle built by Gilbert de Clare in the twelfth century. General Langhorne besieged and took it for Cromwell at the time the rascally roundheads were playing Old Harry with all the castles in the kingdom. I am sure Cromwell was no antiquary.—

The rain had been falling very heavily at intervals for some days, and the roads were disagreeable and fatiguing to a pedestrian: but circumstances and the habit of braving the elements, render the aspect of a black cloud familiar and less terrible. New Inn is a solitary temple of Mercury, convenient and comfortable, and situated half-way between Cardi-



gan and Aberayron. After quitting Llanarth a few miles, the road takes a sudden turn, and leads on to the top of the cliff, where may be seen one of the most grand and delightful views imaginable. Cardigan Bay is bounded and shut in by lofty crags on all sides, here and there shooting so high, as to mingle their summits with the passing vapours. The road to Aberystwith winds picturesquely along the coast; and the blue mountains of Arran-y-Gessel and Plinlimmon, are faded by distance into hues of the softest transparency. The growing village of Aberayron lies at one's feet when on the cliff; and the elevation is such, that one can feel above and beyond the world, and look down on the trifling business and bustle of man, and smile at the vanity of human speculations. Hence to Aberystwith, nothing will detain the traveller in the way of lionizing: he will be delighted with fine scenery, and natural beauties in every direction; and the hills here begin to lose the tame, wooded, and spherical aspect of Mon-

mouth and Glamorgan; and rapidly assume the rugged face of wildness and sterility. The road conducts through the villages of Llanwy, Llan Saintffread, Llanrhystid, &c., and then verges towards the sea-shore to Aberystwith, the little capital of the district. It appears to be quite a fashionable watering-place, full of English, come either to bathe or to idle. The walks about it are pretty and attractive, and the ruins of the castle command attention from their situation on a rock projecting into the sea. Gilbert de Strongbow is said to have been the founder in the reign of Henry I., and it was rebuilt or repaired in 1277 by Edward I. Cadwalader resided within its massy walls, in the days of its strength and prosperity: but the great destroyer, Cromwell, lent his hand to batter it to pieces, when he planted his cannon on a neighbouring height, called Pendinas Hill. A stronghold was formerly erected on this hill by Rhys-ap-Griffith; and the entrenchment thrown up by Cromwell was remaining on the spot until the year 1828.

The view from Craiglais, or Echo Rock, an elevation on the north side of the town, is extensive and fine ; and near it is the Criminal's Mount, a place of execution, and known by the name of *Bryndioddau*. *Plas Crúg*, an ancient fortification, lies on the banks of the Rheidol ; and is celebrated as having been the site of encampment of Griffith-ap-Rhys, when he came over from Ireland in Henry the First's reign. In 1405, Owen Glyndwr occupied it, and there entertained the French plenipotentiaries who came to treat of a peace between France and Wales.

At Aberystwith, Pedestres was able to complete his library—that is, he was able to fill his pockets *usque ad repletionem* ; so that he not only could not have found room for more, had he chanced to have alighted on the most tempting volume, but, as it was, he could scarcely move without staggering under the load. Books are generally easy carriage, in the same way that *a trouble is no trouble when it becomes a pleasure*, and in the same manner

that a sportsman never feels the weight of a heavy gun, though it be on his arm all day. How is this?—It is forsooth, because we are never oppressed by that which affords pleasure and amusement. Cannot we exert ourselves for the friend of our bosom, from dawn until night, and yet feel no fatigue—no unwillingness—and no *ennui*?—How is this?—For the person I have loved, I have walked many a mile with a light and buoyant step—and felt I could have gone ten times as far with delight:—but for the one I have disliked, to have done half as much, would have been irksome in the extreme.—How is this?—It is because that which pleases us, interests the heart; and that which does so, renders the heaviest burdens, light as gossamer. Our friend sits enthroned within us, and compels our actions with a sceptre of gold:—the mystery lies there.—It is the heart—*the heart*—**THE HEART!**

## CHAPTER XXX.



YES!

## CHAPTER XXXI.

"Now spread the tables, now the feast prepare :  
Each takes his seat ; and each receives his share."

POPE'S ILLIAD.

---

WHEN they all found themselves congregated in the grand state hall or banqueting room, and seated cosily round the groaning board,—great was the massacre ! Each of course made offering to some patron god or goddess ;—and each indeed did so by cramming his portion enthusiastically into his *own* mouth. Every thing was there save that vile intruder, ceremony ;—and *he, she, or it* found no room to come in snacks with any body.

"Where is the salt ?" inquired Mr. Haschwyne.

"There," answered some one, "*screwed up in that piece of whity-brown paper.*"

"I should feel particularly obliged and much less hungry," said Mr. George E. Hiram, "if you slaughtering priestesses would not make such determined love to the beef."—

"Where are knives and forks?"—suddenly roared some person in the agonies of merciless gastric juice.

"Who's got a pocket knife?"—said another.

"Give me the beef!" shouted a third.

"We have nothing to cut it with!" said the former speaker.

"Where are the knives and forks?" stoutly inquired Mr. Hiram.

"It's too much trouble to unpack them," exclaimed the one addressed—"and there's no time!"——

"Seize hold of the woodman's hatchet and the two-handed saw there in the corner."

"Where is the pepper?" screamed one of

the younger members of the uproarious assemblage.

"Screwed up in that piece of paper by the salt."——

"Give me a *pinch* of it then!"——

"Please give me some butter," supplicated one of the ladies.

"There was a pound somewhere," answered Mr. Haschwynne, "but I can't find it."

"Here it is!" vociferated Mr. Hiram; "but it is now as flat as a pancake, for somebody has accidentally been sitting upon it all the way here in the carriage!"——

"I am painfully thirsty," wept forth one of the gentlemen; "I pray one of you pour me out an ample libation of porter."

"Here are the cold boiled eggs and the tartlets!" exclaimed one who had been foraging in the hampers. "Are any of you for eggs or tartlets? If so,—answer."——

"Yes!"——

"Yes!"——

"Yes!"——



" Yes !"—

" Yes !"—

" Yes !"—

" Yes !"—

" Yes !"—

" Yes !"—

" Yes !"—

" Yes !"—

" Yes !"—

" Yes !"—

" Yes !"—

" Yes !"—

" Yes !"—

" Who's for eggs then ?"—

" I !"—

" I !"—

" I !"—

" I !"—

" I !"—

" I !"—

" I !"—

" I !"—

" I !"—

“ I ! ” —

“ I ! ” —

“ I ! ” —

“ I ! ” —

“ I ! ” —

“ I ! ” —

For heaven's sake let us put an end to such  
a gormandizing chapter as this.—

## CHAPTER XXXII.

"A. What think you of him?"

'B. He *was* a poet indeed."



"*Peracto convivio*," as I have heard say—which signifies—*every body being now stuffed like a sack*—we arose and took another ramble over mouldering towers and dilapidated turrets. That done—all retired to the bench partly encircling the large elm that stretches its lengthy arms over the terrace. The weather was excessively warm; and the shade afforded by an overspreading foliage, now in the perfection of advanced spring, was cool, refreshing, and delightful. A table was spread under the tree, and the essence of the grape

and the hop sparkled in the spacious bowl. The conversation ran on various subjects:—the ladies were botanists, and had collected some new specimens of fern on the old walls:—music was naturally brought into discussion by the presence of a Welsh harper, who had ravished us by throwing his fingers across the strings, and producing some of the sweetest airs of the country:—and lastly, poets and poetry came in for a somewhat warmly contested argument; though each in the end still fancied himself victorious—at all events, not beaten. One praised Milton up to the skies;—another argued him down to the opposite place:—Spencer was commented on—Shakspeare was extolled—Scott had many friends—and Byron was quoted.

“I could sit down and read Byron for hours,” said Mr. Hiram, after repeating a passage out of the *Corsair*; “and still read with rapture and increased delight. There is something so exalted, intense, and thoroughly poetic in every poem that he has written,—

and something so striking in his style,—that words will never tell the greatness or extent of his gigantic worth.”

“Certainly,” observed Mr. Esculapius Haschwynne, “he was a thorough bard—‘*intus et in cute.*’”

“Who,” continued the former, “can be so apathetic as not to feel his heart bound when he casts his eye over the Bride of Abydos—The Corsair—Lara—many parts of Childe Harold—or in short any other thing of his writing?—Do you not think, sir,” turning to Pedestres,—“do you not think he stands on the very pinnacle of perfection, and all that is great?”

“Why—eh—,” answered Pedestres, hesitatingly—“I—eh—yes—there is no doubt—but—”

“There is no doubt but that he was all perfection in poetry,” continued Mr. Hiram, helping him on.

“There is no doubt,” said the one addressed, “but that he was a great poet—a true poet—

a genuine poet—*poeta nata*:—but that constitutes not perfection.”

“The devil it doesn’t!”

“No, sir:—I can read and contemplate the works of twenty other bards, who, perhaps the world will say, have sung in comparatively confined spheres; but I can read them with infinitely more pleasure and content, than I can reap any where in the pages of Lord Byron.”

“Is it possible!”

“Very possible.”

“I cannot agree with you.—There is something so grand and beautiful—and withal so sweet in his poetry, that I really am astonished to hear any person declare he finds not pleasure in Byron.”

“*I admire the poet—but lament the man,*” said Pedestres, with deliberate emphasis.

“I know there have been many strange things spoken about his misanthropy and unamiable disposition towards the world,—but much is said that may not be worthy of credit.”—

“True :—I would not believe the world, or give implicit faith to that which the world circulates. I judge of Lord Byron from his own words. But opinions are seldom blazoned even in the world, without *some* foundation for them.”

“Perhaps so.”

“There runs through all his writings, a vein of sadness, unhappiness, and discontent—not to say malignity and rancour—which totally destroys all the beauty—all the grandeur—and all the sublimity of his verse. How different from Shakspeare!—Shakspeare, so true—entirely the child of nature:—and then so full of good-nature and friendly feeling. If that great depth is not to be found in Sir Walter Scott, as may be met with in others,—still there is a satisfaction—a joy—that takes possession of the soul, when having perused for an hour or two almost any production of that great man. I can read Shakspeare—I can read Scott—and I can read the works of numerous others, with a continually growing

sensation of happiness. I can then close the book and heartily shake by the hand the first man I meet, and call him my friend.—I feel at peace with mankind—I feel contented within myself, and contented and happy with my fellow creatures :—and above all, I feel humble and grateful to heaven, and thankful for the benefits which that bounteous heaven bestows :—not so with respect to Byron.—There is not a page—a stanza—I had almost said a *line*—wherein there breathes not that lamentable spirit of bitter feeling, which dashes and destroys all the pleasure, and all the delight that otherwise would be derived from the compositions of so thorough a poet. He never wrote, but he poured out a cup of gall, invective, and lamentation :—and I never lay down a volume of his writings, without feeling myself a more degraded and more miserable—if not a worse man.”

“ Lord Byron,” said Mr. Hiram, after a pause, “ had much to contend with :—he had many troubles to fight through — and many



vexations to bear up against:—vexations, perhaps, that may all in the end have tended to sow those unfortunate seeds which have here and there shown themselves in his works.”

“That Byron should have had troubles in the world, is nothing extraordinary—for who has not? But that troubles and crosses should have been the *only* cause of all his bitterness—it were childish to suppose. Besides, I am not so sure that his troubles were not of his own creating.”

“I have always admired Lord Byron’s poetry,” said his opponent, nothing yielding, “and have ever derived great pleasure in reading it.”

“That he was a real and genuine bard,” answered the other, “I have already observed:—and no one can deny it. He begins some of his poems with extreme beauty and sweetness—carrying greatness and sublimity through a stanza or two:—and then, just as one is beginning to enter into the sentiment, delight,

and pleasure of the poetic picture—then, oh then, comes a cutting and malignant line, that blights and destroys every thing, like the northern blast passing over the first blossoms of the early spring.”

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

"With untired spirits and formal constancy,  
———Good morrow to you every one."

JULIUS CÆSAR.



"HUZZA!—Yoiks!—Tol de rol lol!—Here we go—this is the fun!—If this isn't glorious I'm a Dutchman!—Hurrah, my boys—three cheers and pitch your caps up to the sky!—"

"Rolling, bowling, here's a clatter;  
What the deuce can be the matter?"

Stay but for one moment—strain thy virtuous attribute, patience, for a rationally short duration of time, and all shall be explained.

In the last chapter we left Mr. Hiram and Pedestres boxing and sparring with some tenacity and perseverance ; and as the contest for supremacy was apparently not very likely to arrive at a speedy termination with amicable defeat on either side, we surveyed around us the *horizon of ways and means*, in order to discover some effectual mode of bringing matters to a close. Poetry is a subject so sacred, so exalted, and so far removed from the ordinary topics of life, that it would have been the height of injudiciousness to have turned the stream of conversation into a new channel, by introducing a groom or an ostler from the Beaufort Arms Inn, simply to say—“Please, sir, the carriage is ready”—or “Please, sir, when will you have the horses put to ?”—Feeling, consequently, that we were engaged in a hopeless and difficult contest, and not knowing how to get well out of it, the only alternative was—to *run away*. This is the beauty and delight of writing.—It is the easiest thing possible to get out of a mess : — for if the case is desperate —

just stop short—cry slips—and begin a new chapter.

When Brutus and Cassius were closely closeted together, and deeply engaged in a hot and doubtful discussion, the aspect of which seeming to forebode fearful termination, Favonius, outside the door, overhearing the lingual clatteration, and mistrusting the event, thought it best to enter the room suddenly and cut the matter short. He did so with a pun in his mouth, and probably put the happiest imaginable end to the war. With Favonius before our eyes, we likewise cut short our antagonists in Chapter XXXII.

As we have now stepped a little out of the main current of metre and rhyme, we may venture to say that the carriage was announced, and the party prepared to return to Abergavenny. Pedestres intended to see them off from the Castle gate—wish them good evening—and tender his grateful thanks for the kind entertainment he had received.—But the fun was not over yet.

Now, Sir Reader, turn with me to the beginning of this chapter, and huzza and exult for a few minutes—and then we will go on.—

During the conversation of the day, it had so happened, that Pedestres expressed his purpose of taking Abergavenny as the next town on his route: and Mr. Hiram recollecting this, told him that they were bound thither that evening themselves—that they had a vacant seat at his service—and that he might thus evade a warm walk in the heat of the sun.

Shall I refer my reader some twenty chapters further on, that he may learn what constituted the essence of his answer?—No:—if faith there is no necessity this time—but if he *will see* his reply, he must e'en go back to Chapter XXX.

Clavileno's lord and master was highly delighted—he accepted the invitation—and stepped into the carriage. The evening was cool, fresh, and exhilarating—the western horizon was glowing with brilliancy—the drive was charming—and the Bloreng, Skyrrid,

and Sugar-loaf mountains rose majestically over the town as they alighted.

Here then they separated :—the party, with many good wishes towards Pedestres for the enjoyment of an agreeable tour—and he, with ardent hope that he might be some day able to return the kindness he had received.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.



Now my patient reader, I beseech you *da capo* to Chapter XXI., and then we shall know where we are :—for hang me if I know at this moment.—



CHAPTER XXXV.,  
or, that which might have been  
CHAPTER XXX.

"Where'er we gaze, around, above, below,  
What rainbow tints, what magic charms are found !  
Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound,  
And bluest skies, that harmonize the whole :  
Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound  
Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll,  
Between those hanging rocks, that shock, yet please the soul."

CHILDE HAROLD.

"'Tis sweet to stand by the moss-clad stone,  
And gaze through the fissure wide :  
'Tis sweet to list to the waterfall,  
And look on the foaming tide."

P. O. H.

————— walked —————  
'tis eleven miles and a quarter ————— hilly  
road ————— stony ————— 's Bridge.

Did you ever ——— grand ———  
 just look ——— torrent ——— and  
 ——— what ——— by Jingo ———  
 three hundred and twenty-two feet ——— Devil  
 ——— can't pass ——— slip ——— dizzy ———  
 awful ——— foaming spray ———  
 rainbow ——— prismatic ———  
 ——— lack-a-daisy ——— splashing  
 ———

The Devil's Bridge, or more respectfully, the bridge of *Ancient Nicholas* (Old Nick) is a devilish imposing sight.—Pandemonium would have wept in envy, had that kingdom known such a wonder had existed without side the station of Cerberus: and Pluto with his Proserpine would have looked on the less picturesque Styx, and sighed to have kept the Hafod Arms Inn, in order that they might have enjoyed a bird's-eye peep of the Rheidol.

From the inn, Pedestres passed over the bridge, and broke cover through a fence on the left-hand side of the road: thence he proceeded to find a good point for enjoying the view. A circuitous foot-path reels like a

large worm, through a plantation of young trees, and emerges on the brow of the precipice to which visitors are directed. He had not stood five minutes gazing beneath him, ere he heard voices in the plantation. There is generally a frankness about tourists when they come in contact with each other—an unsuspecting freedom that prompts utter strangers to feel a spontaneous and reciprocal sensation of friendship. It is, that we are pleased with the gratification our excursion affords—nature delights us, and puts us in a good humour ; and being so strung up, when we see others with smiling faces seeking those objects which have put us in tune, we unconsciously strike a chord, which in their breasts answers in the sweetest unison. Is it not so?—most unwittingly, and by the impulse of the moment, all these strangers, so met, entered into unreserved conversation.

“ Are you not enraptured, sir ?” said one of the gentlemen to Pedestres, as they advanced ;

“ Are you not astounded ?”

“ No.”—

The gentleman turned up his eyes, and

retired into the background at the unexpected negative.

"And what, sir, do you think of it?" inquired a lady who next stepped forward: "Is it not more than you could have pictured in your imagination?"

"No, ma'am, *I am disappointed.*"

The lady was awe-struck—stared wildly, and made a precipitate flight after the gentleman. Another of the party then approached,—"Is it not grand in the extreme?—Is it not *too* sublime?—Is it not past *all* idea?—Is it not—"

"*I am disappointed,*" answered Pedestres again. This one stayed not an instant longer than the others had done, but took to his hind legs, and made off as if he had been addressed by Old Harry, the architect of the bridge.

It is a pity that people generally go to see sights, whether natural or artificial, with their minds wound up to the highest pitch of expectation. Descriptions in books are always high-wrought: and persons describe in the same lofty strain. What is the consequence?—Why, *disappointment*. This disappoint-

ment, however, only rests with the *first glance*. We go with the thought of beholding something which can scarcely belong to this world—something chimerical—something only to be found in the world of Utopia: and when we cast our eyes on that which is made up of the soil on which we tread, and consistent with the laws of nature—what then!—An anticlimax forsooth. Pedestres was disappointed at his first impression of the Devil's Bridge—the same feeling attended him at the Menai Bridge—at the Penrhyn Quarries—and at Snowdon. The thing is, the first look cannot grasp every thing at once: it cannot take in all that the mind has imagined. Time is required to see all the beauties that gradually develope themselves: but we are so impatient, that we will not wait for this; but give a hasty judgment before we have reflected on what we have come to examine.

He felt regret at the *first glance*; but *no longer*. The more he looked the more he liked—until—until, in the end, he went away as delighted and gratified as the party who had addressed him.

The weather was extremely warm—it was summer—the 22nd of June—and the sky clear and unclouded. The strangers again concentrated, and all sat down on the grass and rocks to admire with more deliberation.

“Can any of you,” said one of the ladies, who had just seated herself, and was arranging her petticoats comfortably; “Can any of you give us a history of this bridge, or tell us any particular relating to the date of its erection? And how came it, there are *two* arches, one over another?”

“Oh,” said one of the gentlemen; “I think we can tell you that; although it is true, there rests some obscurity over the facts connected with the lower arch.”

“The lower arch I should fancy had been built *first*,” she observed.

“Certainly—we are told that it was thrown across the chasm in the eleventh or twelfth century (authors are not agreed in this), by the Cistercian monks of the Abbey of Ystrad Flûr, Strata Florida, or Star-flower Abbey. Giraldus says he passed over it in 1188, when

he travelled through Wales with Baldwin, to preach the crusades. The upper arch was erected at the expense of the county in 1753, and Mr. Johnes of Hafod added the iron balustrade in 1814."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the lady; "it must have been very dangerous before the railing was there!"

"I think so too."—

"But we passed over the bridge this morning without even knowing that we were near it.—The trees are so thick."

"Yes," added another lady; "almost too thick. Although I admire wood and luxuriant foliage with the greatest possible enthusiasm, and always feel sorrow when I see a tree felled; yet, in this instance, I think I could willingly consent that *one* or *two* should be *judiciously* thinned out."

"I agree with you there;" was the answer: "for the chasm is so narrow in comparison with its depth, and the trees on each side so thriving, that they intermingle their branches across, and entirely destroy that very feature—that awe-inspiring attribute—which should

constitute the main aspect of so grand a production of nature."

"The fissure is only twenty or thirty feet wide," continued the gentleman who had first spoken; "and from the upper arch to the water is 114 feet."—

"What!" screamed one of the ladies in ungovernable astonishment; "one—hun-dred—and—four-teen—feet (with much emphasis)—one—hun-dred—and four-teen—feet, *before we come to the water?*"

"Yes, ma'am;" replied the gentleman; "that is the height. The torrent then has a fall of eighteen feet—then a second of sixty—a third of twenty—and the fourth or grand cataract, one hundred and ten."

"And how much is that altogether?—it must be a great deal."

"Let me see—114—18—60—20—and—110.—Why 322:—that is, from the bridge to the rocks that lie beneath—you may see them if you come here—but we are told, that it is 500 feet down to the bed of the Rheidol;—and those lofty hills opposite, are computed to rise to the elevation of 800 feet from their bases."



"Dear me, what a height!"

"Lock-a-daisy!"——

"D——n it, you don't say so!"——

"Only think!"——

"By Jingo!"——

One turned his eyes upwards—another turned them down—another was filled with admiration—and yet another with terror. In the countenance of one beamed astonishment—on the features of a second shone admiration—a third looked suspicious—and a fourth whistled—a fifth snapped his digits—another shook his head—and another put the end of his thumb to his nose with the four fingers of his hand extended.

"'Tis *true*," said the narrator hastily, when he had looked round, and read the several countenances of his audience.

At this juncture the figure of an old man was observed climbing up the hazardous path on the projecting ledge of the slaty rock. He was ascending towards the seated party from the uneven channel of the stream; and all that could be at first distinguished of him was his head, down upon which we looked,

and his upraised hands grasping the overhanging crags to assist him in raising his weight up the almost perpendicular ascent.

On approaching, he saluted us respectfully, and said—" *boreu da* " (literally, morning good :)—and at our request he related the *traditionary* or *legendary* history of *Pont-y-diafol*, or *Pont-y-monach*, as he termed it, in contradiction to the tame historic one.—

" De devil, ladiss and gentailmen—do you know what *devil* mean ?" inquired the old man with a smile. One of the group nodded an affirmative, so he proceeded. " De devil, ladiss and gentailmen, build this pridge—I *know he did*—for it woot never have been called 'de Devil's Bridge' or *Pont-y-Diafol*, *yn Cymraeg*, unless he make it. How coot it? —And I'm sure that no mortal man in de world woot ever think of building a pridge across such a deep place. De old boy—de devil, I mean, ladiss and gentailmen—was carry some stones in his apron over de mountain; and when he come to that spot where de Hafod Arms *Tafarn* now stand—you can

see de *gwestfa* (*gwestva*, inn) on de hill," said he, pointing towards the house with a *rhaw-mawn*, or spade which the Welsh use for digging peat on the mountains, "when he come to de *gwestfa* on de hill, de string of his apron break in two, and all de stones fall to de ground. With these he built his pridge—de *lower* pridge you know—and when he finish it, he say—'Now, as sure as I am the devil, I will have for my own, de first living thing that go over this new bridge that I have made. I will claim the first that cross over for my own, and no one shall help it.'——"

"What could have prompted his majesty to do that? to seize on the first that should innocently pass over?" inquired one of the party.

"*Ni wn i ddim syr*—I do not know, sir,"—resumed the Welshman; "but he very sharp and knowing—he get all he can—and he perhaps think he right to be paid for making such good pridge for every body. There was old woman coming from de market one day after; she carry a basket on her arm, and had

a *torth geiniog*—what you call *yn Saesneg*?—a penny roll, in de basket, and a littail dog run by her side. She learn that she could not pass by, unless she go to de devil, for she happen to be de first. When de old boy make his bargain, he was not say he would have a man, or a woman, or a beast: but he say, he woot have the first *living animal*. He did *mean* a man or woman, we all know:—but this old woman with her dog was very cunning, and think within that she would trick de devil. So she seize her penny loaf out of her basket when she come close to de pridge, and throw it over very strong:—de poor little dog was half starve, and so he was hungry. He run after de loaf with all his might across de pridge, for he did not know de devil was rogue. But as soon as he catch de roll, de Old Nick catch him. De passage was clear to every body then, and de woman walk over quite safe.”

“Ha, ha, ha!—a very good tale,” shouted one of us.

“And my good man,” said another; “do you really believe all this?”

"Oh, yes, ma'am, it was told me when I was boy, and *everybody* believe it.—"

Screech!—scream!—horrible cries and vociferation from one of the ladies.—"Oh!—ah!—what shall I do?"—she bounced and flounced, and shook her petticoats, and floundered about in the greatest agony. "Oh!—they will kill me!—who would have thought it had been an ants' nest?"—Screech!—roar!—squeak!—squeal!—shriek!—deafening scream!—

Poor thing, who would have thought it, indeed!—There are sometimes mishaps in this world, wherein a man, however devoted and ready to offer his services, is, from the nature of the misfortune, totally unable to tender that willing assistance. The case before us, presented one of those awkward dilemmas. The *formica herculanea*, the largest species of ant found in Britain, is very abundant in this neighbourhood. Their nests are composed of the ends of twigs and small pieces of stick: and are four and five feet in diameter, and perhaps two in height, looking like mounds of earth, and *quite inviting to sit down upon*. The

ants are amazingly large, and formidable in appearance; and possess, I should imagine, *very sharp stings*. Poor girl—she reclined upon one of these nests, without an apprehension or thought of danger:—but oh, ye gods and goddesses, how she did dance, caper, and scream, when she made the discovery!—St. Vitus was nothing to her.—What could the gentlemen do?—The ants had been walking over her, and silently creeping, heaven knows where. We were all eager to render our assistance to her aid, but we durst not for our lives. How could we?—and yet, how couldn't we?—Oh, Chivalry, where art thou! Teach us what the true and accomplished knight would have done, if placed in so imminent and unfortunate a position. To sally forth to succour the distressed:—and withal, to see distress, and not offer succour!—How inconsistent!—Amadis de Gaul!—Palmarin of England!—Don Belianis de Greece!—St. George and the Seven Champions!—and lastly, Quixote, thou paragon! what would all of you have done?—how would you have acted?—Thou hero of La Mancha, wouldest thou

have called out upon the name of thy lady love, the peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso* for courage and incitement, and then have rushed boldly forward to her delivery?—Being somewhat of that persuasion, Pedestres, in this instance, had well nigh called out upon his no less peerless *Dulcinea del Sidmoutho*, and then ventured every thing in the rescue of the tortured fair one.

END OF VOL. I.

